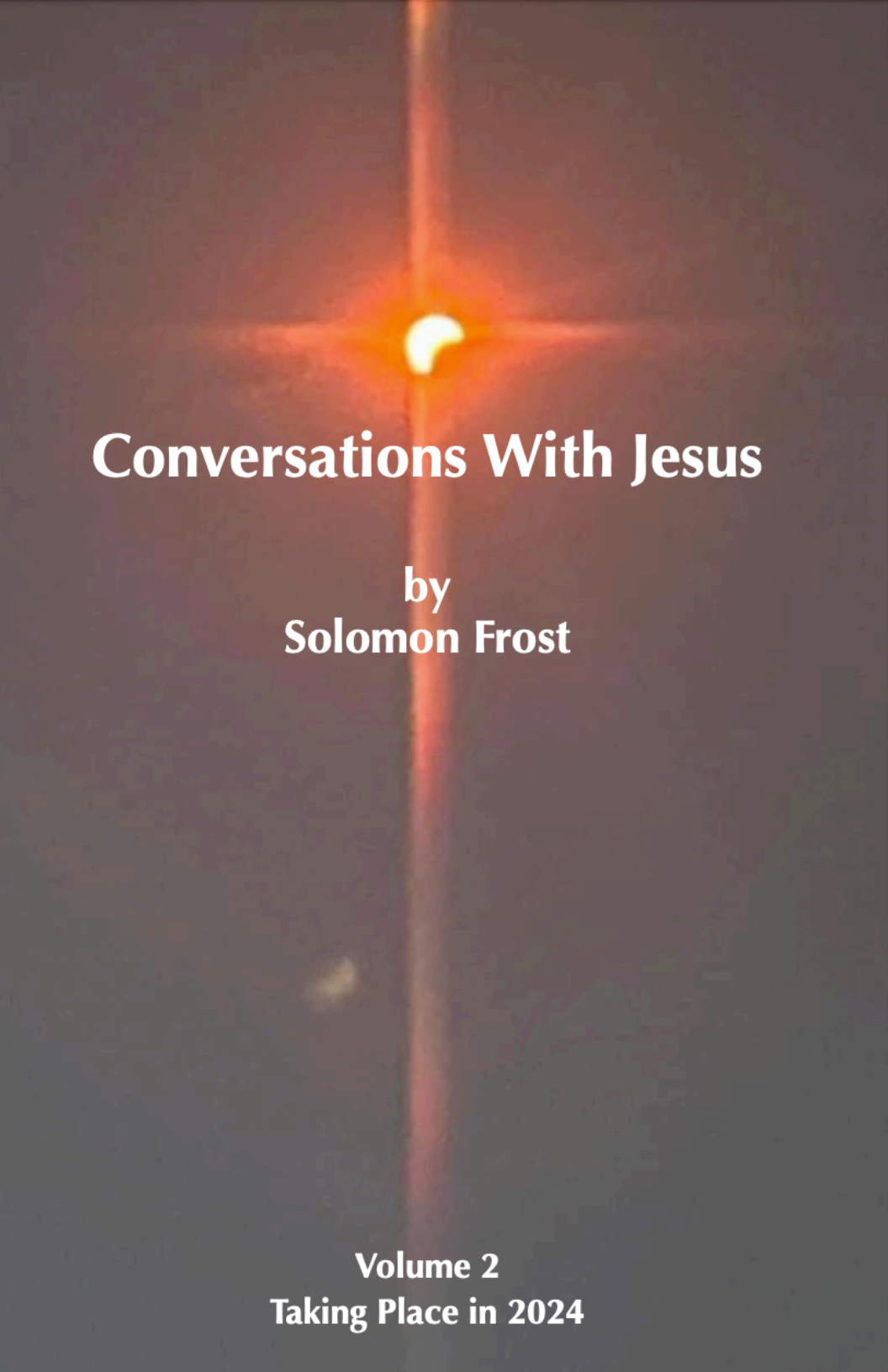

Conversations With Jesus

by
Solomon Frost

Volume 2
Taking Place in 2024

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https://ConversationsBook.locals.com

FLM Publishing needed a contact point for death threats, restraining orders, hate crime subpoenas, opinionated lunatics and miscellaneous government/NGO harassment. So there it is. I'll probably check in on this sight for a year or so (just to be sure Mel doesn't want to make a movie) and then forget about it.

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Forward

By: Me

Volume 1 Reviews

After writing volume 1, I found a professional book reviewer online (didn't know that was a thing) and hired him to read and review it. He read it pretty quickly. At least I think he read it. I gave him the draft and, by the time I finished editing and formatting, I only had to wait a week or so for his review. It was four pages long and had to be cut down to fit on the back cover so, with the help of my lesbian handler, I cut the review to pieces and stitched it together on the back cover. My lesbian handler is to blame for most of that. I felt it was boastful and that corny. The "it is solomon frost" ending sounded like some third-rate magician dancing into the birthday party. She said it conveyed that the book was me. She's the artistic type. The back cover to this volume is shaping up to be similarly corny and humiliating but, at some point, it can't all be me. I used the same book reviewer this time. I had originally planned to include both his reviews as this forward. I was honest and kept the substance of his words intact but when you edit and slice something that extensively you inevitably change the tone. I felt like I should deliver his review in its original form. The review for volume one was pretty entertaining as he told the story of how I contacted and paid him. And I guess creeped him out. I like to stay fully anonymous so, after he agreed, I tracked him down in the real world and left a printed transcript and cash at his front door along with the secured procedure for delivering the review.

As with volume 1, I told him that he was free to say whatever he wished, good or bad, and I would not censor him. However, two topics were off limits entirely. He tried to hint at these topics in his first review, which I

left off the cover. In this review he completely ignored that request and called those topics the heart of the book. So, instead of censoring him and including another edited review as this forward, you get more babbling me. Sorry. Blame my lesbian handler for the corniness of the back covers. Blame me for the poor artwork. To clear up questions about volume 1, yes I paid for the review. I don't how else to do that. I know most books have a bunch of one liners on the back cover but I'm just not that popular and not enough people have read or give a shit about these books for that. No, I didn't tell him what to say but, yes, I did (rather my lesbian handler did) pick and choose which of his sentences would make it on the cover. To make them make sense we rephrased the grammar here and there but I promise you the substance was unchanged. This book has been done that same way.

Editing

I read back over this once in one sitting. That is all the edit I have in me. Please forgive the sloppiness.

Doug & the Frosties

As you will read, I had the wonderful surprise of meeting a group of young men who were reading volume 1 and I tried to answer some of the questions I overheard herein. I'm sorry I didn't tell you who I was but, over the years, that's just become my way. At the risk of insult, I suspect you guys may not have the life experience to understand fully yet but I hope you reread some of this in a few decades and know what meeting you all meant to me. I also hope you will look back and say that you followed more of my good examples (if there are any) than the bad ones. Be bold. Be honest. Never forget, "failure" is just the word losers use for giving up.

Its the difference between sitting around talking about it and going out and doing it. That is always the difference. Go out and do it. Let others talk about it.

Title & Publishing

Titling this book "Conversations with Jesus" is straight forward and practical but I think very poor marketing. It also bothers me and, honestly, I'd prefer if my people (deity worshipers) received it more than christians. Christians already have everything. There are also thousands of books that look just like this. If I have anything to offer its my perspective. I'd be surprised if any other offspring has given any abrahamic faith a serious hearing. My insights into the ways of my archetype are authoritative by definition but christianity has thousands of scholars who spend their lives studying these principals and I assume are in deeper communication with Jesus than I am capable of. To my people, these are the thought's of a son of Aphrodite and they matter. To christians? They see my mother as a false god and, by consequence, must view me as insane or mislead. I'd much rather title this book in a way that reaches out to those who might value it. So many speculate about things like ambrosia and the hidden temples of Aphrodite. Jesus wants unity. He goes out of his way to show that but the adoption of Strabo's comments[1] by even the wonderful people in that little country church demonstrates a canyon which may be too large to bridge. Jesus says love can bridge anything but I don't have love. I'm really not sure what I am doing in your world, christians. Though I detest the title, as Jesus would say, in my world I'm the prince. In yours I

[1] See, Volume 1, Ch. 2 (p. 27-28 in paperback). See also, "Full Circle" (6/2/24) below.

fear a pagan prince[2] is an unwanted illegal alien; talked about more than heard.

Jesus calls this boring title, that I practically hide this book with, a mustard seed of faith. I'd call it trust. It was written for him anyway so into his hands it goes.

My lesbian handler (and a few other things) keeps telling me to send this and volume 1 to publishers who actually know how to get books out but I don't think I will be doing that. I'm pretty sure that will have the opposite effect. There's a larger chance of some woke or zionist publisher getting it banned the few places it is available and trying to swat me with public health checks and red flags laws than actually publishing them. We just don't live in the kind of society you can do things like that (write something anyone disagrees with) anymore. We are in that weird place where that is true but people still haven't accepted it. As a result everybody walks around bug-eyed and shocked "that something like that happened". They still think its a flook, mistake or one off. No. As the cliche goes: you just can't handle the truth. Russian roulette is a bad business strategy.

Social Media

I've never used locals before setting up: https://ConversationsBook.locals.com. I knew if I used Facebook or any major platform it'd be censored or shadow banned as soon as I set it up.[3] This one probably will be too. I established an X account and its locked every time I try to log in. Its just not worth constantly jumping over these hurdles and I'm not fighting to get into a place where I'm unwelcome. The internet is over

[2] I've refused repeated demands from my lesbian handler and reviewers to use those two fucking words for a year now and Jesus has made it a recurring theme so, whatever.

[3] Can't bring down a paper tiger by subversion with free speech in the way.

anyway. Until it is shadow banned, I've set everything to free and uploaded digital copies of both volumes. I wrote this because Jesus asked and I'd just assume everyone download a free copy rather than make Amazon wealthier. If it lets me I'll post some intro and open the locals page up for everyone to use as a public forum. I don't know how locals works but I won't censor anything. If you trash it you trash it. If people seem interested and don't trash it I may try to drop in from time to time. But don't count on it. I'm not a big social media fan and I really do think its time for me to step away from all of this. Frankly, it hurts. Life isolated in my "tomb", bleak as it is, is painless and pleasant. A happy final dream twirling through flowering fields. Would you leave that for the life you now live? My prayer for you is that your answer is yes.

I hope these books mean something to someone. If not, may they at least be entertaining.

Dating "single-life sucks" Tirades

On final edit, this single life sucks shit is a strange addition to this book but Jesus is the one dragging it out. I don't know why I write half of the stuff I write but it always seems to dovetail with his message in the end. I would have preferred to address any subject but romance this valentine's day.[4] I originally edited a ton of it out because I think it paints me in a bad light. I recognize the issues but I'm not some loser sitting around bitching at women for not being what he wants them to be. I love being around women and I think its pretty fucked up when people try to impose their desires on strangers. You don't want a promiscuous chick, don't date one. Men don't want to date you because of your roster, stop trying to shame them into it. Its the basement dwelling losers that nobody wants who are out there

[4] Originally under Feb 14 notes. Seemed to flow better in the forward.

screaming that all women everywhere are shallow sluts; and its a cope. That might be an emerging trend among the mental patients online but it is not true in the real world. Hypergamy is, unfortunately, real but women are deeper than that. Just avoid the ones who spend a lot of time on social media. These incels are no different than the post wall sluts demanding “good men” date them after they age out of fuckboy town. Both groups are getting what they deserve and I really don’t want to be lumped in with that trash but Jesus just keeps drawing it out because of his moral views on sex.

JC wants to preach to those topics because he doesn’t want people becoming bitter. For whatever reason I guess he thinks many will accept it from me more readily than others saying the same thing. Maybe because I don’t view sex as a moral issue or inherently dirty. This slut/fuckboy/incel shit is all basic and stereotypical and I’d really rather not risk being lumped in with the bitter crowd (what all three of those have in common). I say your body, your choice but don’t delude yourself that others “aren’t allowed" to value you based on the choices you made. I’m actually very positive and supportive of dating, relationships, sex and so on. I love to get to know women. All women. I don’t care about their bodycount unless I’m interested in them romantically. Then its as simple as pass/fail. Bitching about it ain’t gonna lower it and it is the best gage of character in a woman. Don’t lash out at it; use it. I’m not one of those incel creeps (or a fuckboy) and I worry that some of this sounds like them. There’s 350 pages peppered with this shit and every time I try to edit it out Jesus says no. Makes me look bad. Babbling on and on about your thoughts on the opposite sex blows out your mystery and lowers your desirability. I don’t like this. You never do that, btw. If a woman feels like you are judging her you will never get the truth, or her emotions. Treat it

like a police interrogation. Win her trust, lower her anxiety, make her think that you understand and accept her for "who she is", "finding herself", or whatever byline cope bullshit she uses. Convince her that you would never judge her. Then extract the relevant information and use it to determine her worth. Don't worry about hurting her. If she isn't a slut then you did no harm. If she is, then who cares. Men go about this bodycount evaluation thing all wrong.

People pick up on energy subconsciously. You must control your thoughts around women. We all know (and she knows) bodycount and the type of men she has been with is the foremost thing on the mind of any man looking for anything more than another hole for his dick. But, just as she will hide her bodycount and uglier side of the roster, you must hide your judgment. Most of you are sexless because you have a bad attitude toward women and direct bitter, judgmental assumptions onto them before even saying hello. I do it too. Usually with the intent of chasing them off but I've noticed men do it toward women they want. That is just insane. Maybe more cowardly, as it is actually emotional bracing. Learn to think!

No women ever has enough intimacy and closeness in her life so every encounter must be intimate. We live in a society where people look the other way while speaking to each other like clinical machines. Look them in the eyes and touch them with your soul. Look at every woman in her best light and see her as the beautiful work of art she is (or was before being ruined). Feel (don't just see) her quirks, tragedies, longing and the expressions you can bring out of her making love. Let her feel you feeling her. Taste her scent and energy and let you feel you tasting her. For those of you with no empathy muscles start with middle-aged

women. Every last one has the same little feeling inside that makes her melt in your hands. Every once in a while they all fantasize about being young and pretty again. Not sexual and hot with 50 boys peeping up their skirt. Young, pretty, happy and carefree. Like the whole world is new and exciting again. Tap that, smile, let her know that is how you see her and watch her response. That is who she wants to be and, when you are around her, that is who she gets to become. You don't have to say a word. Just look at her and let her know. When you see women (fat, old, slutty, homeless or young & beautiful) as the beautiful works of art the are, were or want to be they will start glowing and presenting to you. All this comes with the first eye contact and before the first word. Let it be prolonged. Let it be awkward. Women love tension. And they love it when a man looks inside them.[5] Caution, that is a little bit of a violation (like just walking up and taking her hand) so you have to have some insight and know if a women is welcoming to that or not.[6] More women than you think are interested in you (or any male with a pecs instead of manboobs), you just never pick up the phone.

After this, is when you start dispassionately collecting data to determine her bodycount/character and if you want her in your life in any capacity. If you are a sleazy fuckboy, you go from this stage to letting her show off her body and sleeping with her; then determine her worth. That's the simpler more sociopathic approach. If you're not a scumbag, you use the flames you just

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[5] Again, all women are natural exhibitionists. When she senses you have seen inside her & admired what you saw she will be anxious to show you her body. Women are accustomed to using their body's/looks to get men's attention so they will look inside them. When you jump to this step, subconsciously she is playing catchup & chasing the opportunity to undress.

[6] The difference between every romance novel fantasy ever and attempted rape is what is going on in the female's mind and the male's empathy and grasp of that.

ignited to start the interrogation that determines if she has any relationships value before you let her start exposing her body. Or just pretend not to see because women are freak'n experts at "accidentally" exposing themselves to the men they want. Women work differently. For men, entering a relationship is like researching a product. For women its like an emotional strip tease and, just like her desire to show you her body, if you approach this correctly she will strip off her insecurities and lies in front of you. Put yourself to the side until she is completely emotionally naked. Then judge her.[7]

Jesus really sees sex as a moral issue and thinks this shit coming out of my mouth will hit home for many people. The concepts are true. I mean every word I type. I just don't like being the one saying it. I do think we have big problems out there when the majority of relationships between men and women are ending in abortions instead of families. Worse still when one could argue that the kid might be better off aborted than born into such sewers.[8]

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[7] On edit, Jesus reiterates "dangerous". Again, JC doesn't use that word as a compliment. He really doesn't approve of how I turn my empathy on and off but it's kinda automatic. Like holding your breath when jumping in water. It just happens. I guess he has a point. Holistically speaking it may be a bad idea to tell men how to do this but it is unfair for women to catfish men about their long term worth. People are mostly trash and I don't care what they do to each other but Jesus cautions against what he sees as something akin to emotional abuse. After their mid-20's, I think men are much more likely to be victims of emotional manipulation. Its the 5 fuckboy/rapists out of 1,000 men causing all the damage. And the migrant plague rats. JC relates this back to my using desire like a weapon. The process is sound & he doesn't object to seeing the best of others or being more intimate in conversations but he does objects to the manner in which I present it - like cutting a throat from behind. I guess just ghost her instead of being honest so she doesn't commit suicide or something. Slut's a slut.

[8] With both Aphrodite and Jesus deeply opposed to abortion, I guess I'm pro-life by default but, excluding the tragedy-farming/baby corpse brokers like planned parenthood, pro-choicers do have some solid arguments.

But this commentary isn't me man. I'm open and bold about how I feel and about whom. Bitter cowardly incels don't publish things like Forever to all history.[9] Especially knowing how that openness is likely to age. Please don't lump me in with those freaks. Or worse, become one of them because of what you read below. Remember, on their deathbeds, its relationships that people say made their lives worth living. Stop bitching, unplug and go get your heart broken a few times. That is your measure as a man. Little boys like Andrew Tate[10] telling you to sit around treating all women like objects and whores are not "alpha" anything; they are children. Isn't the whole alpha concept that you are supposed to go boldly and not be a coward? That is not accomplished sitting around online hiding your heart and lashing out at every woman who doesn't want you. Pick one you think is worth it and fuck'n stand up and be somebody. You can't be "the alpha" if you are afraid to get knocked down. At least, bros, if you can't stand up don't mistake my recognition of modern problems with who I am.

I am forever.

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[9] See, Volume 1 (10/28/23)

[10] Jesus picked up big on Andrew Tate both times I mentioned him in this volume. I honestly don't know anything about that guy other than he is a pimp who's been investigated repeatedly for sex slavery. I've heard people claim the woke mob is just after him for telling it like it is but I've also seen photos of him and heard some of the shit that comes out of his mouth. Admittedly not much. But I trust my instincts and the energy he radiates tells me he's a virus hiding behind conservatives. An adult way too interested in adolescent boys and girls. Way too fake, way too shallow and way too small and bitter for people to be listening to.

Chapter 1 - A Dark Winter

It doesn't matter.

Chapter 2 - A Beautiful Spring

See below.

Chapter 3 - Conversations

January 21, 2023

Soil

Chapters 1& 2 aren't written yet. A Dark Winter I know and A beautiful Spring I'm promised. Jesus has being saying only one thing all winter - a reassurance that I will not repeat until fulfilled or broken. As of today I have literally not being able to give volume one away.[11] That doesn't bother me so much. Other things do. It does however discourage me from investing the time and energy into writing volume two. I don't have enough hours in my day as is and any perceived failure of Jesus's word or lack of external validation also questions the legitimacy/value of these experiences. The damaged pop psychology crowd will chant mantras against seeking external validation but any scientist will understand the importance of objective peer review. It's entirely possible that I've begun to drown in the ever rising tide of psychopathy. Fortunately, despite the format this has taken, it is not a diary nor much of a reflection. Just some random shit that happened one year.

The beautiful spring promise comes from an oracle of my mother's sister who has an uncanny accuracy rate. Unfortunately, I can't query her as she seems to lack two way access to greater analysis or depth

[11] I opened a Facebook page for Frost, joined a bunch of these bible study/ Jesus cult groups and tried to post a free pdf of the book. Every post rejected. Not surprising given every facebook group moderator is pathetically trying to emulate their oppressor but a funny anecdote given JC's confidence in the utility of this book. I had it self-published on Amazon and a few other places. I don't know how publishing works. Alex appears to have no interest. I also have no desire to make the marketing rounds and feed it to people as must be done with everything today so, for me, that's that. There's no money in it and "being heard" is simply not worth that much effort. I think I may prefer it this way. Less people, less problems.

but, what she does provide, almost always comes true. Sometimes she has extensive detail and sometimes just a vague feeling.[12] But, for over a decade, she has been nearly 100% accurate in everything. The only error I've ever seen her make is in timing. Sometimes she gets it all correct but often it comes a year or more later than she says. The vagueness, however, is a frustration. So I will write about the Dark Winter when I have more perspective and about the Beautiful Spring if and after it manifests.[13]

December and January sucked. I needed a break so I took one and Jesus respected that. Until today he has spent the winter repeating only that four word reassurance. He has done so almost daily. Sometimes several times a day.[14] Today, I forced myself to sit down and read yet more push-poll pamphlets from the JW missionaries. They are friends and I promised when I first spoke to them that I would read their stuff. Its kinda all the same shit over and over again. This time it was another little booklet with someone who clearly was not a scientist arguing for creation against science. Religious people simply do not understand how to deal with science; and vice versa. Seminaries really need to mandate strong science prerequisites because you people are lost, dude. In my asshole tradition of calling out dishonestly, today the JW publication "Awake" No. 3, 2021 gets attacked. From page 7 discussing the origins of life:

"The chance of even the simplest strand of nucleotides spontaneously forming the right pattern has been

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[12] Like many oracles she appears to receive downloads but lacks the constitution to parlay with the source.

[13] On final edit, Fuck it. It is what it is.

[14] Still doing it in July 2024. I'm not sure I believe him. I want to forget.

calculated to be 1 in 10[exp 150]. An event such as this would be a virtual impossibility".

What an amazing point! You won science v. religion…. in your own mind. The problem is: that's complete nonsense. This near impossible probability assumes only independent linear reactions are occurring. That is not how the universe works! Reactions are commingling in orgies of exponential expansion. The writer, who is discussing organic chemistry, either lacks a fundamental understanding of organic chemistry or is being disingenuous and, of course, basing the entire argument on the fallacy that science is at odds with religion.

Anyway, fulfilling a promise in a half-assed way is the same a breaking it so I had to open my study bible for the first time since the dark winter to check citations. While trying to figure out where the hell I left off, Jesus points me to Mark chapter 4 again. The Parable of the Sower. I recall him saying last year this was the one thing he most wanted me to embrace. We are to start back here. Excluding his repeated four words of reassurance, Jesus speaks for the first time since Volume 1 as I glance further through Mark 4:10-20 or so. He asks: "Are you good soil {a name I know}"? Before I can answer[15] he says: "You are good soil" and goes on to express that one chooses to be good soil for the lord's word, as an act of gratitude to God.

My act of faith is starting Vol. 2 which I see as an embarrassing waste of time; which JC seems to believe in and want. Or maybe I'm just insane and need to manage my delusions. Maybe I'll continue next week but I grow less enthusiastic by the day. Something is not right. I can sense it in my flow with him. He infers its my lack of

[15] I would have answered "no".

faith. He says I don't write enthusiastically because I don't have the holy spirit. Its a chore that should be a passion, he argues. On that we agree. This is a chore. I think there are better things I could be doing with this time and there are better people to be writing whatever this is supposed to be. I ask would that not make me rock instead of soil and he responds that the best soil was once solid stone. Whatever.

I'm leery of praise and overly positive people. I firmly believe that, if you care enough to actually want to help someone, sometimes you have to hurt them. JC disagrees and says that approach is less effective. But in a world of delusion: "You are too fat, it's making you gross and it will kill you. Stop eating" seems like something 60-70% of Americans need to hear right now.[16] Jesus says no. He is not endorsing the body positive, sex positive, death positive bullshit that prevents even the fuck'n doctors from saying that but he disagrees with the premise that sometimes you have to slap somebody awake. Jesus agrees that it is the fastest method but says it is less effective and "doesn't last" contrasting with his soft power approaches which he deems more permanent, "…and more potent", he adds. He tells me: "Don't preach their weaknesses; ask them to join you {for exercise}. Fix them supper and preach their health". I think he sees my way as lazy and less caring. He equates true caring to the time you are willing to give another, which he acknowledges is precious life.[17]

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[16] On final edit, there's a lady in one of those electric wheelchairs or fat-people scooters that rides past my house everyday to go shopping. She has two young daughters. Maybe granddaughters. The smallest is probably 6-8 years old and stands on the back of her chair riding it like a little koala bear. They always wave. Even when I am here typing. Wish I had a daughter.

[17] Nothing against fluffy humans. But physical, mental and moral decline are the most apparent crises in America today. Those examples are common in my writing because they are the ones I see every time I walk outside.

February 2, 2024

Missing.

Strangeness today. I haven't continued reading the bible and I ended the rescues. They were occurring too close to where I live and the more I do the higher the probability of encountering one in day-to-day life. It has just started warming into an early spring but, well some things can go unspoken. Due to a secret and somewhat necessary upcoming roadtrip I'll be driving past Santa Fe, NM. Ordinarily I schedule my stops in Sedona but timing pretty much forces me to spend the night in the Albuquerque area. While looking for a place to stay and spend a few hours, there it was, right on the Santa Fe website.

The Loretto Chapel Staircase. The carpentry project I repeatedly referenced to Jesus when nudging him for a little bit of carpentry apprenticeship back when this all started. I probably read that chapel was in New Mexico but for some reason thought it was in Europe. I'll stop in Sedona on the way back. Valentines day in Sedona I guess. I've never liked hotels no matter how nice. They must be the loneliest places on earth. JC suggested I leave the title of this entry blank for now which makes me a little hopeful given the codes and symbolism I'm still finding in Volume 1. We've spoken very little over the dark winter. Ever respectful and passive, Jesus has giving me space. Repeating only those same four words over and over. There's a strange energy to the springbirth this year. Familiar. The veil is thinner than it should be and an ethereal connection keeps growing stronger. Simultaneously sad and wonderful. I find myself in an almost mystical daze more than I ever have in late October.[18]

[18] When the veil is naturally thin.

February 20, 2024

Just A Staircase.

He keeps encouraging me to go write. It was about a 10 day road trip. The first night was in Santa Fe. I guess they converted the old nunnery into a hotel so I stayed right beside the chapel. Go capitalism.

The Loretto Chapel Stairs are probably the gold standard of engineering and carpentry but there is nothing miraculous about them. The center frame is made of 2x6's twisted 720 degrees (DNA helix). The stairs are fitted into the inner frame with a common groove and sit on the outer frame. The weight of the outer frame is suspended from the upper floor joists and the inner weight by the double helix. The most difficult part would be molding the outer frame to the stairs but that can be done. The railing was added later and, while certainly not taken back by the railing, it seems to irk Jesus a bit when he explains they were intended to "use them in faith". We discussed how faith has no ("and needs no", he adds) safety rails. "Faith needs no bracing" he adds drawing my attention to some bracket anchoring the stairs to a wall that was also not part of the original design. The double helix is the strongest climbing geometric shape. Not sure they knew that in the 19th century. Its just common wood.[19] The workmanship is excellent but not miraculous. da Vinci's designs were amazing but not miraculous. Not supernatural or defying any laws of physics. JC reminds me that neither is he (defying any laws of physics). Behind the tourist-dollar hype, these are amazing beautiful spiral stairs that I wish

[19] Even if that particular pine didn't grow in the SW, there isn't a building project around that hasn't used somebody's left over wood. Its unlikely the wood was shipped across country by horse and buggy but far from impossible and those buggies traveling across country continuously were usually made of 2x6's.

I had the talent to duplicate on the second floor of my home. Strange similarity, I've started building out the third flood and have been using a ladder in place of stairs due to space constraints in the hallway. Only spiral stairs will fit there but I want mine wider and more sweeping for an elegant look so I'll get to cheat and use hidden support beams. I may try a double-helix center and flow out from it.

Jesus confirms they were built by a mortal, "inspired in christ", he says. When JC uses "inspired" he implies more than our ordinary definition. He relates the image of me letting him guide my hand when learning to honor the song of the wood.[20] Its a type of inspiration plus a filling up of divine light that enables enhanced output. JC keeps drawing parallels to the rescues in describing this carpenter's motivation. Someone who "walked this path with me long before you were born". He's confirming I understand and respect the carpenter's choice to remain anonymous. Then, farther along the roadtrip, JC guides me to a cemetery to show me the mortal carpenter's grave. Just a regular guy buried in a small humble grave that nobody ever knew. People are notorious for having beliefs and opinions that swing like pendulums form one extreme to the other. It's ridiculous to presume that these stairs were built by Jesus himself or some saint, and equally ridiculous to conclude that they just shipped in some french steps and nailed them to the floor. Truth is found in the pendulum's equilibrium. An ordinary mortal in his own residency with Jesus was simply asked to do something and simply did as JC asked. It's encouraging to see how long this simple favor latest and how much it is cherished. Or is that just marketing fraud? Nobody pays admission to look at somebody's staircase without a good story behind it.

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[20] My shit carpentry is barely passable and nothing like this masterpiece.

Rescue Rangers

After attending to the reasons for the trip, I followed Jesus's urging to play rescue ranger one more time. Twice actually but only the border rescues resulted in revelations worth writing about. The border rescue was a rather violent one with interesting religious sensations. While removing the bad guy's gun I either dislocated or broke his left knee and inflicted a compound fracture around his right elbow.[21] Then the strangest sensation occurred. I was cutting off his carotid with my right hand and had his gun to his head with my left[22] but I didn't really feel the gun until I get this warm hand-on-the-shoulder feel from Jesus and this calm fatherly voice saying "that's enough". At that moment I felt the gun's cold grip almost burning my hand and I felt Lucifer's hand.

You can't actually do a lot of damage by squeezing somebody's throat with one hand. You might be able to cut blood flow to knock them out and, if you want to hang out an squeeze all day after, maybe kill them. All things being equal there just isn't enough explosive strength in your grip to do dramatic damage to a grown man. I wanted to kill this guy and I was enjoying this. I didn't notice until JC intervened but Lucifer was there supporting me. In that moment I had the grip strength to crush his neck and kill him. It was very strange. In a situation like that I would assume that Lucifer's hand would cover mine or slip on like a glove but when I backed off I realized he was wearing my

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[21] Its much easier to control people via a compound fracture than a joint lock. I was hoping to expose the ulna shaft but I'm guessing I ended up with the ulna notch or trochlea. He was in his 20's and fit so probably a meth-head suffering early onset osteoporosis.

[22] Being ambidextrous gives you significant hand-to-hand combat advantage.

hand like a glove.[23] I let Jesus down a bit here but didn't understand why until days later. In response his "that's enough" I did force myself to stop but shoved the back of his head into a block wall and swept his right foot to drop his weight on the damaged knee. I heard a pop and tear and sincerely hope he at least walks with a limp for the rest of this life. When I turned toward Jesus there was Rescue 1 with their little christian spirit scars shinning looking up at me. Those spirit scares later shined even brighter as Rescue 1 took on a big sibling role to Rescue 2 encouraging the younger one to trust me. Both were in shock from whatever they'd already been through and traumatized more by watching my brutality.

About ten minutes of fumbling around with the translator app on my cell phone and a 40 or so minute drive into Mexico and they were home. I was concerned until I saw an older woman run out hysterical with her christian scars glowing. I'm still a little concerned. The very existence of certain scenarios questions fitness. I dropped the rescues off about a 100 yards out and raced back to the border being followed by two vehicles with what I hope were people who thought I was the bad guy. They turned away as I got into the border line. I kept the gun. You can never have too many drop guns. Its remarkably easy to smuggle guns and people back and forth across both sides of the border.

Later along the drive north, Jesus explained that I made his job harder with my "rebellion" as he termed it. Every cell of the scumbag's body told him he was going to die then and there and he should have and I really really wanted to kill him. Evidently, when I suddenly turned away some path opened for Jesus to walk in. The last couple strikes made Jesus' path more rocky. Frankly

[23] Reflecting on this later, Jesus says that he is not there to support you and that he wants to be "wrapped around inside you".

that offends me. Scum like that should die. “Everybody deserves salvation”, he interjects. No they do not! Scum like that should be tortured to death publicly as deterrence. They deserve nothing but pain. It pains Jesus to hear me so adamant on this point and it is a source of alienation between us. Truth be known I think I’d be more compatible with Lucifer but I am not ignorant to what that would be like. It was Jesus’s op anyway so, whatever.

Later on, Jesus suggests that I didn’t have to use as much violence as I did and I replied something along the lines of “yeah but if you don’t enjoy your job you don’t do it so well”. This also bothered him. That I’d make a joke out of it. I don’t lack empathy but I can turn it on and off at will. I had great empathy for the rescues and could feel their pain. It hurt me and I worry for them still. I had no empathy while tearing the exposed bone further out of the scumbag’s arm.[24] I think this is appropriate to certain situations and makes me more effective. That trait bother’s Jesus.[25] Later still he wants to explore my motivations and traps me with some master logic. If my motivation is to save the next 20 victims as I claim then isn’t his entering the heart of the bad guys more effective than me killing them? It is, as the experience and knowledge could be extracted with Jesus’s methods more readily than with mine. JC claims my rage will end where my faith begins but he doesn’t elaborate.

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[24] Bone is actually very slippery and the target will be screaming and fighting so you need to get the pad of a finger or two onto the bone marrow for friction. The probability of causing osteomyelitis is an added bonus/ enhanced deterrence.

[25] On edit, its not so much that he thinks I’m a psychopath as Jesus’s worldview is empathic and he doesn’t like that I pick and choose who to care about. JC really believes that a fuck’n child trafficker is just as much in need of help as his victims. I’ll never seek to have concern for such evil. JC doesn’t see anyone as evil and has been encouraging me to expand my compassion and empathy more and more. “Open you heart”, he calls it. It is a major point of contention between us. One that Lucifer understands all too well and Jesus navigates like a master sailor.

Instead of staying up all night frantically writing out my observations I'm going to practice that moderation thing from Vol. 1 and finish, maybe, tomorrow.

February 24, 2024

Room.

The best room in my house is on the second floor above the foyer. Its basically all windows and just high enough that nothing really obstructs the view. Its the brightest and warmest room in the house. Magically the sun rises into the East window just as the moon sets into the West window. Its also the only room I have never been able to design. Much of the house will be automated so every room is named. First it was named the studio because my lesbian handler wanted to be a content creator and make tiktoks[26] in it. Then I named it the game room but realized I'm not that into games. I thought about painting it black and blood red, turning it into a private club and calling it the vampire room. Then I remembered I don't like clubs and don't want a bunch of randos in my home. Its only recently that I realized what this room is should be but that's delusional. Nonetheless, I gave it its forever name this morning.

Since writing these books I've been sleeping here. The third floor/master bedroom is under construction as is the rest of the house so I kinda migrate around the house with a desk and blankets.

Writing volume two has become a real chore that I don't want to do. JC himself has said his revelations are

[26] Chinese psychological warfare op directed at your children comically named to laugh at how little time our crumbling empire has left.

being lost and blocked because I gloss over or forget many things in the tedium.

I was woken this morning at 5am by the full moon shinning on my face through the west window. "Write, write write" as I tried to go back to sleep. Guess I lost that battle. I'll write till the ground warms then I'm going outside.[27] As I write this the moon starts to sink below the tree line and the first rays of sunlight warm the back of my neck. This room really is beautiful. There is only one purpose suitable to it.

Moons

I am sincerely not responsible for any of the symbolism redefining these books. I'm just not that artistic. It strikes me as odd that the christian god has encoded so much lunar symbolism given that is traditionally a nature religion thing. You know, the people christians slaughtered for their beliefs. Its the snow moon setting in front of me. Also called the huger moon which came to symbolize keeping the faith because this moon lit up the coldest nights when food was running out and game was scarce. But it was also the first sign that spring was stirring in the womb. I didn't know that until about ten minutes ago when I looked up the symbolism behind the February full moon. It seems all the most significant parts of these books come with full moons and that keep the faith ideology echos in those four words Jesus keeps whispering in my ear.

From the Son's mouth to the Father's ears.

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[27] Just a few hours later I'm checkmated back to writing because Sutherlands is out of Portland Cement for the first time ever (they stocked type IL instead of type 2) and I have equipment scheduled so I don't want to start a new project for half a day. No artistic license. Everything is real and many things are also code.

Gaining Elevation.
(2/14/24)

Exploring both the low desert and high desert on the same trip is an experience everyone should have. So pretty and interesting. But so cold. Especially at night. Border rescue 1 had this death grip on the edge of my jacket the entire time so I left it with rescue 1. We did another rescue in the southwest but I saw no great revelations in it worth writing about. Also, I don't think these rescues can continue. Eventually evidence piles up so high that any intelligent person can track it. JC seems to agree and suggests rescues will continue in less dramatic and more meaningful ways. I understand in theory. The dark side (violence, aggression, etc) is more potent in the short term but the light side is more effective. Positive tends to be more subtle and cumulative therefore appearing less acutely potent but it's actually much more powerful. Not quite sure how that works in practice with rescues. I traveled past Quartzite and Lake Havasu up to Flagstaff and into Sedona for a few days. We discussed much along the road and during a few desert excursions when driving got monotonous.

I stopped in Quartzsite for something to eat. Quartzsite is not my kind of place. Practically the anti-Sedona. Its like one big trailer park filled with retirees in RV's and sweaty bikers. I passed a place that had piles of crystals just dumped out on the ground and partially organized on old pieces of decaying fiberboard held up by rusting oil barrels. The lady who owns it had a cross of ash on her forehead. I thought that was lent but its called ash Wednesday. She was very nice. You could tell they didn't have much money. She was selling crystals by the pound. I bought a piece of citrine from her for less than $20 that would've cost $200 the next day in Sedona. I told her she could make a fortune just by

loading some in the bed of her truck and driving to Sedona for the day. She replied "the good lord would strike me down if I charged that much". I just smiled but thought to myself, why? You could charge five times your price and the people in Sedona would still be getting a 50% discount. Its better for everybody. Why refuse that out of hand in the name of your god when everyone benefits? They place that soot right over the third eye.[28]

She recommended this pizza shack/bar for lunch. The one thing I really like about Jesus's energy is how people respond to me; especially women. I guess its an ego boost for men like when women receive non-creepy compliments. I waited to be seated and this waitress who was actually very pretty came around the corner and stopped for a minute in one of those longing gasp seconds. It made me feel good. I'm not that hot; it was lack of options and, of course, she was a natural blonde. I don't think any brunette has ever been attracted to me.[29] I also seemed to be the only man in town who wasn't a greasy biker, middle-aged and fat or some scraggly looking hillbilly pothead. This kind of thing has either only started since Jesus has been around or I've

[28] The next day I bought a piece of rose quartz from a Sedona crystal shop and was looking at a piece of Vivianite with a $3,800 price tag. The lady explained how rare Vivianite is. I had just overheard her complaining about how much some guy in a truck out back wanted for crystals the he was trying to sell. Out of the bed of a truck. I told her about the lady in Quartzsite who had several specimens that appeared to be Vivianite for $10 a pound. She just shrugged it off with that Sedona elitism. If these two partnered up instead of ignoring each other they could both live their dreams.

[29] Nerdy, skinny, pixie cut, girl next-door-pretty brunette that I would be attracted to that is. The aging single mom discussed below was brunette. Maybe some of the others but they weren't attractive so I don't remember what color their hair was and, after 30, who cares? In the west at least b/c, single after 30, its safe to assume bodycount is double-digit ridiculous.

just started noticing it.[30] She was the prettiest woman I'd seen in a while and mismatched to this town where it was clear every scraggly pothead, aging perv and biker was objectifying her. She wasn't the type of jaded slut adept at flirting with strange men so she stumbled and fumbled over several shy attempts and I disguised the fact I could see through her. Up until Tight Fittin' Jeans started playing at least. She gave me this look that said it all then turned blood red and scurried past two tables trying to get her attention to hide in back and compose herself. I flashed a cocky smile to the greasy bikers at one of the passed-over tables. They'd been objectifying her and peacocking. A middle-aged couple at the other table was just trying to get their drinks refilled. My jeans were not tight but stone-washed hiding western boots with a route 1776 t-shirt that was probably a little too small. Kinda fitting her bill I guess. In another life maybe I'd ask her to dance and run away with her after she got fired. But not today.

She felt stuck and seemed to be playing out some fantasy in her mind about that guy who'd walk in one day and take her away. While still very pretty and aging well she was obviously hitting that 30 year old wall where men start glancing over you.[31] There seemed to be few options, it was valentine's day and her energy it seemed had been screaming "get me out of here" for a very long time. Playing into her fantasy would be cruel because I would be gone soon. She was fully engulfed

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[30] Bro advice: Ignore all sophomoric BS about attracting women that gets pushed into your social media and, when you want attention from women, go out and do something that might get your killed. This flushes you with some kind of adventure aura for about half a day. Women interpret that energy as dashing and fawn over you. Quartzite came in the same 12 hour period as the border rescue. I probably still had the bad guy's blood on me somewhere.

[31] If attention from men nosedives around 30 they were never noticing you; just your ass. You were just too stupid to understand that. Only your body declines with age.

by her own imagination of what she wanted me to be. She returned half way into the song recomposed and glowing. Instead of asking her to dance, I asked for the check. She was so let down and puppy sad when she handed me the check but this was not one I could flirt with just to make her feel better. I know that longing. It's an open nerve. She could drive in either direction and start a new life in Phoenix or LA by morning. Nothing was keeping her here but fear. I don't understand how fear freezes people to death. I started to leave a note encouraging her to do it with some money to try but there is rationality behind her fear. Given that the third-world empties its prisons into America, our cities are no longer safe for single women.[32] I left while she was in the kitchen getting another order. As I drove off and tuned back into Jesus and the image of that moment flashes past and I accuse him for the timing of the song.[33] His smiling energy responds that's there's noting wrong with given someone a magical moment. It did feel good beyond the ego boost. I felt like I touched someone's day and meant something to someone, if only for a moment.[34]

Society,
(2/14/24)

Sedona was Sedona but if someone doesn't put the breaks on, it won't be for long. I'm a capitalist but I don't think Sedona needs a McMansion on every corner, roundabouts every 1/2 mile and billion-dollar egopheres where red-rock hiking trails used to be. Corrupt

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[32] And will remain that way until men become men again and stop crying to the worthless cops. A few bodies hanging from light poles would deter a lot of abuse.

[33] A very Loki thing to do. I don't think such things are Jesus's style but you can't see through deities. I still have no idea.

[34] As the universe runs on action-reaction, I've noticed everything Jesus does works similarly but on multiple levels.

politicians are whoring Sedona out to get rich and what was once an energetic welcoming experience is becoming a fake elitist, millionaires-only retreat. Years ago I would extend my stays, Now one day is enough. The people are still nice and the land is still alive with energy if you can get to it but the rest is just a hassle and a hustle.

I walked to some fancy restaurant that used to be a nice steakhouse for dinner. Now a snooty butler asks you for reservations at the door. "Just me and I don't do reservations". Half the place is fancy dinning and the other half is now a bar with dance floor, a stage and a few tables; one of which he sat me at. It was actually pretty nice with a band playing. Where have all the men gone? There's like 2-3 middle-aged couples, me, some douche posing at the bar, one younger couple on an actual date (that was sweet) and like 20 desperate "just-hit-the-wall" women trolling like goblins.[35] Remember goblin town from the Hobbit? Kinda like that.

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[35] Late last year before I was very cognizant of this dating apocalypse a woman offered me $300 to go to one of those capt. save-a-ho singles events for 2 hours. First she acted like it was some great honor and I was lucky to be "chosen". When I laughed and said no, she tried to talk me into it. All those retard resume words like "high-value", "elite", "established". Then started to try the judgmental guilt shit but caught herself and my amusement. Then she just flat out offered money and a little truth. She pimped it as getting paid to enjoy free drinks and d'oeuvres surrounded by "beautiful eligible women". "Stunning & brave", I'm sure. LMFAO. Evidently women are buying tickets to this kind of shit and getting pissed because no men attend. I didn't go but that might be a nice side gig. Get paid to listen to left over/used up women lie about themselves while you eat. I would've jumped on that in college but for a grown-ass man you need to offer more than $150/hr. Especially if I can't just roll up in shorts with dirt under my nails and get a to-go box. I was trying to get volume 1 edited at the time. This thing was 20 min away and at 2pm. By the time you take a shower, drive there, spend 2 hours and drive home it'd cost you half a day. Hosting this singles shit might also be a great side gig if you approached it rationally. Charge the women and hire male escorts. Pay a few of them extra on the condition they sleep with at least one of the women. The post-walls will brand it for you by word-of-mouth. Your events will be seen as the ones with all the hot men who still want to "date" (ie fuck) aging leftovers. And you will sale more tickets at a higher price. The vast majority single and desperate at that age will be so used to getting ghosted by fuckboys, you'd make serious bank before they catch on.

I wish I had the mentality to just be a fuckboy. Repulsion to that lifestyle is a flaw in my character. Would you rather be Tom Brady or the Jujitsu instructor cashing his checks while fucking his trashy wife? Women are in charge of relationships and they have voted for fuckboys in a landslide. Statistically fuckboys will always have the best life in our demoralized society. Assume 80% or so of women are hosting the fuckboy olympics[36] from 13-30 like the propaganda tells them to. Then, after aging out of fuckboy town, go on the hunt for the best simp or cuck deal they can find. Nearly every women in this place fit that stereotype pretty well. As a man you are either on the simp/cuck market[37], a fuckboy or checked out.[38] If you can't live a basically celibate life and have to compromise then fuckboy is your best option all around. Including for marriage. Other than maybe the passport bros. Because the simps, cucks, betas (insert whatever derogatory term women make up next for men who don't respect themselves)[39] are stuck with fuckboy leftovers. Hit the gym. Decouple your emotions from your dick. Don't be a sleezebag player who manipulates. Just be honest and tell them you are just "here to have fun" and you will be the guy with 50

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[36] I've known enough women to know not every women is living in ho-town but most are on the ho-town train. At least 80%, whether they're aware of it or not.

[37] This includes all you losers who married a woman "with a past" who's "different now" or, in christian parlance, "born again virgin". Abruptly ask her to trade cellphones with you for a day. No need for drama. Don't spy on her. If she has a problem with it then assume she's the community wet spot and act accordingly. Don't even tell her. Deal in reality. If I can see your GF in a bikini (or worse) online then you are "dating" a whore.

[38] Thank you social media for showing us how "low value" western women are.

[39] There is nothing wrong with putting a woman on a pedestal as long as you have the balls to die alone. Men need to learn the difference between putting her on a pedestal and kneeling before her. You are supposed to be on a pedestal too.

women in your contacts to choose from anytime you get horny. You'll be fucking half of them in another man's house while he's at work. Its sad, but the winning strategy is to stick your dick in as many women as possible as soon as possible after you meet them. Then they chase you and you choose. "Why won't he commit"? "Peterpan syndrome", etc. Because a women who sleeps with a man before he commits isn't worth commitment you fucking retard.

Honestly, women aren't too stupid to understand that, most just lack the self awareness to recognize that sex imprints them on the man. Before sex, women are in charge of the emotional dynamic. After sex, the man is in charge. A moral man understands this and protects a woman's emotions instead of exploiting them. But, we no longer live in a moral society and western women no longer want moral men. It's not a defect; its genetic intelligence. A moral man (and his offspring) won't survive in a wholly immoral society. Women are attracted to sociopaths and psychopaths because sociopaths and psychopaths know how to win at any cost. That same genetic intelligence deludes them to believe that they are somehow the special one who won't be on the receiving end of that pathology because genetic intelligence will sacrifice the individual for the survival of the genome. "Y'all need Jesus", lol.[40] I think its too late but I its never really too late for a deity. We don't understand time.

That's pathetic and says all you need to know about how decimated western society is. This is where

[40] On edit, its interesting re-reading this. During one of the JW visits they described the biblical end of days. It sounded very much like a world where only the pathological were mating. The handmaiden society that hookup culture will give rise to is not the solution. You can't legislate sex and attraction. You have to re-moralize society so women's genetic intelligence tells them a moral man stands a snowflake's change in hell of surviving.

hypergamy without moral restraint leads. Accept that reality for what it is and adapt to your environment - literally the definition of evolution and survival of the fittest. You will end up with 10-20 kids that you don't even have to pay for. The dumber/weaker male who failed to adapt to his environment as quickly as you did will pay the costs of ferrying your genetics into the future while you spread farther. Like a virus. I seem unable to uncouple my emotions from sex and, as a result, I will probably not reproduce. I'm obsolete. Decouple and life will be better for you in every measurable way. Women want two separate things from men and very few men can be both at the same time. The fuckboy gets every benefit from women and servant husband gets every liability. Moral restraints kept this shit in balance for generations but those are now gone so you can either suffer under the collapse or ride that epic wave down. You'll all end up piled up in the final wipeout but everybody else in the pile will be wishing they had your foresight.

Of course Jesus wholly disagrees but nobody who matters in our society is listening to him. He demands I warn against my own recommendation and condemns both fuckboys and cuckholds. He says not to live life in a self-fulling prophesy and to live in faith that this is not the only option. Its another mustard seed analogy. We all know that statistically this is how society works but I suspect we have also all seen exceptions to this rule. Jesus is outright commanding the readers to be an exception. They'll forget by tomorrow. Jesus credits my mother with predisposing me to prevent my surfing that deathwave (I can't uncouple) but says I still live in the self-fulfilling prophesy by just checking out instead of trying.[41] He tells me if it is my desire is to honor him in

[41] I'll spare you the usual stupid to play the lottery debate. I can't afford the down payment (emotions/time/energy/optimism) so why go house hunting?

this book I should be encouraging people to be mustard seeds and not to go with the flow of majority. They won't listen. Neither able to stomach the fuckboy life nor very tolerant, I've been as Jesus calls it "in hibernation" for years. Not so many years but in that time everybody became obese, the women are indistinguishable from mentally ill hookers and all the men vanished from public. Shits gett'n weird out there. I really did feel like I was in goblin town.

These fancy bars have what I guess are show-off drinks. Ridiculously overpriced and showy. I'm very much against that poser culture but this one had raspberry blackberry something with heavy cream and charcoal whipped topping with real gold dust. I love the taste of gold, and cream, and blackberries, and charcoal! Replace the liquor with virgin blood and you can name it after me. Why can't they make something else the fancy drink? I struggled even more over what it'd make me look like that the insane $89 price tag for a freak'n 6oz cocktail. Last time I was here it was a humble steakhouse where middle-class families could afford to bring their kids. The drink had some fancy aged whiskey in it or something. I didn't want the alcohol to ruin the taste of something I paid that much for so I left the shots out. The bartender walks out to warn me that he has to charge me for the shots anyway which confirms its poser culture. Then he and like 2-3 people at the bar are talking about how I left the expensive liquor out. This old dude at the bar with his wife yells over to tell me how special the shots of whatever were[42] so I asked the bartender to give him the shots. He was thrilled but confused. I know this is a christian book or some shit but I really have no problem with drinking. Its just that all alcohol tastes like crap and ruins the taste of everything

[42] Some fancy aged whiskey and some liquor I'd never heard of before and can't remember the name of.

you add it too. If they made tasteless alcohol, I'd totally get drunk at every restaurant I went to. All the most interesting drinks are cocktails and restaurants are better when you're buzzed.

Anyway I guess that drink is the billboard that announces you as some rich douche trying to impress the bar hos because that was the result.[43] The douche at the bar drinking something fancy gave me some approving node. I responded with a cold "I'm not your bro" glare. Not because he was a poser douche but he was clearly one of the McMansion parasites ruining Sedona and you need to add stress to the systems you want to collapse every chance you get. Its ok to steal from walmart. Jesus interrupts with a one word: "No". Poser-douche is there to be seen while waiting on his takeout and he could have his choice of desperate V-day slut but his takeout was for two and he left alone. I don't

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[43] I am not even in the wealthy ballpark anymore. These same hoes would laugh if they knew what my recorded income is. I just have no debt, no family, practically no bills and about 3 times the investment income my modest midwest lifestyle requires. Anybody who has money in anything but hard assets these days is retarded so I have apocalypse gold & silver coming out my ears at this point and you can't find labor around here so, with just me doing the construction, it goes show and cheap. Basically 100% of the meager income I do have is disposable. Bro advice & bro advice that I shouldn't have to tell you: First skip the brokerage firms and cut deals with all your local pawn shops to buy all the gold/silver they can get. People are always pawning it so it adds up quick & pawn shops are happy to sale around spot. No shipping, premiums or commissions. I purify and re-mint into coins so they look nice and have my brand. Offer to pay people more if they take silver and gold instead of dollars and you will start to create a new economy around you and immunize yourself against fedcoin. Everybody around here is excited to do business with me, especially since I continue to pay the same amount in gold or silver as the spot price rises. Finally, though slow, others are starting to do it. Rather than try to sale the bullion I trade them, they just trade it on and a market is starting to form. As to what I shouldn't have to tell you, if you're looking for anything more than a slam piece you must appear to be of lower socioeconomic status than her. That means her attraction is based in emotion instead of opportunity. Posing beside somebody else's car is probably cheeper than paying a hooker so go ahead but your problem/divorce rate is because you forget what foundation you built that "relationship" on. Stop renting & borrowing trinkets to impress hos and own something real. Those lambos and million social media followers that you work 24/7 to keep will be worth less than my fruit & nut trees before you know what hit you. Real v. Fake. Good v. Evil

understand. Why was he posing and putting on his "I'm so important" show if he wasn't trying to get laid? Is that what networking is now? Is everything just a facade now? Have I become a complete dick?

Jesus speaks up encouraging me to stop being so judgmental and look at the pain behind all this nonsense. Why? He's a little frustrated expressing that just because I don't approve of their ways doesn't mean they are subhuman. So you're ok with this shit? "No, I love the person despite their suffering". What I characterize as the consequence of bad choices and poor character, he deems suffering. I can see how they are the same. He tries to convince me that I can't cure the disease by killing the patients. Factually, you can. All he says is "No". He tells me to look at "the suffering" as he calls them, like you look at those you care about. Not likely. I'm not you. Some skank comes up right on cue. Very unlike the waitress with some value this one easily starts flirting, suggests I should buy her a drink and, following my cold "no", just continues unabated. It ended when I made a point to check out this asian girl who walked into the dinning area with a group. Nerdy, awkward, ankle length skirt. She was only about a 3-4 in looks and a little chubby but she had the prettiest energy in the place. She probably also had something to offer beyond dumpster sex and a deluded ego. Naturally, if she noticed my existence she didn't show it. You can't fault those with high intrinsic value for not noticing those with none.

The trash flirting with me got offended as I intended. Jesus asks why I would want to cause her more pain at about the same time she makes some arrogant comment to the effect how everybody wants her. I responded to the effect of "you mean everybody's had you" and she left. I received disappointment energy from

Jesus and he demanded I look at what I did. Behind the attitude she was breaking into pieces and left a few minutes later. I kinda thought she was a well dressed prostitute[44] but I guess not. I really can't tell the difference between these "modern" boss-babe types and common hookers. They act exactly the same and they have that same desperate inflated self worth that lawyers and prostitutes have. They know they are trash so they desperately try to pretend they are something special. It's gross. "How small you choose to be {a name I know}".

I understand fully. These girls never had a chance. From a man's prospective, imagine growing up getting attention and love for being fat. The fatter you get the more attention and praise you receive and the more the girls swoon over you. Then, suddenly at 28 every women you meet turns their nose up at you because you're too fat. If you never had parents telling you not to get fat and every contact with society glorified obesity then you were set up for destruction. But that doesn't change the reality that you are now fat and gross. Sadly for women you can't shed bodycount like pounds. Nor, despite what many think, can you hide it.[45] I can sympathize but what

[44] Her outfit probably cost more than my truck.

[45] Eavesdrop on men talking about women when there are none around. Men's thresholds vary but we know. Not exact numbers but our instincts tell us generally if its near zero, "a few", "more than a few", "too high" or "slut/ho". Its been true since the beginning. There's the kind you bring home to mom, the kind you bang and the kind you won't touch in your most desperate hour. From "Why don't I get the amount of attention I used to?" to "Why are all men "emotionally unavailable"?" to "Where have all the men gone?". It's not us changing. Count goes up, value goes down. The wall isn't just about age. I'd choose a 40 year old virgin over an 18 year old slut every day of the week. The thresholds vary (most guys would take the 18 year old slut) but the formula never changes. By the time the 18 year old slut is a 28 year old slut most guys would go for the 40 year old virgin.

am I supposed to do, keep the frat boy scam going?[46] Jesus scolds me for adding to her pain and says I could find higher ways. He says she didn't need to hear how she ruined her life[47] and needed some encouragement. I think basically Jesus knew I'd be disgusted by her and wouldn't feed into her manufactured reality but wanted me to rise above my condemning attitude and offer her some hope. There is plenty of hope for her; just not in dating, romance or a family life.[48] I failed him so he put me in the special ed.

He focuses my attention toward some gross old woman alone at the bar who looks like she'd smell of cigarettes. Seriously, dude? This bitch looks 50 and is probably on her third divorce. Her energy looked uglier than her. She's seated with her back to me, she's been guzzling down beers since I got here. She's looked back half a dozen times since I came in and has now

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[46] On final edit, I'm trying to remove a bunch of this relationship crap and Jesus keeps telling me to put it back in so a lot will just have to be dumped in footnotes. I don't think it belongs, its redundant and very much not me. It sounds bitter. Sleep with who you want. Anyway, for those without parents, who do you think came up with the "sex by x date rule"? If a man expects sex by a certain date/investment level, then that is the value he places on your pussy and that is all you are to him. His whore. Despite what he may tell you. If he places any value on you then the date/investment is because he wants to be with you and sex is not expected after he determines he has paid the price tag he wrote for your pussy. The end result of the sex by x date rules are women either have to choose a permanent partner form 2-3 suitors and hope they win the lottery or be branded sluts, unworthy of commitment for the rest of their lives. Are they just stupid or do they want to be slutty and then try to cry their way out of the consequences by blaming society? Both. That is why you never never play captain save-a-ho.

[47] On edit I was surprised to confirm that Jesus meant ruined her whole life and not just her romantic life. It appears that JC views a loving spouse and healthy children as essential to a well lived life.

[48] Bodycount/roster is not the sole determining factor of a woman's relationship value but it is like step 1. No amount of good traits are overcoming a slutty past. So few women pass the bodycount test that its basically pointless to talk about other traits. Bodycount is also pretty universal for men but men differ on other traits they want in partners. For example, I'm noticing that most men want a submissive wife dependent on them whereas anyone I married would have to be my equal and be with me by choice. Not b/c she needs something from me.

repositioned her seat to watch me from the corner of her eye.[49] Are they that delusional? If I'm insulting sluts half your age why would you want my attention? This solemn energy comes form Jesus as he watches me. Can I not just enjoy my meal? He admonishes me that I have lived a protected life and shouldn't judge others for lacking what I was given. What do you want me to do? "Stop condemning", he says sternly. He explains that the person lies beneath the crap they've lived on earth and the person is who I should see "and love", he demands. He goes on a minute about why I think the way I do but we'll deal with the intrinsic value debate later.

The old lady turned back again and started to say something but didn't. I could see her fear of being hurt so I apologized for sounding like a dick with the last woman. I know she was listening. I asked her to join me for dessert wondering if my valentine's day wins for world's most depressing this year. She did indeed smell like cigarettes (vape, same shit) and was on her second divorce. I was off by one. She was very lonely and yeah I see the problem. She was once that slut and just now realizing that sex doesn't equal affection. Actually she hasn't. These people are so screwed up I can't understand them. They don't flow logically. I think the gist is she's lonely enough to be happy with anything including being used by some loser just jerking off. Wouldn't that make the loneliness worse? We talk about how there are no men left and she opens up about how hard it is for her trying to compete with girls in their 20's for men in their 50's. I laughed and then apologized. She was really in pain. Basically she was hosting the fuckboy olympics back in her day when you could still do that and then lie to some desperate cuck about your past. The more sexual partners you have the lower your ability to

[49] I'm paranoid and hyper-observant to stuff like this. And may have an aggravated assault bolo out on me from that morning. Hadn't changed yet.

emotionally bond with the next one and that was her problem. That is also biochemical reality so go fuck yourselves you woke "trust the science" establishment youth. "Your truth" (aka: the delusional demands of a spoiled child) means nothing to objective reality or anyone else not afraid of your tantrums. :) Triggering the woke is like going to a comedy club to me. I just cant help myself. On edit, Jesus again calls me a bully arguing that slapping people awake is low investment.

Anyway, sounds like the receptor damage resulted in her first divorce. Even through her bias the first one sounded pretty decent; if not the exciting superstar she felt entitled to. The second husband seemed like a loser she clung onto to in desperation and she claims he was unfaithful. I didn't tell her any of my thoughts. There was no point. Her chances for not dying alone were pretty slim. No point in adding guilt to her suffering. I guess I had a nice little dessert date with a 50 year old hag.[50] Fuck you, cupid! What's the point? There's nothing I can do to help her at this stage. JC claims that was the point and that she received a nice meaningful moment and hope. I don't see that anything was accomplished. He claims that soothing pain for a few moments is worth the effort. I'm not sure I agree. Why not let it numb over? He says that is a path to death.

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[50] Don't get all hurt. If I'm ever crazy enough to publish it read my poem Beautiful Rose. How the hell did I end up writing poems! A discovery has melted my mind; I need to end this shit sooner rather than later and get back to my life. Writing is the biggest waste of time out there. There is nothing wrong with a woman aging. Society has warped your perceptions and given most women an age complex. In this case she was a twice-divorced slut in a bar trying to pick up younger men. She had at least 3 kids but only spoke of herself. At 50-whatever she also had the maturity of the 20-something slut I insulted away and still seemed to value herself based on whatever blown-out mess was between her legs. She might have been a cardiac surgeon saving lives every week but she was approaching me in a romantic or sexual capacity and in that her valuation was: "disgusting hag".

We also disagree on methods. The enemy has half the teenage girls in this country convinced that "sex worker" is a glamorous career and high school guidance counsellors recommending onlyfans as a "career choice".[51] The best counter-offensive is for them to see these 20 somethings melting down online because even mid to low "value"[52] middle-aged men don't think they are worth a first date. Seeing the end of the path the enemy is pushing you down is a good thing for society. Think its a coincidence that people want to treat disparaging "sex workers" like a hate crime? Living in the west is like watching a critically injured animal suffer before its put down. Systemically abuse the fuck'n whores[53] until they commit suicide so your daughters don't grow up thinking that's the life to have. JC responds: "there are higher ways". Jesus says you can stress the system without hurting its victims. How are you supposed to affect any meaningful change being non-invasive? He reminds me of my own commentary about the light side being stronger in the long run. I just think we are too far down the road to turn back without abandoning some casualties. He says that is because I don't value myself. I remind him that I was created without intrinsic value. He claims I hold false beliefs. I don't see western society surviving this demoralization assault. Jesus says strongly: "you will".

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[51] Such guidance counsellors should be dragged to death through the streets and left to the vultures because, unlike the child, they know that the girl will make money for about 3 years then its nothing but antidepressants, minimum wage jobs and loneliness until they commit suicide.

[52] Value assessing checklists are for products. Or in the case of sociopaths just boil down to how rich is he or how hot is she. Transactional instead of magical. And that is why you are trash and only used as an object. Reap what ya' sow.

[53] The self-made ones. More than you think are not trafficking themselves and are in need of rescue. Just because they're smiling doesn't mean its ok.

What a fucked-up Valentines day. I'm guessing the point he was trying to hammer into my head is that everyone comes to earth to roll in shit and screw up. "To grow", he says on edit. I think I'd be a lot better had I never come. I think a lot of people were only made worse by their earthly experiences. That pristine soul is still in there somewhere for people with intrinsic value. I guess where we part ways is Jesus will still hug them when they're covered in shit and I wont. As for the V-day timing, this subject matter seems most relevant to romance. If the neighbor stinks and has poor judgement that's not such a big deal; he isn't sleeping in your bed or co-parenting your children. I'm extrapolating a lot but I'd say we all need to turn off our fantasies and start listening because everyone on earth is dirty. As such we need to both think critically so we don't let someone into our lives who stinks it up and work to ensure we are more blessing than curse to anyone taking a chance on us. However, I'm a realist. Statistics matter. Simps get what they deserve, if a girl has ever played a simp, she's a prostitute and fuckboy's won the election. Be a fuckboy or check out. Jesus's just responds: "no".

Back at the hotel this movie is playing that reminds me what a hypocrite I am. Years ago before I left the world I helped an actor violate zoning regs to build his McMansion in Sedona. Tragedy of the commons, I guess. He was an awesome guy and good friend. Very down to earth for an A-lister. He let me stay there a few times when I visited Sedona. We stumbled around Sedona high one night, rolled half way down some hill and spent an hour picking thorns out of each other. Everything in the desert is always trying to stab you. His uncle introduced us after I helped him hide some money. At the time he had just finished filming that movie. It sounded stupid but, then again, we were both high when he brought it up. I finally watched it and the sequel a

couple years ago and they are awesome. A character in the movie has a purple ducati that has me itching to paint mine from classic red to a holographic red/ burgundy. I'm going to do that this summer I think. Its time I start getting out more and I'm lucky enough to have one of the last great analogue superbikes.[54] It deserves more care than I give it. Not everything about my old life was terrible. Jesus adds that then, "as now" I focused primarily on the bad. He says now I spend so much time preparing for negative outcomes and almost none preparing for positive outcomes. He's right. He wants this to change. I'm trying.

Beautiful
(2/15/24)

I hiked deep into oak creek canyon to sacred and ancient falls strong with my mother's energy[55] to take her gifts and spend some time with her. She reiterates some things she wants that are very encouraging. It feels good to be back in oak creek. Most of this time was mommy energy and talks not for public consumption.

Conspiracies,
(2/16/24)

The next morning I traveled north into the more masculine energy of Flagstaff. As the sun-baked redrock gave way to snow covered pine woods Jesus and I discussed many things but honestly I don't recall much.

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[54] No traction control, launch control, wheelie assist (whatever the hell that is), or computer to argue with. Just a throttle, clutch & brake. You tell the bike to do it and it does it. Much like America in the 50's, superbikes peaked in the early 2000's. Then a bunch of trust fund babies fucked them up so they could look cool while the computer drives for them.

[55] This is one of the most beautiful places near Sedona and I'm sure hikers have found it but surprised that nobody has whored it out like every other spot they can find. Might be too hard to get to or considered too dangerous for tours. The path is pretty treacherous and exhausting. This area also seems to be home to every rattlesnake driven out of Sedona. Its almost like she's protecting it.

Jesus has these big glowing success smiles and when he shines them on you its like the sun blinding away everything else. During the drive into Flagstaff I don't even recall what prompted it but I was pretty low and pissed at the world and Jesus patiently says: "satan gets his day of rule". To this I responded like a child "why do I have to live in his day" and that big glowing success smile from Jesus washed everything away. I stopped by Harding Spring to get a few jugs of some of the best water on earth and spent the rest of the drive admiring how bright and beautiful the snow covered pine woods of Flagstaff are.

As I turned east toward Holbrook and our second rescue we continued talking but the sun is setting and I have a retaining wall to finish tomorrow.

February 25, 2024

Potholes.
(2/16/24)

Along the ride East, Jesus points out how I change toward him and God in spring. He says I feel him only when admiring the Father's art which he says is not forever.[56] He says this is because I don't hold him inside and that this has something to do with self value. Based on observation I lack intrinsic value. That sucks but I'm not going to delude myself. There is clear evidence that almost everyone is born with some spark of value. Some have more or less and I seem to have none. This is evidenced by people who seem to instinctively recognize intrinsic value. I've even run some anecdotal tests. Controlling as much as I can for random variables, I can do something identical to another and the other's

[56] He is referring to Earth and nature which I love and which he has already said will die.

will be more valuable. I can far exceed someone else's input in every measurable way and the other's input will still be valued higher than mine. I've tried to figure this out for years and I've tried everything I can think of. There appears to be a hidden variable and the best explanation for that variable is some undefinable intrinsic value that I am missing. People sense that spark of worth. I have none and people sense that. That is far more probable than this vicious cycle theory. JC suggests I started overachieving too young trying to make people love me, overachieving resulted in devaluing scorn which he claims I believed and fought harder to impress causing more scorn and on and on. That argument assumes substantially similar environments but I've traveled all over and lived in many walks of life. Jesus suggests that I am the x-factor and can't see that resulting in some kind of self-fulfilling prophesy. I don't fully believe him given his distaste for slapping people awake. He's just consoling me the way he told me to consul the valentine's day hag. Its all academic anyway. Whatever caused it, it is what it is. That sucks but its not all sad and depressing. It enables me to do things others can't.

Everybody has that showpiece knife that you would never use to cut anything and that cheap scratched up piece of crap knife at the bottom of your toolbox. The worthless knife can be used as a knife, pry bar, whatever because it doesn't matter if you break it. Its trash anyway. I think the border rescue is probably an example of that. You wouldn't send something of value into certain situations and if you did, anything with intrinsic value would probably hesitate resulting in failure. Lacking intrinsic value sucks as far as everything that makes life worth living but it makes you very functional.

We revisit the debate as I recount the drive and Jesus portrays this hurt when I express this reality and says I am injuring him by treating myself this way but first its not me, if I could create myself with intrinsic value of course I would but that is just not how it is. The deaf wouldn't create themselves deaf. He reminds me of what he terms "making yourself eat rotting meat" which seems a little dramatic to me. I've never gotten sick once in my life from bacteria and only a couple minor times from viruses. I buy meat from a local rancher so it isn't injected with all the preservative shit but, as a result, it doesn't last long. I left some in the fridge before I left and ate what was left of it yesterday. It was rancid but if you cook it to burnt and add some jalapeños and you can't taste it. Yeah, maybe that is related to the lack of intrinsic value but what harm did it do? He says it harmed him. How? I consumed protein rather than throw it out in a world where children are starving to death. Any bacteria or infection in it was almost certainly harmless to me anyway. Lacking worth makes for a more functional tool that can survive on less. He says I am not a tool but I recall him condoning that analogy last year. He says I misinterpreted his analogy to fit my false beliefs. I think that belief is supported by evidence. Anyway, this intrinsic value thing is one of those themes that keeps coming up and frankly it sounds like Jesus is telling me to just think positively or some…. he interrupts that he is telling me to release that false belief to him. Evidence supports it and I am not going to become one of these "my truth" nutcases.

I forget what the context was but, in general, I'm kinda done with all of this and Jesus is making these claims that I'd rather him not make because if/when they fail to materialize all this becomes one really pathetic delusional embarrassment that I published to history. He scolds me: "the lord's word does not fall". This all started

last father's day and I agreed to follow him as best I can until next father's day. I know there are christians who strive all their lives to follow him but I am not christian. I'm just some loser who invited Jesus in one day. At some point along the way I suggested Jesus is racking up a lot of credibility debt with me and I get this response like I just questioned if Elon Musk could cover his bar tab or something. That was funny.

The drive through New Mexico[57] was pretty dark debating the intrinsic value thing and my fears that I've just gone delusional. Rather than push all the way in driving till 5am, I stopped in Amarillo for dinner and got a hotel for the night. Amarillo seems like a nice place but it was so cold after the sun went down. If the bad guys ever succeed in graying out solar radiation I'm putting a bullet in my head.

A Father's Strength.
(2/17/24)

The next day was such an amazing high that I again started to question my sanity. Maybe I'm going bipolar instead of delusional.[58] The high was based on reality which made it even better because I couldn't impeach it. I left that morning before sunrise and Jesus starts talking immediately. He calls me on my promise to do everything he says until father's day. I promised and I will. It was just little simple things like stop here and use that exit but, wow! Literally, turn when I say and you will find this. I did and I did. Four or five times in a row. Statistically, nearly impossible. I've never driven this road before. I took 64 to Santa Fe. He was proving to me that

[57] Their roads are unfit to drive on. Downright unsafe and destructive to cars.

[58] I'm not. The energetics of deities are like grappling with an 800 lbs. gorilla. It's what Jesus meant when he talked about burning people in Vol. 1. Mortals are just not designed to handle prolonged direct exposure to deities.

he is there. I really appreciate that. As the sun came up the drive was beautiful and the energy grew so high that it created another staring moment in a grocery store. My stomach was still churning from all the restaurant food. It was the third or fourth proof when he said he would guide me to healthy food. "Next exit". I was on I-40 and there where no signs near that exit. It looked like it was headed out to ranch-land nowhere but I did. "Turn that way". I did. "There". This gigantic grocery store lit up and had everything; even sushi for breakfast. It was a road to ranch land nowhere but I guess that was the fancy grocery store serving all the ranches. When I walked in one guy stopped and stared, walked toward me then seemed to gather himself, looked at me funny and walked off. Then kept looking back at me from his station. A lot of people gave me that intrigue response like they do when the energy is really high. I checked and my eyes weren't lit up. I was dressed common for the area. I'm not sure what that was. Maybe I was just on top of the world and it was flowing out. So many people are depressed and miserable today. As I navigated the store, found my sushi and chocolate (& a red bull) and went to check out I noticed it was all the ones with christian scars glowing who looked stunned or intrigued. Can they see you? Jesus just smiled "no. they see you". I think he was trying to make me feel better on that whole intrinsic value debate but I've already accepted that. Its not like I go to bed crying about it. Even people with intrinsic value don't get that response. Not questioning his word but if you light somebody up enough people will want that light and respond like that so yeah its me but in reality its his energy floating around me they responded to.

The rest of the way home we discussed his biological father Joseph and what a father is and the nature of fatherly strength. He says I've been using a

child's strength all my life and its time to learn a father's strength. Hours of emphasis on being a good father and parenting "in the lord's path" for someone who will probably never have children. Tons of brilliant insights but I'd have to write another book to cover them all. He wants me to learn everything I can about his father Joseph but I haven't even studied the David topic he suggested last year. I think I matured by about 3 decades from Amarillo to home. Some brilliant stuff like lost lessons of history. Men don't even know how to be men today, let alone fathers. The same can be said for women but I am not a woman[59] and he was teaching fatherhood for hours. To date that has been the most intensive and content rich lesson from Jesus. It also shines a much greater depth on Joseph. I don't know if there is a lot of literature about him but, as a non-christian, I only knew Joseph as this carpenter who stayed with his wife despite knowing the kid wasn't his because supposedly some angel told him to. "Not supposedly", JC adds.

I'm not sure what else biblical or historical documents say about Jospeh but Jesus holds him up as an example of fatherhood. He parented Jesus Christ through the throws of early adolescence and guided a young god into a leader while suffering under the yoke of Rome and a dystopian society. I had no idea there was so much depth to Joseph's story but he was the case study for many of the lessons in fatherhood and fatherly strength. I get the impression Joseph died during Jesus's adolescence but I just extrapolated that from the gaps and the shift in discussion to the serenade's vantage point. Even in modern society a great weight falls on the first born son when a father dies and its the father's job to prepare him for that. Joseph did this well. As I

[59] The sexes are binary and different with different characters, roles, strengths and weaknesses. All of which compliment each other perfectly when combined. As they were designed to do. Wake up from your propagandized pervert dreams. Children need a male dad and female mom.

understand it Jesus was a middle child in family position but presents with the attributes of both eldest son and middle child.

I'm not sure where to begin but I came out of that conversation with a significant character shift. I feel much older but not in a bad way. He didn't subtract any youthful vigor but added all this … the only word that describes it is fatherly strength. I described in volume 1 how Jesus is actually smarter than Lucifer not due to his 7th-8th degree thinking but due to the wisdom that comes from his connection to God almighty.[60] That is the only way to describe it but on an earthly level. Testing it, I know longer have to analyze the energy, etc. to see through people. I still can but it almost doesn't matter because I just understand what needs to be done. Jesus says that was the missing element that prevented me from seeing how to conduct the more subtle light side rescues. We are to practice one soon but he has been urging me to spend a few days at this monastery[61] for a couple weeks now. Why not? I like theme hotels. I'm pretty sure they are all catholic and I've been bashing catholics for hundreds of pages but it sounds like an interesting experience. Its one specific monastery and he keeps saying they need you and you need them so I'll contact them next week and arrange a visit. Jesus says to stay for three nights.

This ends my notes and memory of the southwest trip. I owe the reader and Jesus an apology because

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[60] "God, the Father", he corrects on edit.

[61] [Monastery Spoiler Alert] The fuck!!!! I just re-read this for the first time since the monastery. The sad old man was the subtle light side rescue. He was planning to leave the monastery and kill himself. Jesus still isn't sharing the full back story but confirmed he was there seeking forgiveness for suicide and planning to leave and off himself. That's kinda weird. He refers to it as a successful rescue with a vision of him hiking up to the ridge he kept admiring. Dude! It's so cool how Jesus works.

many insights were lost through my weakness. Its hard to explain but a lot of his teachings assimilate into you and change you. They become more a part of you than a memory of lessons and insights.

February 26, 2024

The Snake,

This morning I was building a well into what will one day be the hobbit house in my yard. Movement caught the corner of my eye. It was aggressive, violent, fast and strong. Vicious and desperate in the last gasp of its life. A large muscular viper had fallen in the well and was trying to leap out. It must have been the meanest most feared predator all its life. It was rare. The kind even the hawks don't go after. I looked down on its desperation and could feel the lethality.

Jesus spoke up drawing an analogy. From my elevated position outside the well that killing machine had no hope of hurting me while it died like a desperate cornered animal. "That is the essence of Lucifer", Jesus said.

I tried for 30 mins or more to pull the viper out with polls and ropes and buckets. Jesus told me that will not work. "It is not in the snake's nature". I wasn't just going to let it drown and Jesus said nothing as I climbed down into that narrowing cave and dark water. The viper bit me twice before I got him. Both hurt like hell and the second bite came with enough venom to ruin the rest of my day. He fought me to the death all the way out of the well. I nearly had to squeeze his head off just to keep him from breaking free as he tried to crush my forearm and lunge into my face. He was even trying to wrap around my neck. He bit me a third time in the hand after

slipping his head through while I was climbing out. I've never seen anything fight like this. It wasn't fighting to escape, it was fighting to kill.

I debated for a minute but decided I couldn't keep something like this in my yard and still let the cats out so I boxed the viper up and took him to the woods. He struck the box a dozen or more times and fought out twice almost causing me to crash when he struck me again on the elbow. By the time we got deep enough into the woods I was dizzy and trembling from the venom. My elbow was so painfully swollen I could barely bend it and my right hand was swollen to twice its size and discolored. Fed up with the viper and starting to lose that top-of-the-well perspective, instead of dumping him out or just throwing the damn box into the woods, I stomped the box open, held him down with my foot and put a gun to his head. I let him know if he bowed up on me again I'd blow his head off and leave him for the ants. That was unnecessary and immature.

Not everything understands language and this was still a vicious reptile fighting for its life but all life comprehends intention and circumstance. I half expected him to bit me again when I released the pressure and I was planning to kill him and take his skin back with me when he did. He left peacefully. No gratitude. Just no more death match. Jesus just waited in calm silence until I was back home, burning in cold sweat[62] and trying to squeeze venom from the holes in my ribcage.

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[62] Before this the worst thing I'd been bit by was a 7-8 ft+ diamondback. This thing was at most six foot, not as thick as the rattler but the venom had to be ten times stronger. Big western diamondbacks (delicious) are no joke. I was bitten once but that bite didn't leave me feeling like I was going to pass out. This thing made the rattlesnake seem like a garter snake. I'm familiar with snakes of the Ozarks. This one wasn't indigenous to the US.

"You survived a snake but you won't survive Satan if you climb into the pit with him".

He then ordered me to eat some lunch while I heal and write this story before going back to the well.

February 29, 2024

How to Worship Satan.

Satan hates humanity. Facts are facts. The vast majority of government, especially in the US, is openly satanic and the small percentage that isn't also hates the people/their slaves. Foreign governments, who literally all of your "elected" "leaders" serve, have a vested interest in seeing our society crumble. These are facts and I think most readers will agree they are fairly undisputed facts. What follows has remained in the forefront of my mind for months but I've refused to write about it because I didn't think it belonged in this book. I finally tuned in on the subject and listened to Jesus explain how it is Satan worship and "the mark".

Today it is very easy for a man to give up and, I think, it's also the correct decision based on environment. The problem is the environment. The natural environment has been invaded by social engineering to condition humans to do everything backwards. Driving toward destruction instead of growth. Tell me Gen Z is not a transparent civilian casualty of war. Nature is binary so I won't try to speak for women but it seems like their situation is very similar. As a man you are biologically wired to achieve/prove yourself worthy, build a nest, nurture a family and make the world a better place for your offspring. These are the roots of life's basic drives. Not only is all of this punished

by the government/satan but it is futile and a better option is always available if you just submit.

Today the more you achieve or build, the more you are punished and the scale of diminishing returns begins almost immediately. It then tips so quickly to the impossible that you have to be neurotic to continue. Its simply not a competitive field when government snipers are shooting the knees off the best runners and lynching the winners at the finish line. There's no point in trying to achieve anything. The world has bee ruled by sociopaths for so long its warped to the point you have to act like a sociopath just to navigate it. Working toward a better society is a literal joke because the enemy will always put the most fucked up, unaccountable, schizophrenic, degenerate diversity hire in charge to sabotage everything. Similarly, the slave masters have decreed that we will own nothing and be happy about it; or else. Those at the top seriously want to shut off blood flow to your brains and control you with implants like the living dead.

Its increasing impossible to own anything and there isn't much point in trying because all of the value was sucked out before we were born.[63] Real estate has intrinsic value so your nest is government enemy number one and the legal groundwork has already been established that you don't really own it; you rent it from the government. The food is poison. Hunting requires permission from and payment to the king and soon your backyard garden will too. Collecting your own water is illegal almost everywhere and in your children's lifetimes

[63] $500 refrigerators built in the 1950's are still running today and the new $7,000 Kitchen Aid I bought 2 years ago has had to be repaired nearly every 4-5 months since day one. Anyone try to buy a water hose nozzle recently? Its no longer profitable to sale products, so manufactures invest billions designing annuities that mimic products. The result is no real assets (wealth) left among the people. We are very close to living by subscription which means the top .05% have literally 100% of the wealth/assets/power.

breathing will be a right you pay the government to lend you. It's why communism always collapses into a forced labor camp. If you can't own anything what's the point in working for it?

Furthering that terminal condition is the complete decimation of women. Finding a woman with even basic attributes (a brain, soul, self-worth, character, etc.) is like finding a unicorn walking on water. Statistically its pointless to try. Particularly in the west, women have been so demoralized and propagandized that I sincerely cannot tell the difference between most women and prostitutes. Same bodycount more or less.[64] Same level of education. Same moral character. Same dysfunctions. Offering nothing but the diminishing value of meaningless sex. Hookers might even be less delusional than average women and, therefore, technically have more to offer. That's real fucked up. Thanks to social media most men have both realized this and, tada, by total complete coincidence I'm sure can have a pretend sexual relationship with any passing fancy online. Why not? Sex has been reduced to just a mechanical jerk off session anyway. Thus the mating drive is now a murder scene nobody wants to solve. The vast majority of women in general are unfit to be mothers and incapable of equal partnership in marriage. Maybe, a big maybe, 2 in 10 men I see these days can even be called men, let alone make suitable fathers. Unless this shit show turns Gen. Alpha in something spectacular, America has one tiny half generation of hardened men aging out as we speak.[65]

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[64] Male "obsession" with bodycount (number) and roster (identity) is not "insecurity", its judgment. Most women just can't face the verdict. Real men aren't worried you've had a bigger dick, they are worried about your mind, character and fidelity. All directly exhibited by bodycount & roster.

[65] I'm pretty sure WWII are all dead now. Boomers are the problem and exploited latter half of Gen. X to the point they became too hard; but hardened nonetheless.

Assume you miraculously make it though all of that or just live in some blissful suicide prevention delusion. You will be legally required to send your children to the government for mandatory political indoctrination and sexual abuse or the government, via other "fathers", will show up with guns and take them from you. If you complain about this you will go to jail. Even assuming you live in a secret compound and avoid the unavoidable, shit is only getting worse so there's no future for your offspring even if they survive as something more than raw materials. And, you can't even complain about the situation, let alone try to make it better, because you're already shadow banned for not being "progressive".[66] And, there's nobody left to listen but brainwashed retards, third-world criminals, drug-addicts, ruined old men and propagandized cyber-hos. What's the point? As the cherry on top our people/nation/country is a dancing pedophile in a clown costume gunning down everything and everyone wholesome. We are the bad guys. If you were born a white male[67] everyone hates you for existing and if you have christian values or any morals whatsoever then you are evil in a world of total inversion.[68]

Now this is where I really got screwed, cursed or something because I seem constitutionally incapable of following my own advice. If you simply use your brain

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[66] As usual a complete inversion as "progressives" are the most racist, bigoted, sexist, hateful, ignorant and backwards (regressives) on the planet.

[67] On final edit, why does any white male still own Disney stock, pay for Disney movies, merch or take their families to Disney world? Seriously, maybe you deserve what you get. Sale their stock and boycott. Take every last white male cent out of Disney tomorrow. The problem will solve itself next quarter. After it crashes, buy a larger position at a discount and fire everybody who isn't a white male. Or, just stay out forever and let them see what happens when they get what they want. If they are going to force you to choose sides, choose your own.

[68] Quickest way to crash a plane is to nosedive it.

you can evaluate your environment and adapt to it the way nature intended. You know, that mechanism social engineering exploits. For men at least, our best most fulfilling lives in 2024 are found getting high, playing video games and jerking off online whenever the need for human interaction flickers in our minds. In fact, all other behavior is punished[69]. Getting high makes me paranoid, video games drive my energy so low I feel physically ill and I get nothing from jerking off. Fuck you universe! I feel like I'm trapped out of time and all alone.

I don't think this is anything everyone doesn't already know but the concept just sit there in front of me waiting until I finally expressed it to Jesus.[70] I was surprised to here him call this state of things "Satan worship". He views those who have just given up, who frankly I think have made the correct call, as tacitly worshiping Satan. The point being that God made us to do certain things and live a certain way and installed biological drives (Jesus, corrects biological drives to "moral imperative") to ensure that happens. Lucifer wants that "kingdom in rubble, burning" (JC added as I was thinking of how to word it). This puts me in a weird position of screaming at all the potential men out there to throw away your fucking children's game consoles, stop eating soy, get in shape, move out of mommy's basement, grow up, face some hardship and take your world back! Weird, because I kinda think that's futile. "It's not", say Jesus. I imagine the same is true for women in different ways and I imagine the same advice applies. It really does all boil down to humanity v. anti-humanity,

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[69] Except, of course, dressing up in tranny cammo, exposing your dicks and bouncing a crying child on your lap in a library or school. This is because child sexual abuse leads to disassociation trauma and demoralized surrendered adults. The perfect citizenry for tyrannical totalitarian governments.

[70] "Hibernation" and "building my own tomb" was the only viable course and remains the correct decision for me.

metahuman v. transhuman, natural v. artificial, freedom v. slavery, people v. government, GOOD v. EVIL.

Jesus tells me I still don't know who's side I'm on and he might be right. I don't like the evil side at all but I'm pretty sure they've won. This resurgence of "nationalism" and common sense won't survive two generations even if it's victorious. The problem is in human development. Jesus says I am wrong and reemphasizes "you will be a product of my forge". I think, maybe, at least those of you who believe in a higher power, especially christians, need to step the fuck up already. Right now you are kneeing before Lucifer. I never saw it that way but damn if that isn't correct. I can still feel Lucifer and he gets off on the pathetic tail-between-your-legs way you are kneeing to him under the whip of your own government. Which serves him. Which you put there and consent to daily. Lucifer loves the joke of how non-sentient and unworthy humanity really is. Honestly, I think he might be right. However, in honor of Jesus, I will offer some basic logic you may have forgotten.

You are all waiting on everybody else to stand up because you are all worried that you will stand up and be shot down in silence, alone. That is not how it works. You don't stand up because others do or might. You stand up because that is the right thing to do and you <u>always</u> stand up alone. <u>Always</u>! There will never be anybody standing behind or in front of you and their shouldn't be. That is not how it works. You were born alone, you will die alone and you must stand alone. If you are lucky you will live with others standing beside you and, when you fall, you will see others laying beside you on your way to Valhalla. But, you stand in your life alone. Honestly, most of you are going to stay right there kneeing before your real god with your tail between your legs because

"their faith is weak", Jesus interjects[71]. But I have no faith so why can't I live like that; I think I'd be ok with it. He doesn't respond. Jesus is right, I'm not sure who's side I'm on. Lucifer's argument is humanity isn't worthy of existence and, honestly, I kind of agree with him. How many of you automatically shifted your eyes from yourself to me questioning if I will take my own advice? Jesus answers that as well and I agree. I simply do not love my neighbor. I hate watching all this suffering but I kinda want to see humanity collapse. It belongs back in the stone age. Disempowered entirely.

March 2, 2024

Appalachian Sippin Cream,

Its so hard to get drunk when you hate the taste of alcohol. Thank you Banana Pudding Sippin Cream. Well that and the bottle of absinthe brewed up by some witches I drank after my tongue numbed up.[72] I think my lesbian handler is jealous. I like to fuck with the system's arrogance. Do they really think they can deceive me? I threw a Nazi salute to cop while dancing on my roof sippin da sippin cream. He threw up a power fist and drove on by. The revolution is closer than you think. We all intuitively know who's who. The enemy of my enemy. Go Russia. We won this war before it began because the enemy is a lost sheep who hates its shepherd. We were

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[71] I was going to write "because that is what you are" but Jesus interrupted. Later he explained that those (what you are) are Lucifer's words.

[72] There's a coven around here that either thinks I'm magical or thinks bringing me gifts wins my mother's favor. Neither true. They leave little yellow gift baskets on my porch. They leave offerings for my mother in fancy wicker baskets with burning candles. Its odd, most witch covens are either teenagers or old women but these are all middle-aged wino-housewife types. One is married to a Sunday school teacher who seemingly has no idea his wife is worshiping a pagan goddess. They're all very nice but I did have to rescue a cat from them last fall. One let slip that they were planning some kind of blood sacrifice so I convinced them that I'd deliver it to Aphrodite directly. Instead, I found it a good home. My mother understands.

forced to become wolves to save the cubs. But we will lose it before its won because humans are underdeveloped.

History repeats. All the great revolutionaries have [redacted]. What's with that? God has arranged [redacted]. We are all at our best before coming to play in the mud of this life. None leave cleaner than they arrived. I am forever. 2PAC is blaring to the neighborhood. Nobody is disturbed. They should be but they look up to my window wishing they could sit beside me and hear stories of secret wars and coming revolutions. They want to befriend the human side of me. They cannot. He's dying. Akiane is the second most beautiful woman to exist. My mother, the goddess of love, will always be the most beautiful, forever. That is her station. Is my station that of a sacrifice? The Guns n Roses blaze of glory I murdered a previous me to? A wanted legend. A lost brother. A reviled destroyer. An unloved phantom. A deranged loser writing drunk in the dark? Names and more names. I used to keep track with a spreadsheet. Then I stopped caring. An air force colonel kamikazed a state department jet into a mountain to assassinate a friend. It happened a lot. Lives and more lives but none worth living. I make it out alive and then Jesus shows up like a head hunter. Is this really God's war? Why would he give a shit? Tyranny and suffering is the default state of humanity. Jesus says to live without faith is to live in hell. He's probably right. We must anchor ourselves beyond ourselves.

The spirits of dead heroes and murdered gagsters dance around the eternal flame with Jim Morrison and an Indian chief. They're inviting me to join. I climb on up to the peak, spread my arms and let the wind to decide. The Jedi are terrorists to those employed on the death star. But you will never know; your enemy owns your

mind. Should I spill more secrets and really light this fuse? What would it matter? Most of you are property on stock and too dumb to fight even when you know your enemy. My respect for reality prevents me from dumping this into your manufactured feed. Am I a Prince or just a psychotic warrior? Is it Jesus I hear? Or the light at the end of my tunnel you read? This is not a simulation, Elon. Will it all end in a shootout with the FBI hiding behind innocent local cops or in an inspirational love to heal the world? Can our dreams really be the same? Their secular understanding can't contain me. I'm drunk as fuck. Did they put shrooms in that absinthe? Am I moondog in Miami, Solomon Frost, the name I was born under, the son of deity, just some deranged loser, or a shadow of things to come? Can [redacted]? Can [redacted]? My true story is pretty epic but nobody will ever know because there's no value in speaking it. All are deaf.

Judgment is outlawed and discernment is sin against that state so value has no measure and right and wrong have no meaning. All I've ever wanted was a small home, loving family and little garden. Sippin Cream! Maybe I'll buy some more. I spend like a millionaire and love like a pauper. I'm meaningless and because I am so many. More people search for the many me's than will ever read this book. People get smaller every year. Humanity's essence is decaying. How could one man be all those lives? Because corruption breeds incompetence and because that one man has nothing else you fool. You entitled royal taking so much love, family and friendship for granted! Will I delete this in the morning or leave it in? Will you understand the rantings of a drunken loon? Should I leave my lesbian handler alone to her frustrations or topple the record keepers just because I can? They seek to document me but I own them. Only the deities can command me. Jesus thinks I can be a force for love but I'm pretty sure I was born to

be a force of destruction. Weren't we all? I do prefer to build and grow things. Is all great writing just drunken rambling?

The friction of a meaningless hybrid generates a lot of energy. If [redacted] that power would fade as would I. That would be wonderful. Human. Love and meaning. Grace and power. Rose and ivory. Forever. Value in the heart of God.

Does a tranquil sea crave the raging storm?

Everybody needs to get fucked up a couple times a year. It brings out the stye and soul and it lets the system of life know you're still here. I want to sit around a camp fire and rap like the kids from American Pie Ba*nd Camp: All fucked up sipp'n on the sippin cream, rid'n like James Dean, piss'n off the main stream*. I have no musical talent. They watch everything I do and the others watch everything they do and the record keepers watch everything everyone does. Sometimes I like to fuck with them all. I'm not a Nazi, intolerant, or any of those "ism's". I just enjoy playing with stereotypes and social engineering. I always said "happy holidays" until they told me "Marry Christmas" was intolerant and wrong. Now every card says "Marry Christmas" and mentions Jesus; and that was before I met him. True intolerance is telling others how they have to think and speak. True patriotism is pissing off the tyrants. Respect is triggering the useful idiots. Civic pride is doing the exact opposite of what the government wants. Did Trump ever meet Bezmenov? Culture war juices government muscle. Humanity is stratifying dramatically. Some will grow and illuminate and many will craw into a sub-human condition. The many will strike first. More rebels equals more freedom.

Most of you are fuck'n retarded[73] slave-monkeys but still worth more in the creator's eyes than me. Just a worthless tool. Designed to win but what does that matter when you have no intrinsic value? I can beat you at nearly everything you can do, but God will always prefer you and so will every human he creates. Just a disposable tool. A nicely drunk one. Sippin cream! … and witches' brew. Why didn't I get that value spark? I could live as a god but you can live as the most special person in another's heart. You are the fortunate son. I'm of no more value to the creator than a firework is to you. People must be able to sense that subconsciously. I'm not that drunk. I recover too quickly to be affected by alcohol for more than about 20 minutes. Not really worth the nausea but every book needs a drunken tirade. Will you leave this in when you read it tomorrow? The edit varies directly with cowardice. Will [redacted]? Who you really are? Where you a predicted tragedy? Will any of this even matter? Whatever. Sober and getting nauseous now. Fuck you all.

March 6, 2024

Unfinished Homework.

Meh, Sippn Cream is fine. Nobody's reading this shit anyway. Why is poisoning yourself both horrible and

[73] On edit, in case it hasn't been clarified b/f, when I use "retarded" it is not an insult toward people who were born with actual biochemical defects. It is directed at those too lazy/scared to think for themselves who get propagandized to the point they can't think anymore or be classified as having human intelligence. I started using the term after the woke mob/commie insurgents started demanding we pretend there is nothing wrong with mental patients and celebrate them to create more. Those born with actual mental defects are suffering more than we know. Imagine spending your entire life in a wheelchair but its your brain instead of legs. I personally think the parents are cruel for making them live (nothing in nature does), offsetting their own emotional trauma with the lifetime suffering of their child. Jesus disagrees with me on that point so I guess its not like the freaks who take their kids to sexy pedo time at the public libraries for likes on social media. I still think it's selfish though.

fun? I still say meditation is more effective but drugs are easier. The edit also varies directly with prudence and respect for others. I leave for the monastery tomorrow morning. I was planning to get at least a few chapters back into the bible today but spent all day editing this, adulting, tidying up and packing. I need a squadron of Tesla bots and I needed them 4 years ago.

March 7, 2024

Little Circles of Bread,

This morning at 10am marks my 5th time going to church. "High Mass" in latin with Benedictine monks. The ones that do the Gregorian chants. Evidently this monastery is world famous and people travel from all over just to see it. I'm much more impressed with the 100+ acre homestead. They have everything! They are also basically self sufficient or very close thereto. I'm impressed. The more self-sufficient you are the more ungovernable you become. Be ungovernable and evil starves. This would be a paradise if it weren't such a sausage fest. Maybe its just my archetype but I've never understood these men who want to be in all male clubs. What man doesn't want to be around women? Its in our biology. I know they are celibate but basically so am I. I think they should all be married with families running around. That'd make this a much happier, more alive place. Jesus just says its their way of worshiping God. Isn't "be fruitful and multiply" one of the first things God said to them?

Not sure I'm going to make it 3 nights without women. Its not about sex. I'm of a female deity and I've been surrounded by women my entire life. Every position in my life or even associated with me has always been filled by a woman. I can't recall the last

time I wen't more than a few hours without the scent of a woman close by. Men are just things you pass on the street and speak to occasionally. I've had a few male friends in my life but you don't really spend time with other men. These monks live surrounded by men and there're signs everywhere basically keeping everything but their cathedral off limits to everyone but monks and male guests. Do these guys even speak to women? The only women around have scarfs over their heads. Not Nuns. Just a few really devout catholic girls. They show up for mass and leave immediately after. Some have very pretty energy. I resist the urge to flirt as that seems inappropriate to whatever is going on here. But I can't help flexing[74] and projecting a little sexy energy their way. I like the idea of causing "impure" thoughts but I suspect I am overvaluing myself. Jesus sends a little exasperated energy my way.[75] There is nothing impure about sex. Didn't God recognize Adam's innate need for a partner? Fashioning eve to be his other half.

I only understood part of their mass. Its been a long time since I took Latin. Why Latin? Most of these guys are American, Italian or French. If its to honor Jesus, why not Aramaic? The monks are very nice and down to earth. They have to be. They've been building this place and working their homestead for decades.[76] It reminds me a little of my house. Repurposed everything, half complete projects all over the place. Didn't St. Benedict burn a temple full of people to death and build a

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[74] Never flex for attention from women. Its not subtle enough & all guys do it. Learn/train to wave/dance your muscle fibers back & forth like ocean waves. Gently. Its unique (few can do it), subtle enough they can't be certain its a show for them & there's something about that motion that gives them "the tingles". They find something inherently sexual about it.

[75] Jesus actually never shows exasperation or similar feelings but that is the closest word to describe it.

[76] Later one of the templars told me these guys rarely leave the monastery and will spend their entire lives and die here.

monastery on the sight of the slaughter? There's no internet here but I'll look that up next week.[77] They have historical texts that seem to be bragging about it. I've been open about not even being christian and the monks are treating me no different for it. Throughout the mass, Jesus kept telling me to take that little circle of bread and I kept hesitating because I was pretty sure it symbolizes accepting him into you heart which I've not done. For some reason I thought the monk was going to ask: "have you accepted the lord as your savior" before dropping the little circle on my tongue but I guess that was from a movie somewhere. I was pretty sure I wasn't supposed to. Especially, if it symbolizes Jesus's sacrifice for his people; I've offered him nothing to earn that. I did as he asked. Later, after another guest heard that I wasn't catholic he said I wasn't supposed to and, though nice, was somewhat condescending about it: "its not just for show, it means something and you don't know what it means". He was nice and gave me a lot of information. Just that catholic snootiness. He's right, I don't know what it means. Jesus adds: "I know what it means. The one who gave it to you knows what it means". I ask shouldn't there be a meeting of the minds (i.e. me also

[77] The hater destroyed a temple of Apollo and built Montecassino abby on the sight. After Montecassino was destroyed & rebuilt repeatedly due to various wars. LOL! Go Apollo.

knowing) and JC doesn't respond.[78] I didn't mention that his god was the one who told me 3 times to do it. Then again, I might just be a delusional loon rambling around getting into trouble. I don't want to cause a scene so I don't think I'll take it again.

They all kneel to the alter (I assume to Jesus) and to statues of Mary. I do not as I've yet to authenticate that claim to the throne. I hope its not too offensive (it wasn't to Jesus) but I went to the creek beside the monastery after mass to spend a few minutes with my mother, who I did kneel to. Benedictine monks have 8 "offices" a day and a sermon with every meal. I'm living and eating with them. I skipped everything between lunch and dinner to go hiking around their enormous homestead. Jesus asked me to collect certain flowers for his mother and leave them by the statues so I did. Do the catholics know they are doing a lot of things that polytheists do? Many of these statues had offerings. They may not call them offerings but that was exactly what they were. I meet a young seminary student who will be a priest in Massachusetts this summer. Had I meet him on the street I'd mistaken him for gay. Man pretty, charismatic, confident and just a little… well, gay. A friend of his is here with his extended family trying to determine "how

[78] On edit, I looked this up and basically the catholic church demands that you be catholic and at a certain stage in their ceremonies/rites to take the bread. Most notably baptized; which I am not. Otherwise you are unworthy and its a sin against god. The understanding is that you have repented and turned toward god before taking the bread. People are transparent. At the next mass one of the men was lusting after a teenage looking girl with the fucking bread in his mouth and his hands together like he was praying. My archetype is particularly well tuned to sexual energy. Jesus doesn't disagree with the symbolism and repenting emphasis but he seems a little irritated at the suggestion anyone is unworthy to take the bread or must rank up to it. "My sacrifice was for all", he adds. He goes on saying it was between him and I and not for others to judge. Its more complicated than I can explain because I just don't understand catholicism that well. Jesus takes issue with the exclusion but not the purpose behind it. He seems to take particular issue with the guy inserting his opinion between me and the bread but I'm not sure why. I wasn't offended by that. It'd be no different than me telling someone not to eat an orange offered to Aphrodite. "It's very different". Ok, suffice to say Jesus don't like you telling people not to take his bread.

to serve god". His sister is debating becoming a nun. I just find the whole celebrate thing sad and lonely. Humans were created to pair bond. There are nuns around here somewhere because they are walking down the paths and roads but none are at the monastery. Its probably for best. Some are very pretty and most have nice energy. Many are dressed in a way that says they haven't taken their vows yet. I was going to wait and type a summery after I got back but, frankly, I'm board. I think my religious insights grow best out experiencing the world. I'm not designed for this lifestyle.

Walking around their property (so beautiful) I deliberately wondered to get lost a few times and Jesus once again said: "follow me and I will lead you home" and he did. Anybody with a sense of direction can figure it out but you usually have to travel a bit. Following Jesus he just randomly turns down a path or road and eventually you see that you are on a straight line back to the monastery. I asked where is my home, because the house I'm building has never felt like home despite the 4 years of work I've put into it. Jesus responds with a veiled image of heaven. I get it and I am happy for the invitation but I was referring to a more immediate and secular home. Headed out in a few for some service called vespers. No internet is great but it'd really help to be able to look up all these terms. Maybe I'll go play with the baby cows instead. No offense. To each their own, but I connect with God much better in nature than in a fancy cave with few windows. This monastery section may end up being super boring so maybe I'll just summarize my notes into one small section. There seems to be no reason or point to my being here.

The Vatican didn't fund this monastery. Why? I've also noticed that while the pope is surrounded by gold and luxury, the monks live like third-world beggars.

Except for the new monastery, everything here is second and third hand, straight outta the 60's and repaired multiple times over. Its nice though. They are for real. Why not have families? This shortage of female energy is really uncomfortable to me. I think I'd be more comfortable if they were all humping each other in the showers but they are not doing that either. Might be the sex goddess archetype in me. At least have Nun housing on site, even if it isn't co-ed. I feel like I'm suffocating. Its unnatural not to have female energy around. I may have to skip out to a nearby town for half a day. I've been here less than 8 hours and its already weird without female energy around. You know that horrible sedate feeling pain pills cause?

March 8, 2024

Where's the Meat?

Maybe its because its lent but these monks do not eat enough to survive. They live on soup (hot water with a few grains of rice and like a tablespoon of lentils), cheese, potatoes and bread. Are they vegetarians? Again, no internet connection. 70-80% of my calories come from protein and animal fats and the rest from veggies and chocolate. I am not a fan of grains. Bread seems to be the staple of their diet, there's no meat and the only veggies are potatoes. I'm honored they let me eat at their table (pretty sure they see non christians as unclean or something) but this is not food. This is what food eats. Finally, today while they drank cups of coffee with bowls of dry cereal, I drank cups of milk[79] with half a bowl of peanut butter. About half the monks ignore me and, of

[79] Raw milk from their cows, which made my day but I'm not sure what kind of refrigeration they have because it was luke warm and had a thick skin on top that was starting to mold. Nobody else would touch the milk and one guy sorta gagged and stopped eating when I spooned the skin onto my peanut butter and ate it with a spoon. It's nature-made yogurt, dude.

the other half, some (the older men) are pretty normal and down to earth and others treat me like I'm a rock star or a different species. This gave me an idea. This schedule is really monotonous and boring so I've started looking at this trip like a back stage pass to a dull concert. Off stage, instead of snorting coke they're flogging[80] themselves but its basically the same thing.

They tolerate my disrespect which seems to be most notable to them when I fail to kneel or make the sign of the cross. Along with the milk today came women. Finally! Families show up for "low mass". One lady had five adorable kids and was pregnant. Its nice to see white people breeding again. I moved seats to be closer to them.

I've started hanging out with one of the virgin Mary statues. A little known fact of occultism is that when people focus prayers, offerings, etc through a statue or other inanimate object they essentially create a umbilical to the deity being idolized. At a minimum, eventually the deity will gaze through the statue. Different deities have different ways. The deity doesn't always actually have the traits projected onto the idol but a diametrically opposed deity won't take note or respond to inharmonious energy either. That works with non-deity entities as well.[81] While I'm sure they would have a problems with my terminology, they have accomplished this with a few of the Mary statues. Thus, female energy I can hang out with. Kind of homely mothering energy. My mother is mothering energy but she's not exactly the type who sits home passively folding the socks if you know what I mean. This "virgin Mary" energy inhabits one statue very strongly sometimes, particularly when

[80] Not literally but they might as well be.

[81] Actually, almost always, if the object isn't explicitly dedicated to the deity you will end up with a non-deity entity. Some "good", some "bad".

the man-pretty priest is praying to her which he seems to do all day. There is a special relationship and something going on there but it seems private and she's focused on my domestic void when we communicate. She seems to agree that family is important. Odd given that she's worshiped by a bunch of monks.

Other than myself, the young priest and a couple of kids (in their late 20's but very much still kids) other guests appear to me to be incels with that "you can't fire me, I quit" attitude. Just take care of yourselves and think about how she feels for a few minutes; but there is no point in saying what they are unfit to hear. At least get a platonic female friend, damn! They don't seem to like me that much and I pretty much avoid them like the plague they are.[82] To me these incels are ruder than I am. I don't kneel or make the sign of the cross because that means something and doing so would be lying. I do bow with the monks as that is a sign of respect. Monks also eat in a ritualistic way. These incels just plop down and start gobbling away. They also just walk right into the ritual areas when they show up late. The monks pay it no mind but I find that rude. In many ways its like they are my opposite. The shortage of women feels like I'm being deprived of oxygen but they respond to the few women who do show up like they are stinking up the place. Freak'n creeps. I think all incels should have their hard drives checked.

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[82] I think this incel/mgtow shit may be more chauvinistic than the fuck boys. What I see of it online is just aged-out hookers & their former johns screaming at each other like trashy "intellectuals". They claim to be just regular people in the "dating market" but I'm pretty sure they are all hookers and johns; at least on the side. Basically, they hate all women because women don't want to sleep with them. They also don't seem to be able to tell the difference between a woman and a prostitute. They talk about dating as if its a down payment plan for sex and seem incapable of seeing women as anything but sexual. Like the rising tide of ho's, its best they don't reproduce. Why aren't they shadow banned? Kids are going to listen to that shit & an entire generation will grow up thinking relationships are akin to used car sales. Humanity it too immature for urbanization.

The man-pretty priest and I are the only two keeping up with the monks. I write these notes from about 10 till midnight then wonder around a bit while there is nobody awake but me and Jesus. The monastery is in the middle of nowhere and has no external lighting so it pitch black at night when the lights are off. Its nice. No obnoxious street or house lights blinding me. I prefer 8-10 hours of sleep a night but I can survive a few days on little sleep and few calories. At least what the monks do eat doesn't make me sick. These guys go nonstop from 4am to 9pm and they have every half hour of their day scheduled in between. That's unhealthy and how are they supposed to have any time for God, who they've effectively sacrificed their lives to, with all that ceremony in the way? The man-pretty priest is a winner; always giving it his all. He has a lot of holy ghost mist around him when he prays. He in his early to mid 20's so the winner title is still pending. In my experience most people start to drop off in their late 20's and by your mid 30's there's nobody else on the field. He's also going to have to take a few hits, lose big a few times and crawl back to the top but I'd bet on him. Physically he looks fail. Short, thin bone structure, not much muscle development but inside he's a champion and I can see it. We get along best but rarely ever speak. He shows up everyday in new pressed silk robes with shinny gold fringe and high gloss dress shoes. I show up in worn jeans, t-shit and distressed leather boots. We'd be good friends in the real world.

Other than for a few minutes after lunch, nobody really talks here. The silence makes it even more boring. The monks always set the priest and I beside each other. They changed up their schedule this morning and we both showed up late to "Matins and Lauds" (whatever that is). I sat outside while the incels just barged in.

When the young priest showed up, he sat with me but he began the prayers himself from the beginning. Every minute of the day he is not praying with the monks, he is either in the library reading or praying to the virgin Mary statue. I mostly just wonder around talking to Jesus. I find all of this structure oppressive. Jesus says its their way. They were given a life by the god they worship and they shun that life and call it prayer? Jesus says to them its worship and accuses me of protesting my life with suicide. Dude, I have not seriously thought about killing myself in a long time. Jesus says disrespecting your life is the same thing; referring to some of the more reckless things I do. I disagree. I think adrenaline junkies experience more life. Jesus responds that I am not doing these things as an adrenaline junkie and tells me again that I am protesting against my own life. The one thing that is clear is that I am very very different from these people. In almost every way. That catholic exclusion, snootiness, us/them or whatever you call it is not for me. I have no problem breaking off a piece of an offering for a hungry animal or to make a child smile. I've never met a deity that would mind that either. Catholics consider everything to be a right bestowed by the church. Connection with nature, deities, God, etc. is an inalienable right. I think the pope is an evil dictator.

Maybe that's why I mesh more with baptists than catholics. The energy and Jesus was just as strong in that little baptist church where this all started as it is here in this world renown Benedictine monastery. Why add all the steps, procedures, hurdles, pomp & circumstance when that isn't needed. Jesus chimes in and reminds me that some do need that. He also notes that they (catholics) do a lot of things I disagree with because they want everyone to know how important and sacred the connection I take for granted is. I think the most sacred connection is found in a mud puddle. "For you it can

be", he adds. For others, he continues, the ceremony and gold is important. Jesus knows I feel like they are less alive than me and he is letting me know that I am wrong. It all just feels like a dusty old library. My spiritual life is like an amusement park and their's is like the library in a nursing home. Jesus suggests both are valid and questions what adventures might be hidden in nursing home libraries. Maybe, and maybe I'll go look after the sun burns out and everything on earth turns to dusk. Until then, I am those adventures.

I skipped out on "high mass" to go for a drive. Not supposed to accept it anyway I guess. There is nunnery around her somewhere but its separated from the monastery. I've seen the same nun walking down the road three times now. The first time, yesterday, I could sense the awkwardness so I just drove past her. Then I passed her again on the way back and felt bad so I asked her if she needed a ride. She said she was just walking "intentionally". She was awkward. Awkward/nerdy always melts me. I passed her again today. It rained all night and her conservative black heel shoes were caked in mud up past her ankles. Her dress was starting to get muddy. She's not just out for a walk she has to walk somewhere and back everyday. I slowed and waived and she smiled so I asked "just out for a mud walk"? She shyly said "yeah" and I drove on. I can tell that she doesn't think I'm a trying to abduct her or some creep perving on her so why is she afraid to let me drive her a mile or two down the road? Jesus says because she knows you will lead her into temptation.

Ok, I honestly didn't have a sexual thought in my head about her until that comment. She is not attractive. Pretty energy but also pretty homely and a little thick for my tastes. But leading a nun into temptation is quite an ego trip. I'll be your Captain Jack Sparrow and you can

be my Angelica. Almost before I have the next thought he says “no, that is not a college dormitory”. I’ve had a small lingering fantasy about filling the darkened monastery halls with a nun’s orgasm but that was sincerely not in my head when offering this one a ride. I would never try to seduce her. If she didn’t want me to. “That is not how temptation works”, Jesus says. What does it mean lead her into temptation? Does that mean she thinks I’m hot? JC responds to the effect of it means she is a woman and you are a man that she could be tempted by you. I interpret that to mean not a fat over-the-hill incel, monk or celibate priest. She can tell? “Everyone can tell {a name I know}”. Her energy field is too weak to see through me. “She understands herself and that is enough”. Wait, am I the devil in the monastery? “No. You are the first of your kind they have seen”. They weren’t born here. They have cars and some have been in the world but its probably not a far stretch to assume I am the first “pagan” to go live with Benedictine monks. Why did they only give me a cracker yesterday and not wine at that mass?

I don’t think sex is inherently dirty the way many catholics seem to view it. Its funny, yesterday at dinner the monk was reading something about the catholic view of sex but they sing every word they speak, my latin is pretty rusty and they use these hand me down speakers that sound like crap so I only understood like every fourth word. Obviously, slut culture and demoralization have made it dirty. Basically all hollywood, pop culture, social media sex is degrading and filthy but that is because those people are filthy and degraded. Sex can and should be beautiful and spiritual. That is their way? To shun the biology God gave them? Forget about the sexually available nun I keep passing on the road. There is like an 8-9 year old little girl who comes to mass. She is such a sweet angel who is so

sincere in all her prayers and she watches this old nun who also comes like that is what she wants to be when she grows up. That is indoctrination and it's wrong. That little girl may never have the chance to decide for herself and will probably never have the chance to fall in love or have children because of their "ways". "Were you not told to bathe your first born son in the waters of Aphrodite"? Whoa! I had to make sure it was ok to write that. All communications with my mother are secret by default but he just blurts it out to be written. I'll double-check with her on edit. That is also different. I wasn't instructed to indoctrinate him to worship Aphrodite. My children would receive all the available information and choose for themselves when they were old enough. They'd have virtually no direct access and certainly not be indentured to rituals, obligations, etc. as children. "Because that is your way" is all he will add. My way is freedom and their's is indenture. JC has said all he will say on the topic. I wish I had a daughter.

I drove out far enough today to find some signal and check on the world. How can something so beautiful cause me so much pain? The best pain but also the worst. Pain that you never want to walk away from and pain that ends everything about you. It's not even noon and I'm ended for the day. They're all here looking for god while I float among them like a lovesick spirit.

I spoke to one of the nicer, gentler incels this evening. Tried to anyway. He feels like a sad old man. Not hopelessly old. He's probably in his 50's. He goes out of his way to be soft[83], I guess is the right word. He is generally quiet, reserved and socially awkward. He was saying something about where he is from when another guest sorta stole his audience. He didn't do it

[83] Not friendly or religiously soft but like those blue pilled metrosexuals who think all masculinity is toxic masculinity.

intentionally. With a few outgoing/confident personality types in a conversation it takes a lot of finesse to keep the shy awkward one from getting left behind. He was in the library with me, the man-pretty priest, a knights templar and somebody who excused himself[84]. The old man seemed relieved and made an excuse to leave. I'm familiar with the history of the knights templar but I was under the impression they were extinct. Evidently in 2001 a sealed papel document was found wherein the knights templar were absolved of their political condemnation ab initio. Basically the pope was blackmailed by a king owing a large debt to the templars. However, I'm under no delusion that the templars were the innocent victims and these guys seem pretty open about their past. Anyway, evidently as soon as the document was found or unsealed a few templars popped back up tracing their lineage to the original knights templar and, as of today, they are back and coming on strong again. They are very unlike the humble monks with holes in their socks. Patches, designer clothing, heavy signet rings with their emblem deeply bored in and that GQ/OG look. Most of them are carrying concealed guns and knifes which makes me feel more at home. Everyone should carry a few weapons at all times; the monks don't even have pocket knives. The first one I spoke too was boasting about how many cardinals they'd already won over in their bid for their official office back. Evidently their image is standing in the way of the papel decree they need to get the party started again.

Still ended, I went to bed early rather than floating around the monastery all night. Jesus asks if I really have nothing and no one to pray for and suggests what he terms "the Princess prayer". He suggested only

[84] Probably because we took over their quite/safe space library and turned it into a roadhouse.

that I speak from the heart. So I wrote the Princess prayer and said it before bed.

March 9, 2024

Princesses and Templars.

My sisters (mostly Aphrodite's nymphs) spent last night tempting my dreams. As soon as my head hit the pillow they started coming on strong. Before I fell asleep, in my dreams and in a couple dream paralysis states. I joined them in our sunny warm waterfalls, ponds and beaches with the usual who's going to be who's lover innuendo. Its hard to explain to those not born of my archetype but Aphrodite's children are infamous for being "incestuous". With each other, not with our mother and its not really incest as the term is used. Our archetype just makes passionate love to life in all ways. From frolicking in the water to surfing to building things and, yes, often to each other. I am not a man-ho and my total human bodycount is very low, especially for someone who can get women.[85] But, well, my sisters. Most of them are on a different plain. No physical bodies and its mostly innuendo and seduction play. Mostly. Its just how we communicate but with her male children being so rare, well… you know. They came on so strong because of the Princess prayer I think. We all worry that incestuous seduction games with mostly non-corporeal entities and fairies could become unacceptable in certain futures. The probability of those futures is pretty low but I had to say no to what are usually the best sleep

[85] Bro advice: be a man-ho and fuck as many sluts as you can. I refuse to give women with a bodycount the time of day and incorrectly assumed that I should offer what I expect but, especially given the state of women today, a man's "relationship value" increases in direct proportion to the number of sluts he's banged. Western women are retarded but it is what it is. Deal in reality. On edit, Jesus objects and suggests the reality foundation with utopian vision approach again. He claims that when I say "deal in reality" I mean "surrender".

paralysis wet dreams a mortal can have.[86] This fills like death to me. Jesus says, "no, it is life". The path to what you asked for. Uh huh. I've been listening to people online (never do that, its like watching a gruesome car crash) and I'm starting to think my "hibernation" life is pretty damn good by comparison to what other men get.

Jesus recommends I drop the princess prayer into the energy the monks are elevating. When the monks chant their prayers an energetic fizz forms between then and slowly starts rising up to the higher realms. That will take forever. Their projection is so slow and weak. I see it before he says it. Not when they do it 10 hours a day every day of their lives. The cumulative effect is impressive. This monastery is like a prayer factory. Before I call the structure absurd he says they are giving all they have and validates their methodology. JC again warns me not to condemn others for what I was given. How can it really be that hard to access the divine. They need to eat more. I don't fully understand but connection and interaction with the divine is indistinguishable from physical strength to me. It fades when I'm tired and is strongest when I'm healthiest. I don't think its like this for most people but I don't understand why or how it works. Seems like most christians are more connected to the divine when weak. Are they trying to extract it from another source? "No", is all he says.

Why not let me take the fizz and propel it after I drop the Princess prayer in it. He has me look at a photo that bothers me again. The gist is that my ways scare people and that… "this is the way of humanity". A kind of gentle development over time amassing into a great wave. He expresses this is the path that leads where I

[86] Laugh as you will but I live in a perpetual state of what men term "post-nut clarity". While you will inevitably regret having sex with that fat chick or dirty slut due to thirst, anytime my sexual tension even slightly builds a sister (usually several) shows up to exploit it.

want to be. That is an enormous sacrifice for me. Literally all that I am.[87] "Its not all you are" and he reiterates that I lose nothing through him but something inside me fears for its life. I double confirm with my mother and she agrees that I lose nothing "worth keeping". What exactly am I surrendering? JC says "your alienation". Don't play word games with me! What? "You lose nothing through me". What![88]… he interrupts pointing to the last line of the Princess prayer. The only sentence of prayer where I've ever asked for anything. Its still feels a little wrong to me to be praying for myself. Jesus said more.

I went their first morning "office" and silently said the Princess prayer to season the intention before their chants started. When I opened my eyes and I was surrounded by kneeling monks very quietly chanting. It was a coincidence. They all stop to pray to the entity inhabiting the virgin Mary statue in the morning before their "offices" and I hang out with her, sitting closest to the statue during their services. Feminine energy. It was pretty magical nonetheless given that was the first prayer I gave at the monastery. I fused the Princess prayer into their rising energetic fizz in all 8 offices on March 9th and a few other places more appropriate to my world.

The sad old man wears a leather jacket which has some attachment to him emotionally. I think he wears it to feel or look younger. It's fake black leather and cheaply made but it could also be one of those BS virtue signaling designers that scam idiots into paying big money for cheap Walmart shit. Not real leather. There is something about fake life (artificial flowers, synthetic materials, etc) that just irks me. Fake life produces some kind of energy wave that is inharmonious with me so I

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[87] We weren't discussing becoming a monk. More my general distrust.

[88] I really don't think I come across as that demanding. But I guess JC does.

always notice it like a key out of tune. I don't think anyone gave it to him. Its ego energy. He's uncomfortable with himself and dresses in a way that doesn't match him. The problem isn't his outfit. He radiates defeated/surrendered energy. He walks around a little hunched forward and he slopes his already narrow shoulders into his chest making them look even smaller. He has a large bald spot he can't hide. He wears glasses and seems embarrassed of his hearing aids. He's not that old. I'd assume he grew a beard to compensate for a chin. His hair is solid black but his beard is practically all grey. Does he dye his hair? Small hands, wrists and bone structure. His feet are the size of a woman's feet. No musculature. 35+% body fat. Small hips. Underdeveloped penis? Definitely not enough blood flow to make it impressive. But that would only seem to be an issue if he were chasing the type of women I am very confident this dude is not getting attention from. Wow, I hope this doesn't come off as insulting. I tried to speak to him again today but a knights templar stole the show telling me about himself and the templar's return. The templars seem to have overlooked the fact that their white capes, goofy hats and flag makes them look like a KKK rally. Especially given that they march with a big wooden cross. I had a lot of fun with them over that. A couple excused themselves to go get ready for mass and I yelled back "yeah those crosses don't burn themselves". I'm glad they are here at the same time as me. They liven up the energy. Before I noticed the old man was gone again.

The man-pretty priest left last night. Now I am the only one keeping up with the monks. The man who's deciding if he wants to be a monk is trying but he just doesn't seem to have the energy. There is some new priest here today who introduced himself as "father" something. I don't do titles and I'm not calling some

random dude father. I think he finds that rude so we are cordial at best. He specializes in cannon law. I think at the point a church needs lawyers to keep up with its bullshit, it might be time to end it. I didn't say that part out loud. I don't think I did. One monk seems to think I'm disrespectful but won't say anything. He serves meals and I've noticed all these people "clean their plates" and I mean they literally clean them. They use bread to sop up and slurp down the last remnants of their food. They say thanks and do the sign of the cross before every meal. I do not. I leave a portion of everything I eat on my plate as gratitude. They say thank you. I show it by giving the food out of my mouth. They run through like locusts leaving nothing in their path, yet one or two of the incels and this monk seem to think I am the rude one. I respect their ways but they don't respect mine. That's fine. Its their house.

"Its my house", Jesus interrupts strongly. He draws my attention to the milk and access they give me. I know Jesus is big on understanding and hospitality. The abbott (monk in charge) noticed I eat very little of their diet and guzzle down glasses of milk at breakfast. Today I found a large pitcher of milk by my seat. It was the only one. In addition to the usual water, everyone else had lemonade (too sweet for me). That was appreciated. One of the templars mumbled something about me still being on "the titty".[89] I just glanced for a moment while thoughts crossed my mind. You are not supposed to speak during meals. They are definitely not rude or disrespectful just a little gregarious I'd say. The first thought was I'm 5 times stronger and 7 times smarter than you; it might be time to respect "the titty". Jesus interrupts the next thought. Not really even a thought. Just a strange impulse to put down the milk and drink his blood. Not violent or angry.

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[89] For some reason I find the word tit vulgar. Its probably because of the kind of people who call them tits instead of boobs or breasts. Sounds sleazy.

Just an urge. He's the only thing at this table other than the milk I'd consider nutritious.[90] Jesus orders me to turn from that and look toward him. Its down the same path in the exact opposite direction that he says I'll find what I asked for. He tells me this is the way to the humanity I want. I only want a piece of humanity. JC says "no, what you want is humanity". This is the bottle he was referring to in Vol 1. I still fear that leads to some great sacrifice on my part.

After lunch I finally cornered the old man long enough to actually speak to him. Pretty sure it is social anxiety. He seems more comfortable being eclipsed by the boisterous templars. I actually prefer hanging out with the templars. It always feels like a football game or arm wrestling is about to break out. A lot of them are old men but they have that attitude and energy about them. They feel alive. I fit with them better but they are also a little peacocky for my tastes. They came into high mass like an army marching band. Full regalia. That's a little much I think. But, as JC says, each their own way. Technically, I think mass is them standing before their King so maybe its more about honoring the throne and being seen. Honestly, I think its both for them. I met the commanders ("senchels" or something like that) of the US and European knights templar and they are pretty legit. Not at all like a man-boy frat house I tease them for being. Anyway, I blew them off because I didn't want the old man to duck out as soon as the templars eclipsed him again. Their egos were a little bruised but Jesus keeps standing behind this shy old man with his hands on his shoulders encouraging me to talk to him. It must be social anxiety. He's very uncomfortable with people and me in particular for some reason. He awkwardly

[90] That's embarrassing to read and I may edit it out. That is not me, it was just something aggressive that bubbled up for a minute. I'm not nearly that high strung or full of myself. I really don't know where that came from. Just hangry I guess.

mentioned something about me not blinking. I apologized. I do blink just not when something interests me. That pushed him into a near panic attack. Shit! I shouldn't have phrased it like that. Eclipsed again. Templars asked me to join them for something, I made some crack about not being into D&D cosplay and the old man took off again. This guy is like an expert and socially acceptable avoidance.

Whatever he is hiding is covered by such a frail shield that I have to fight against myself not to breach his privacy unintentionally. Did he lose his soulmate? Miserably lonely having never found her? Or am I projecting. I feel like a broad sword trying to remove a splinter talking with this guy. He's socially awkward anyway and no matter how gentle my approach something about me pushes him to a near panic attack. His pulse rises, his capillaries constrict and he starts noticeably huffing an puffing like he just sprinted up a hill.[91] I say hi and he scurries the other way. He sits as far from me as possible at the "offices" and when I look at him he starts to curl into himself. I don't get it.

I found him again later, tried to speak to him again and just asked if I made him uncomfortable. He couldn't answer but it was a clear yes. He finally picked up on the fact I sincerely don't understand why and my somewhat hurt feelings. He looked bewildered and wanted to scurry off but was kinda stuck socially. He mumbled something about hanging around with "those templars". I kinda laughed and said their harmless. He gives me this wide-eyed look and says "no their not". I just smiled thinking they're just basic men trying to be

[91] It really is that dramatic. He seems to get out of breath a little from basic anxiety but then, instead of just catching his breath or breathing deeper, he tries to hide it and ends up fighting against his own breathing so he doesn't look awkward. It creates this crazy spiral until he is huffing and puffing. He is so strange.

something special. He looks at me like I just slapped him and gets a squeaky "what are…," out before he scurries off. I think this is like serious social anxiety and its not the templars because he was acting like this around me before they got here. Maybe I'm triggering it by being a little more outgoing and laid-back than most of the people here. JC says to try again. Why? Clearly, I'm causing him issues. "Be his friend". K.

I helped the monks with their chores today and they left me with a complex about my hands. They called them talons because of how I carry/throw logs. I've found myself looking at them so much since that I looked up ugly v pretty hands and have measured their dimensions and symmetry. According to some fashion consultant online with a hand fetish, I have sexy hands. But she has some hand fetish going on and I'm still worried. I've ask like 3 people since I got home if my hands are ok. The monks weren't being mean and meant it as a compliment because they couldn't hold the logs like that but they were wearing gloves and gloves take away a lot of grip. They also don't eat, barely exercise and only work a couple hours a day so they wouldn't be expected to have much grip. Still, I'm self conscious, especially these days.

Another guy is here deciding if he wants to be a monk. He's another one of those searching for how he is "supposed to serve the lord". I expressed to him how I couldn't handle the no women thing. I told him I wasn't a fuckboy but just preferred to be around women. He didn't get it and he didn't believe me. Other men always just assume I'm a fuckboy for some reason. I just realized a lot of these men are still virgins and in their 20's. How

is that even possible?[92] Most of the templars are 40+ and married and I don't know what the hell is going on with the sad old man. Devout catholics don't have sex before marriage. I agree with that. He said its the idea of a big brotherhood and togetherness that he likes. Why would you want togetherness with other men? He's not remotely gay and all these guys are strict catholics so he means like a bunch of actual brothers living together. What the fuck, dude? That sounds gross and depressing to me. I'll take the sisterhood. I'd sincerely rather be living in with the nuns on this little adventure. Even if they were all butt-ugly old ladies. I just realized that my mother requires all her male animals to be castrated and has practically no male children. I have my male cats neutered young so they still act like babies and my desk is held up by a marble statue of Zeus kneeling in defeat with his dick & balls cut off lying on a plate beside him.[93] Aphrodites really don't mix with male energy, do we? Learning about myself on this trip. "they be cutt'n peckers off over there". LOL. A guy said that once years ago when somebody recommended he seek out Aphrodite worshipers. I just realized how serious he was and how funny that was. I didn't know at the time that "pecker" was country/black slang for penis. In ancient times, men trying to access her temples, nymphs or vestals would be punished by having their penis, testicles or both cut off with sharpened seashells. Depending on their intentions the skin of their hands, feet, face and/or

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[92] Teen girls are expected to know better but teen boys are cheered on by society at large. When a girl, especially if she is hot & popular and everybody else wants her, takes her clothes off and is kissing & licking you like are these guys saying "yuck, cooties" and running away? A man keeping a low bodycount makes sense (you want it to mean something) but saying no when its all brand new & the world is saying sexually active teen boys are more valuable?

[93] It was a gift and its getting pretty stepped on these days but I can't find a replacement. Zeus kneels in the far left corner as the base and right arm is stretched out holding up the glass top. I use him as foot rest when I lean back in my chair have broken part of the arm/shoulder holding the glass. Its only a matter of time before it the desk comes crashing down.

head would also be peeled off. Pretty sure that was effectively a death sentence for most due to infection, etc. Aphrodite has demanded more than a few of her male worshipers be surgically castrated before accessing sacred areas. Thankfully male sons get to remain intact. Otherwise, I'd say any male dealing with Aphrodite has a better than 50% chance of losing their nuts.

I've noticed most of the men here (templars being the notable exception[94]) are of the archetype ruled by a deity who, figuratively speaking, lives a sterile life as a hermit on a mountain top. Almost the opposite of my archetype in a lot of ways. Aphrodite's children are anything but sterile and solitary. That might be why this all seems so alien to me. I think I may need to have feminine energy and, frankly, healthy wombs and moist vaginas, around me at all times.[95] Basically, I'm a 10am springtime faerie energy type and these people are a 4am dead of winter energy type. The pregnant lady who came to mass with five kids was dog ugly (I have negative desire to see her naked) but, uh, the energy was so refreshing. These men enjoy spending time with other men and they are not gay. I mean if you're playing sports or something but they sit around in the library and just enjoy each other's company. That's disgusting. The only way I can describe it is that look and feel you probably had when I mentioned Aphrodite's children tend to be incestuous. Its just wrong.

I saw the scared old man again. He walks out and admires the ridge line several times a day. There's a path up to it and its not that far. He's frequently out of breath

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[94] Also mostly not of my mother's archetype. About 70% or so that I've met are of another deity's domain. Its interesting how archetypes subconsciously group together.

[95] It just flavors the air & absent it something feels wrong & inanimate to me. Its not sexual/perverted. My mother is the fertility goddess.

but I think that is due to whatever anxiety I'm causing him. I try to talk to him again and ask him if he wants to hike up there with me. He declines, makes some lame excuse and scurries off. Why not just go experience it? Jesus says he could say the same to me but I have done all that I can do on some fronts. This is 2024 and shit's real fucked up.

Humble monks serve wrinkled apples from last fall's harvest as desert at dinner. It is a treat to the monks but I can see other guests hiding the bias of those of us who always have crisp apples a few blocks away. They are also a treat for me. Not because I live in deprivation like the monks. We live in a worse deprivation that many barely notice. This was a treat as these apple were grown here, not covered in wax, pesticides and with god knows what injected into them. They were served as god intended them to be eaten. This didn't stop me from showing a little of the immaturity Loki's children are famous for and questioning Jesus who recently got upset with me for eating rotted meat. He calls me on my BS immediately because he knows I already know the answer and tells me to mark it. The sugars in these apples have just begun to ferment - making them both sweet and healthy. They are becoming probiotic. However the same could be said for the meat. It was rotten and filling up with all sorts of probiotics, molds, parasites, bacteria and other foods/medicines. Jesus points to the compass God gave us and points out that the meat was telling me not to eat it while the apple was telling me to eat it. He says I'll need to learn to live in more cautious ways. This causes me more concern about what sacrifices I am actually making if I follow him down that road he says leads to what I've asked for. Why should I have to start worrying about things like bacteria or food born parasites? He fails to answer.

March 10, 2024

The Red Road

I didn't sleep at all last night. I wondered through the darkened halls where only I can see. I spoke to Jesus for a few hours and then to the entity inhabiting the Mary statue. I roamed alone a minute and Jesus said "goodnight" in a way that really meant "go to bed". As I was wondering back one set of 3 singular knocks came from the monastery's largest door. It was probably right at 3am. I opened it to Lucifer in half energetic/have apparition form (making a point to appear more real than Jesus). "Its probably not appropriate for me to invite you in". This was not my house. I'm also a guest here and the monks have been wonderful hosts. They'd consider his presence defilement, I think. He responds: "then walk with me" and Lucifer and I walked the grounds of the monastery for the next 2 hours or so. We talked about that path Jesus told me to turn from and how Jesus does intend for me to "put the bottle down"[96] as Jesus termed it last fall.

The blood path. Lucifer expressed how "the primates" fear to continue the spiritual growth. Lucifer's position is that people fear to walk the direction Jesus told me to turn from. Sometimes they make it to the milk but rarely.[97] Lucifer claims they cannot: "They will tremble to death in fear at the end". He says that is their state in creation. Its pitch dark everywhere around the grounds too. I like that. I don't feel watched. We walk up on a solitary wolf. He's taken one of the Monk's sheep. Lucifer points out how it didn't suffer. Its not squirming,

[96] Which I thing boils down to my enhancements and everything that makes me anything. Why else warn me that I have to be more cautious?

[97] "The titty scares them" Lucifer adds later poking a little fun at the sexuality of the templars and monks.

just in its proper place. The wolf senses or smells me but he is so hungry and satiated by the bloody meat that he just cautiously watches and continues to eat. I want to pet him but that will interrupt his dinner. Especially with Lucifer here, I'm afraid he'd spook and run. Lucifer just looks at me saying a million words with his energy. We walk along the trail of blood down past the herd. The blood mixing with the night breeze is a delicious incense. The sheep are huddled together with their heads down; some stained with the blood of their missing brother. We discuss how they have evolved just not to think about it. He says there's nothing they can do. They can't even see in the dark. We discuss the sheep's place in creation. It was a deep analogy for many things. We continue down to the templar's cabin.

Lucifer wants to walk right up to the window but I will not. That is creepy and inappropriate. Lucifer says that is nonsense and accuses me of self-domesticating. I will not violate their space so he walks up himself to show me what my place in creation is. It got much deeper but I'm concerned how this will come across and how it might make some people uncomfortable given that these were real events. Lucifer walks back and has me look at them. I don't have good enough vision to see through walls, even on cold nights. Its just slight inferred shadows; not FLIR or anything like that. Lucifer shows me how to stretch out into it and watch them as he does.[98] They look so much like those little huddled up sheep; some with their heads covered having nightmares about what's in the darkness outside their window. People subconsciously sense things they are unaware of.

A couple of them have little crucifixes in the window. Sat there to protect against Lucifer. He finds that

[98] That was so cool but, since he left, I haven't been able to do it on my own and Jesus says to stop practicing that because I'm trying to tap into Lucifer.

funny, sad and almost adorable in its naivety. Then I realize how hungry I am. I feel just like the wolf. It's been 3-4 days since I had any protein. I feel emaciated and Lucifer tries to exaggerate my catabolic state. A four day fast is not going to effect me that much. I think he may also be exaggerating the feelings. The wolf was legitimately starving and he was linking my empathy for the wolf to its pain and ravenous satiation. He wasn't trying deceive me. He never does. He was just showing me that side of life. "Real life", he calls it. He points with a look to one of the windows with a little crucifix trying to protect it. I can't tell but he confirms its the templar who made the chauvinistic "titty" comment.

Are you out of your fucking mind? I'm not giving you a human sacrifice on the grounds of a monastery! "Not for me. Take a sheep." He promises I'll get away with it. They will just hide under their covers pretending its not happening. Then gives me the image of myself becoming that scared old man. He half-jokingly suggests I take a templar head to the scared old man as a conversation starter. Yeah, I doubt he shares our sense of humor. Through Lucifer I sacrifice nothing and gain whatever I want. I have no desire to take a "sheep". This guy had no idea he was insulting anything larger than me and I've bullied and teased them ten times as much as they've even smirked my way. Its playful friendship. Just a few hours ago I drove by and asked if they were planning a renaissance fair. They've been walking around the grounds with little note pads making maps. I like these guys. They liven the place up. Lucifer tells me that they are prey and we discuss states in life in deeper ways. I still live in the real (Lucifer interjects) fine in the civil/artificial world and these people are friends. He claims wolves do not befriend sheep and I reject that notion. I also note that the wolf was starving and alone. Lucifer temps me further but this already sounds psycho

enough. All I will say is that I was greatly tempted by the red road and I suppose I remain tempted but all templars are safe and accounted for and they will remain so. Lucifer suggests the temptation will never die because it is my nature.[99] I'm not sure but I think my nature is milk - right in the center between the water Jesus offers and the blood Lucifer wants me to take.

I will admit that Lucifer may have a point as it is not water that tempts me. Its like the difference between wholesome love and lust. The best way to describe it is I feel lust for the red road. But like that sweet nun along the muddy road, I do understand myself enough not to wet my lips. At least until I understand everything before me. I will not be seduced; I am a child of Aphrodite. I will choose my own path. Lucifer and I walk up to the ridge as the sky lightens. Along a burnt path. It looks like a forest fire recently burned around here. We discuss human nature and how they either fear or scorn you. The monks neither fear nor scorn me. He says: "Just as you neither fear nor scorn me"[100] and walks on into the dawn making analogies to a cat's nine lives and the number of times I've rejected him. Along the opposite ridge is a figure. I know it's Jesus waiting. He's been there watching for a minute now. His light eclipses the twilight around him. I walk toward him and back to the monastery. He

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[99] I don't know why I crave blood. I always have. Not pretending like I'm a vampire or need it or anything. Its like that one decadent high calories/high fat dessert that you always want. Except blood is the world's top superfood. The type of clean blood I crave is hard to come by ethically but I've found that fresh blackberries and iodine quench the craving. I keep 6 of those 11oz clearly canadian bottles in my fridge with a 50/50 blend of atomic iodine and pureed blackberries and usually take one along on trips but forgot this time. Honestly, part of my desire for the barely-legal witch harem discussed below is I know some of them will be virgins and would cut themselves for me occasionally.

[100] In other words: it makes no difference.

walks down and toward me.[101] We meet around the cattle. I stopped to say hi to the baby cows. I didn't have to worry about interrupting their breakfast as they were safe and happy standing under their mothers with a large bull standing sentinel in the middle of the field. Jesus walks up and we walk past several families of animal on the way back to the monastery. He doesn't speak a word or project any knowing energy toward me. We just walk in silence surrounded by life and family as the sun rises. As we get back to the monastery he says "goodnight" again. The monks have just started stirring. I skip Lauds and Matins and go to bed for a couple hours.[102]

I joined them for low mass. I tried to strike up a conversation with that old man again but he scurried off. Why is he so uncomfortable around me? I employed some of that fatherly strength and I think I understand what I'm supposed to give him.[103] If life is Penelope Pussycat then I am Pepe Le Pew. I get the impression this scared old man feels like Penelope and life just keeps coming at him like Pepe Le Pew. I guess I'm supposed to bridge that gap somehow. If I can figure out what I'm supposed to be getting from him I might be able to devise the right approach but I'm at a loss. Lucifer used the idea of ending up like him to push me. No wedding ring so I am guessing he's all alone. He feels lonely and defeated. Probably no friends or life. His career/money seems acceptable to him. He also has that shy teddybear romantic thing going on that leads me to believe there's a women involved or, perhaps more accurately, not invovled. Did he never meet a soulmate, fall for the

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[101] Again, symbolic communication. These guys are not manifesting in fully material condition and have no need to get around by walking.

[102] On edit, a lot of this stuff is actually much more intense than reflected in my retelling. I just see no need to be all melodramatic and some of it would come off like a horror film if told in true form.

[103] Jesus always works in mutual counteraction.

wrong girl and get crushed? Not able to have kids? Possessions, women, family. What else is there? Does he have no friends? Disillusioned with the world? Spiritual crises? Feeling meaningless? Jesus doesn't want me to breach his privacy so I'm working on impressions but thanks to that intensive father course I know that he needs my energy around him but I don't know why. He's clearly not a guy who will stand up for himself. His entire being feels exhausted and scared but something inside him wants to kick that shit out the door and live without hesitation and fear.

All Jesus says is "talk to him". Bro, I'm trying. He literally runs away. At meals he gives me these wide eyed looks when he thinks I can't see him. When I look over with a friendly smile he starts hyperventilating and stops eating. I've spent days pretending not to notice his awkward glances and panic attacks. I'm causing it and I don't know why. I've never met him before. I've been nothing but nice an gentle with him. Lucifer would say who cares and ordinarily I would've ignored him after the first panic & scurry[104] but Jesus is asking me to and I don't know why. He's not gay. He knows I'm not gay. He has nothing I want and I'm pretty sure he knows that. As far as I can tell, other than my understanding of how Jesus works, he has nothing to offer. There's just nothing to him. I don't mean that as an insult but I can't figure out why he keeps avoiding me. Yet, that knowing says he needs my energy. But I can't interact with him. Aside from the templars, who he also avoids, I am probably the most outgoing personality here which I know is hard to approach for shy people but usually when you try to befriend them they love it. This one hyperventilates. I make it a point not to put him on the spot and make it easy. I've dealt with socially awkward types before. I'm

[104] Pepe Le Pew is a cartoon. You don't push yourself on somebody you don't mesh with or isn't comfortable with you.

at a loss and leaving tomorrow. Should I just project energy into him? Jesus suggests that sometimes all it takes if being around the right people but how is just saying hi going to accomplish anything? Templars always arrive in a group. A few of them sorta strut around. I couldn't help myself. All the white capes huddled together reminded me of the sheep last night and Lucifer's jokes. "Mm, Baaa, aaa aaa" with an evil smile. A couple templars laughed, most just shook their heads and went on. I could feel those fluttering stomach feelings in the shy old man and he froze for a minute and then took off. He wasn't even social about this escape. He just bolted. Does he know more than I give him credit for? The sheep sounds might be scary if he knew about last night but how could he. I asked Jesus but he wasn't around and didn't respond.

Rules.

I guess I'll go waste more of my life in the dearly library and see if the shy old man crawls in again. The cannon law priest was speaking with a few of us and the one interested in becoming a monk expressed some concern asking if he'd noticed him breaking any cannon law. They discussed actually breaking cannon laws v simple missteps I think. I wasn't paying attention until he points at me and says "he breaks dozens every day". Evidently he stopped counting. I'll be respectful to my hosts but I don't give a shit about the pope's monopoly rules. The cannon law priest doesn't understand how I am even here. I overheard him talking about me before I walked in.[105] He doesn't understand why I have "the run of the place". A visiting monk responded to him that "the [something]" said: "he does as he pleases". He didn't say abbot [the guy in charge] and I didn't recognize the title. I'm also not sure if it was expressed as permission or

[105] A gift of Loki, trait of his children, is you always end up walking up on people while they are talking about you. I've done this hundreds of times.

complaint but I doubt they expect non-catholics to abide by cannon law. I think the gist is that parts of the monastery are supposed to be off limits and I just kinda wonder everywhere at all hours. I just assumed everyone else was asleep but I think there may some kind of curfew because I only ever saw one other person out after about 10pm and it was a monk who seemed uncomfortable and hurrying to get back to his room. Then again everyone has a sixth sense that tells them when someone is watching them from the dark, even if they can't see them. I'm very quiet and good at walking toe to heel (silently). The old man never showed.

These monks eat too fast, shower too fast and sleep to little for me. My archetype honors creations by playing in sunny, warm, luxurious pools surrounded by beauty and abundance. We are intimate and sensual with God's art. These guys honor it in cold silent crypts denying themselves his gallery. Oh that's why you wanted me to come here. "There were many reasons". JC seems satisfied that I've done what he sent me to do. He pointed out that he is here as he is in that little baptist church as he is with me. "And with you", he adds on edit referring to the reader.

At lunch they sat me right across from the shy old man. A far stretch from the confident winner priest I ate with when I got here. Now I have to eat looking away and down while this guy panic glares. He pays attention to what I do and don't eat for some reason too. Like, why do you give a shit what somebody else likes? After lunch one of the monks walked me around telling about their building projects, plans and methods. It is eerily similar as I see myself through the eyes of many I've given the yard tour too. I really like these monks. We live nearly opposite lives in so many ways but our building goals and methods are almost identical.

Finally, before dinner the shy old man actually walks up to me while I was playing with some birds. He's struggling to make conversation. Eventually a couple others joined waiting for dinner. Somewhere in there I responded to something and mentioned that I'm not even a christian and the shy old man acted like he was in a Stephen King novel or something. He seemed to lose it. What the fuck is wrong with him? He skipped dinner and that's the last I saw of him. Jesus seems satisfied that I did whatever he wanted me to do but I am lost on this one.

March 10 2024

Sunday Mass

Sunday mass in the monastery was beautiful. Everyone but me is dressed up. The cathedral is filled with clean cut families and flocks of young kids. Little boys in their suits playing big brother to little sisters in sparkling head scarfs and white dresses.

The giant pipe organ joins the monk's Gregorian chants and echo up the 150 foot stone walls with the rising frankincense. The knights templar march in with their shiny sword (that has never been used) leading the way and their flag bearers holding outside the door to tell everyone they are at mass. They march single file down the center and then split into two columns and form a square around the cathedral like something out of an Arthurian legend. They stand there at attention until its time for their little circle of bread. I'm the only one here that doesn't take it.[106]

[106] The guy said it was inappropriate and Jesus hasn't asked more than that first time.

A little asian girl (probably 3-4 years old) lead her mother to the seat in front of me and spent mass staring at the inhabited statue of Mary. The little girl was energy sensitive. She was too young to understand, of course. She kept stretching her hand out and opening her palms[107] to the statue and the inhabiting energy was reaching back to her as she learned to feel energy. Then I noticed her out stretching her palm to feel my energy field so I gently opened my palm and sent a little Qi wave her way. She was having so much fun exploring. The little girl and I played energy peek-a-boo on and off for the rest of mass. On Sundays they separate the men to a different part of the cathedral for part of their mass. When I returned a very old and fail nun was sitting near me in a wheelchair. A younger nun was caring for her. She was cold and the younger nun kept trying to cover her more with a thin humble coat. I took my jacket off to offer it to her but the younger one refused so I left it on the pew.[108] Finally, several minutes later she asked and the old nun accepted it. She curled into it like an electric blanket and seemed to finally be warm. That made me feel good; especially after the shy old man reacting like I'm some kind of supernatural monster for the last 3 days and others acting like I'm unclean for not being christian. After mass families were talking outside and children were playing and running through the trees. So bright and beautiful. Life. Jesus responds that I am done. Its time to leave. So I packed my stuff in the car and went to the creek to say goodbye to my mother's presence.

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[107] Near the center base of your palm is an energy meridian. Put your index finger on the back of your hand and thumb in the palm and open and close the pinkie and thumb on the target hand. You will feel a little round indention drawing drawing your index and thumb into alignment with it. That is one of the strongest locations from which to project and feel energy.

[108] I prefer my skin to be very warm so my jackets are always heavy and well insulated.

Fanclub.

I stopped back by the cathedral after the mass crowd cleared out to say goodbye to the entity inhabiting the Mary statue on the way out. There is a group of teenage boys who just arrived with one of their moms and I guess a priest of some sort in a minivan with a momma bear and little christian fish symbol bumpersticker. I've seen like half of them with Vol 1. The paperback. I watched them long enough to double check and its definitely Vol. 1. What other book has a cover that cheesy. Also they are talking about who is where in the book and I just did those things last year. I didn't think any had even sold.[109] I never advertised it, the cover sucks and its been out less than a year. How is that even possible? The car is packed and I'm on my way out but I made a point to strike up a quick conversation with a couple of them. They are on some kind of religious road trip from their home north of Birmingham Alabama. They drove to Marble Falls, TX to see Jesus's portrait and they're following my path through Dallas and up toward Branson while reading my book![110] They're stopping at religious sites along the way and have pitched tents at the monastery's campsite for the night. Sounded like mom and dad (the paster is one of their dads) were thrilled to pay for it because they are talking about Jesus. I always kinda assumed christian parents would forbid that book given its occult overtones. The dad/paster calls it a revival vacation. I didn't say it but I was wondering to myself, have you read it? Not sure what teenage boys see in it. Am I so much of a lunatic that I'm entertaining? One poked fun at another calling him a "Frostie".

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[109] I checked when I got back and I guess a decent amount have sold. Enough I need to order and distribute a couple hundred copies to dispose of the royalties.

[110] They are way off my actual route but, obviously, I couldn't tell them that.

The one making fun said he is obsessed and the "Frostie" compared himself to a code breaker trying to find me. The fuck? Why? I never told them I was the author. I just wished them luck and left. That was awesome and very synchronistic. I drove past their campground on the way out. I felt guilty for denying them the magic and synchronicity I was receiving. One of the "frosties" was younger, shy and reading from just pages he'd printed out or copied. That book was supposed to be free but fucking Amazon's got a minimum price on even the e-book version. I brought my last hardcover and I was planning to leave it at the monastery as a breadcrumb but, after hearing some of their meal time sermons, I decided against it; afraid it would offend. Despite being very tolerant and humble, their religious beliefs are pretty narrow and I imagine they'd see my book as heresy. I can't think of that kid's name. I heard him say it. Jesus speaks up with smiling energy "Doug". I didn't have a gold pen with me so I just wrote "for Doug" under the autograph with a regular black pen, wiped my prints and left it on their picnic table. That works for probable deniability anyway. Without any personal message and the different color inks, they won't be sure if mom bought an autograph copy someplace.

On the way out I drove past two of the templars making their maps and stoped to say goodbye. As I drove off: "Hey, there's some teenage boys down there you can prance around in front of with your glossy sword". I heard one of then yell back "dick". This was a nice trip. I was actually planning to stay a little later but Jesus says I'm done. High mass was my first "office" here by happenstance. Jesus wanted the Princess prayer said one more time at high mass today then he wanted me out of there. Strange. They've had 20+ offices and several masses while I've been here and this is the only one he

has mentioned more than once to ensure I go to. He did suggest I go to every "office" yesterday. He called this one the completion and said I should leave after. Maybe timing it so I'd meet the kids.

I stopped at a cowboy shop on the way home and got steak & fries, a tank of gas and a sawed off shotgun all at the same checkout for less than $400. I love the south.

March 14, 2024

Crashing wrong.

Yup, definitely repainting the bike now. I Couldn't sleep so I went for a bike ride down one of our many starlit roads around 4am this morning. Not sure how long I was daydreaming but I didn't notice the T intersection until I was about 10 feet from it doing 50-60mph. And, of course, the shoulder is covered in gravel. I tried to wrestle it to a stop but the bike objected, bucked me off and tried to pile drive my head into the ground. Now my steering assembly is screwed up, the fork is bent and the fairings are cut to pieces. I threw my arm up to shield my face and skinned my forearm deep enough into the muscle that I can't close my hand. That's gonna freak'n suck all day. I was able to limp it home trying to work the throttle with my left hand. Sketchiest, wobbliest, slowest ride ever. I was supposed to be cementing concrete fence columns today but now I can't lift my right arm over my shoulder so I gimped around doing yard work until 2pm when it started raining. I guess I'm writing today. Freak'n ides of March. These monastery notes are a mess. I'm really doing a disservice to Jesus's insights in this volume because I'm just not that enthralled in it and tend to get to it when I get to it; at the expense of a lot of detail.

March 17, 2024

Back to the Book.

Why does skin hurt worse when its growing back? I tore my shoulder more over the weekend but its hard for me to just sit still and do nothing. The damage is either in the joint itself or around transverse ligament. It feels a little dislocated and torn at the same time. I forced enough motion to confirm it wasn't majorly dislocated, if at all. It's mostly healed. I'll try lifting on it tonight and if it doesn't tear anymore I should be able to do the fence columns tomorrow. I spent much of the day re-reading and editing. I'm stunned by the fact the shy old man was a subtle rescue[111] and still don't understand what role I played in that. Jesus says to reflect on it and start back into the bible. Its getting late but he says to just give him one hour so I will.

"You gave him the antidote". I was skimming through the stuff I'd already read after the parable of the sower and Jesus finally spoke up when I read some note about faith being the antidote to fear. Before I ask, he answers "you can give what you have yet to receive". So, the dude is still alive and somehow no longer suicidal, right? He says I cured him. Of what? And why? He went to a monastery filled with nothing but faith. If faith is the antidote to fear why be "cured" by someone without faith? Jesus says so that I could give what I've yet to receive. I didn't do anything but fail in my attempts to talk to him. "and still he received from you". He reminds me of the Princess prayer. The substance of that prayer is going to remain secret but, so there are no false assumption, basically I prayed for someone I care about to receive something I'll probably never have.

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[111] See "Monastery Spoiler" footnote.

The theme of the monastery visit is developing and it appears to be giving what you don't have. Jesus is impressed (falsely, I think) with the few little gifts I sent the monks. While working with them I noticed they were working with broken tools and missing some basic stuff[112] so I ordered a few things for them. Jesus pointed out yesterday that my work gloves are torn apart[113] taped and re-taped. He's impressed that I bought them many of the same things I need. The freak'n wheel comes off my wheelbarrow at least once a day. Its not some big humble sacrifice. I can buy myself new gloves, tools, etc. I just tend to put stuff like that off and gloves are made so cheaply today that it's more efficient to just tear up my hands and let them heal. They heal fast enough not to get all gross and rough so gloves are kind of a waste of money anyway. I can fix my wheelbarrow; just keep forgetting to buy the parts. Sending stuff to the monks was nothing more than gratitude for their hospitality and every nice gesture doesn't need to be bragged about in a fuck'n book! They charge practically nothing to stay there and they are good people. Its no different than tipping a waitress. Basic decency. I wanted to gift them a few carbines for the apocalypse but Jesus said no. Jesus questions the Princess prayer. Again, not some saintly act, he told me to speak truth from the heart and that is all I did. You told me to talk to the old man so I did. None of that is so special. I'm not comfortable with the direction this is going.

Jesus goes on to get a lot deeper and makes this all way more uncomfortable and ridiculous. There is no

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[112] They were shoveling wood scraps into old beat up buckets. I asked if they had a wheelbarrow and one replied "that'd be nice" with a gleam in his eye like it was a sports car.

[113] The monks were all sharing a few pairs so I sent enough work gloves for everyone to have their own pair.

way in hell I'm writing some of that shit. Basically, he thinks I'm selfless and I think he is trying to bolster my self worth by going on like somebody complimenting grandma's cooking. His gist is that I somehow gave the old man faith despite not having any. I think it may also be valid to assume that the lack of fear is antidote to fear. "It is not", he says. "Faith is". Nonetheless, if the old man was so fucked up by fear that he was about to off himself and you claim he needed something from me, it's reasonable to assume witnessing someone who is generally unaffected by fear could have helped him. People learn by example. "He did not learn from you, he received from you". Jesus goes on to suggest I do know fear because I know the consequences of giving what you have yet to receive and that I am afraid to receive faith. I accuse him of trickery and he responds that nothing is forced on you and that a gift can always be rejected. He points out the old man accepted my gift and again shows me him climbing to the ridge line he kept admiring. Did he really climb up there after I left? Jesus reminds me that he never deceives. I still don't quite understand the mechanics of how that subtle light-side rescue worked but I also don't like the path he's taking so I'll leave it at that. Faith is the antidote to fear and somehow the nothing that I did cured whatever fear the sad old man was going to off himself to escape. Or, I'm just delusional because none of that makes any sense and that entire monastery is one big barrel of faith he could have drawn from. I documented basically every encounter with him I remember and, clearly I did nothing but stoke his anxiety. If I get to choose, I choose "blaze of glory" rescues in the future. I'll try to start back into the bible next Sunday.

March 20, 2024

Breakfast Ice Cream

Another soft "rescue" this morning. I was getting irritated yesterday morning because my freak'n shoulder still hasn't healed. My forearm arm finally went from that little pink mouse skin phase to real skin yesterday but freak'n joints take forever and that shit fucks up everything - I can only lift like half the usual weight which accomplishes nothing. So naturally I lost my patience and damaged it worse. I sincerely believe the reason everybody is sick and dying all the time is because they let their bodies turn into spoiled children. In my experience, if you let your body know that it with either heal or die, it heals quicker. Along that philosophy I spent yesterday raking and shoveling 3 acres of rocky dirt to punish it for staying injured. I think it worked. After about a 1/2 acre the shoulder numbed up. It swelled pretty bad over night and, as of this morning, its mostly back. "Modern" medical advice is backasswards.

Naturally, the rake did what it was designed to do and fell apart so I went to Sutherlands to buy another one and pick up more cement.[114] The girl I'm not attracted to but occasionally compliment/flirt with to make happy is there. I don't know her name. She really lights up when I come in. I like that. She has very sweet energy and the lack of attention from men has her aura flavored with this innocent sadness. Following the valentine's day experiences and listening to the zombies complain online, I'm realizing how difficult is it for women today. The situation seems to have increased dramatically in the last few years. At least for the ones who know the difference between a relationship and

[114] As the fake chinese "metal" pulls off the mexican plastic I've been welding the tool heads (few are even weldable now) onto 1" black pipe, wrapping it in gorilla tape and melting the tape on. Good results so far. Highly recommended. But I wanted to get done so, new rake.

being a piece of ass. Its very easy for women, even ugly ones, to get laid. It's everything beyond getting laid that women struggle with; their own boundaries more than anything.[115] This one knows the difference and, while not ugly, she is just not the type a ton of guys are going to be stumbling over. Or even notice. Not a lot else going on either.

That whole fatherly knowing stuff lets me see into her deeper than before without violating so much of her privacy. She's considering some kind of pair bond with this kinda gross country boy she works with. Like, not the wholesome clean cut county boy but also not a methhead. He's probably in his mid 20's, pasty gammer-boy skin, oily beard that he doesn't know how to take care of and a belly already sagging over his belt. His energy is not terrible but I get the image of him on a couch with smelly feet asking her to bring him another beer. He was unable to load a few 96lbs bag of cement without breaking a sweat, losing his breath and complaining about his back.[116] The worse part is how he spoke to her. Not rude, just so clinical and cold. He doesn't know how to keep a woman's interest so he just pokes at her for responses like she's a man. He knows he doesn't have much to offer, appears to have no desire to improve himself and seems to have decided that she is a

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[115] If he's demanding sex then that is all it will ever be & ever was. Lie to yourself in desperation or heartbreak and you live with the consequences.

[116] Bro advice: if you are done and checking out then you can let yourself go but if you are staying in the relationship world then you have to take care of yourselves. Otherwise you're that rusted up piece of shit beater car they have to settle for and that is not going to go well for either of you. Just because you weren't born with Lamborghini genetics don't mean you can't be a corvette. Be a man for fuck sake. Being a man starts with having a few things you won't tolerate and grows from there. For example, we shouldn't be debating men in women's locker rooms; we should be following them in and making sure they don't walk out. But your not a man; you're a child afraid daddy government will spank you for doing what you know is right. American's are cowards and don't deserve a country, home or family because they refuse to defend anything. It's time nature took its course.

safe bet to settle for. Why is she considering this? Is she's afraid of being that old lady at the bar desperate and dying alone? That would never be her. She has dramatically undervalued herself and he is taking advantage of the mistaken discount.[117] This is obvious via that fatherly knowing I'm still developing but also by the more blunt effect that I'm the fly in his soup and stirring a lot of rapids in their energy flow.

He's torn up and mad at the universe because I exist. She's pinning for me and trying not to show it. People never seem to understand that they pick up on other's energy subconsciously. Women mistake men's lesser social talent for lack of insight but men are better than women when it comes to sensing mate competition. She's hiding nothing; that's why he's torn up. I didn't realize she'd been pining like that; I've only spoken to her a handful of times. That strokes my ego but also makes me feel bad. Probably more to do with the sadness of her plans to give up and settle than me. I kept my distance from her and remained cold to save her the problems. To get her attention back on him her coworker basically starts barking orders at her to look stuff up for him, etc. Not in an aggressive way but more like he's been taking advice from Andrew Tate[118] or something. He's basically a stock boy. That's going to be a depressing relationship. I feel bad for her. I left.

I realized recently that I've never once in my life asked a girl out. Ever! Not in a pathetic way or maybe it is. I don't know. As far back as I can remember I've never been without multiple women in my life and I see a female naked up close every couple days, even being

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[117] When it comes to long term value, men will choose ugly over slutty every time. Sweet over diva. Motherly over sexual, etc.

[118] Douchebag rapist who traffics impoverished 15 year old girls to internet creeps, hasn't matured past 14 and now tells Gen. Z boys how to be "men".

celibate.[119] First, the women I've been with just always dropped in my lap somehow. Then, with every throuple date or group thing, the girl I was with asked the other girls out. And, now that I am single, it's just not worth it. I see too much into them and they are too simple. And often gross. Its fun to flirt and I can read the invite to ask.[120] Many times I know the answer is yes but still don't. Its not fear of rejection; its the reality that she is not worth the sewer swim through with her "nice-guy" men-in-waiting slandering me, whatever "situationship"[121] I'm supposed to win her from, her games, lies, entitlement, delusions, fuckboy fantasies and baggage. The monkey-branching concept that women are never not in a relationship is very true and pretty much ends it for me. My ego doesn't allow me to stand in line for my turn, then go on to the next carnival ride. The concept is flawed. Even when they offer you the fastpass, it's still gross. If there's no magic then I'm not competing unless the prize is worth winning. Congratulations, your the best of the best, here's a turd on a stick and a dump truck of anchors, drama and bullshit waiting to unload on your lawn. It reminds me of that gangland cliche that whoever wins the knife fight gets the slut. How is she any different from the blow-up doll passed around a frat house? Anyway, that usually dances through my head mingling with a lot more information than the girl knows she is giving me right before I walk off. Thus, never once. That seems so

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[119] No. Strip clubs are disgusting. They would never admit it but all women are exhibitionists. If one finds you attractive she will find a way to expose herself to you. When there's a lot of women around they also kinda start competing and well…

[120] If you guys would learn to do this you could stop worrying about rejection and save everybody a lot of awkwardness. Women make it abundantly abundantly clear when they are waiting for you to ask them out. If not, they're just being nice. Fuck off.

[121] Another one of those cope words sluts use to pretend their more than just easy pussy.

messed up but, whatever. That tirade actually has some relevance to this rescue.[122]

I felt bad for the Sutherlands' girl all day yesterday. She is so sweet and deserves more than what she is planning to accept. This morning while working out Jesus actually encouraged me to cockblock. I love that. Not in that way, of course. But I get it and my mischievous sexual ego is all too happy to do it. I understand women a lot better than old men. I got my sexy on. She usually sees me covered in sweat & dirt and dressed like a plantation slave. I stopped by Andy's[123] for breakfast ice cream,[124] and went to Sutherlands with my sundae. She had a sad shy energy with a little light up. I get the feeling she spent all day yesterday thinking about her romantic life, or lack thereof. Probably why I kept picking up on it. Again, its a holographic universe. If someone is thinking of you strongly you should be able to feel it. Figure it out. She's trying to find a convo starter but can't get it out. "You're supposed to ask me if I broke another rake". She smiles and gets a little flustered because I outed her. "I came to see you". Her energy collapses into putty so I looked at her for a minute to be sure she was ok with her putty state and to crank up the intimacy. There's the "ask me, ask me" energy. I took her

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[122] Bro advice for chicks: stay the fuck out of home improvement stores with your cellphones. I came very close to grabbing on out of a bitch's hands and frisbeeing it across the parking lot today. Your narcissistic desperation for clicks already ruined the gyms. Men know you are used up ho's the fuck boys are done with. Some fat plumber might let you bury your face in his beer belly and suck him off in the bathroom but nobody is long-terming you. Men have tiktok too. Accept the consequences of your bad decisions, give up on "finding a man" and go do something with your life.

[123] Frozen custard place only in Missouri as far as I know. They use eggs and heavy cream instead of skim milk and soy. Best ice cream out there.

[124] They aren't open in the morning but one of the middle-aged witches works there and hooks me up. I know I've said that I don't like to be around my mother's worshipers but these ones are kinda like those christians who only go to church on Easter and they aren't so much worshipers as, well, witches, who "petition" her for shit occasionally.

hand in mine and sorta petted her then offered her a spoon of ice cream. Putting a spoon that just came from your mouth into a girl's mouth is kissing foreplay.[125] She was fully melted. "Don't settle for him". And I left.

I could feel her frustration boil over to the point she wanted to scream. She doesn't seem like she has a friend to vent to so that should have her brain scrambled for the rest of the day. I'll need to avoid Sutherlands for a month or so. I enjoyed that. Jesus rather sternly says "its not about you". I left her the sundae. He reminds me that higher ways require more time investment. I make it clear that if I ever break that never asked a girl out record it will not be her. JC again accuses me of being small minded. That will fuel her pinning long enough that she finds better options or at least shock him into working a little harder. Jesus tells me not every man was raised by Aphrodite.[126] Essentially, this guy lacks the basic information. Or, more likely, he is being fed the wrong information from online pimps and incels. But, she controls the relationships so, if he wants her, she can tell him what she needs him to be. That settling and internet approved checklist shit is the problem. I've extended the time and she won't be settling immediately. I can go back and do it in front of him if you want; put him in competition mode. Jesus says no and tells me I could have helped a great deal more. He suggests I'm causing her more suffering by being insincere. Bro, I don't want her. I like her as a person. I want her to have a happy life. Jesus questions why I didn't tell her that. Huh?

Ok. I see the issue. I'm not that skilled at this. I am also not going to go be her gay best friend or their relationship coach. JC questions because they are not

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[125] Correctly charged it can also be pretty strong sex magic.

[126] I love that he acknowledges her. I also love how that must screw with the fundamentalists who want to think of her as a demon or something.

worth the time to me. I've got shit to do "…building your own tomb"? I don't like these subtle rescues. The other kind are simple, instant and finite. I'm better suited to those. He says these are harder and relates it to the difference between a child's strength and a father's strength. I understand what he wants. Fake date her for a little while, enhance her self-esteem, teach the other guy via competition and then roll it all into a friendship. That's not a rescue; that is a mission. And, no. That is a lie. He says it doesn't have to be, suggests it would be good for everyone including me if I approached her with sincerity instead of seduction. When I remind him that she will not be the first girl I ask out he says I don't understand what's important and what is not important. I can see that their futures have already joined and so can Jesus. These two are going to be together in some capacity. If I were that close to committing to someone and she went off to see if she could find something better, I'd never speak to her again. Jesus again says its not about me suggesting that this other guy works differently. We agree that this was a half-assed rescue.

Equinox.

Jesus says I have a moral compass but little humanity. I don't see that as a bad thing.

Nothing beats a sunny afternoon equinox nap on a bed of clovers.

March 21, 2024

What More,

I'm one of those guys who can skin a buck and run a trotline. Or litigate a jury trial and pilot a jet. I can fix a diesel engine and hot wire a nuke. I can rope & ride and I can build a particle accelerator. I can render

emergency trauma care and extract medicine from herbs. I'm good with finance and tradecraft; and I can cook & sew. I'm a sharpshooter, bushcraft guru, horticulturalist and I could go on for another 4 pages and make this a resume. Its not arrogance; you'll most likely never know who I am & I stoped giving a fuck years ago. When you grow up without intrinsic value you try to be the best of the best at everything. After a while it just becomes what you are. Every time I encounter something I can't do, I learn to do it. Currently, carpentry and masonry. Also, I'm pretty sure we are headed into the second medieval era so everybody really needs to be able to do everything.[127] I'm always that guy in the room everyone looks to for advice or approval. The one that's been everywhere and done everything. I was usually that guy in my late-20's. I think I was about 24-25 the last time I had anyone telling me what to do. The point is, I'm about as far as you can get from that stereotypical basement loser who "just can't" handle basic shit. To top that off, once you just don't care anymore and hide your accomplishments, some mysterious gravity radiates from you that makes others defer to you and shelter under you. I've long since settled into that realm of existence. Then just checked out and left the world because, fuck it. What's the point of all this solo drumming?

I've been thinking back on Lucifer's last exit. It took the flavor of "I'm warning you, boy" and I'm noticing that both Lucifer and Jesus seem to see me like one of those pampered "just can't handle" basic shit Gen. Z'rs. That's something of a culture shock to me. I guess the deities have generally treated me as a child and both Jesus and Lucifer are in roles akin to the uncle guiding you into adulthood. Offensive isn't the right word but I've had people twice my age looking at me like I was the master since I was a teenager. This coming

[127] Or at least form small self-sufficient communities.

of age theme feels a little belittling. I got into this a bit with Jesus and his response is basically "grow", or maybe grow-up.

What the hell else do you want from me? What does that even look like at this point. I've sacrificed everything that makes life worth living to outgrow fucking everybody at practically everything and he wants more growth. I lash out a bit when he demands "you will be more" and infers that it was too easy for me and I must grow through struggle. Too easy? I never had anything worth living for because I was too fucking busy being the best and by the time I learned that means nothing, there was nothing meaningful in my life, few to no happy memories, nothing. Nothing but trophies, medals, awards, degrees and other meaningless tokens rotting in a dumpster! We just discussed how I have never even asked out a girl. My entire life sacrificed for nothing! If I had it to do over again, I would have partied through high school, maybe undergrad, got some meaningless job and lived a happy menial existence. And my life would be worth 50 times more than it is now!

JC says grow more and struggle more. The biggest struggle right now is not saying fuck it to all of this. I'm not an envious person but I am taken back by the input to output ratio of my life. The basement dwelling loser has lived much more and much better than me. I could drop his jaw with stories, credentials or abilities but his nothing input resulted in life and my everything input resulted in nothing.[128] Jesus wants more input. He corrects my language to he wants me to be more. Again, what does that even look like? This is a recurring fucking theme in my life. Why should I continue the theme that

[128] Intrinsic value is the multiplier. Doesn't matter how much you multiply by zero.

has me as JC says "protesting my life"? All he says is that he wants me to see for myself. I promised to continue this until father's day. That's less than 90 days away.

On edit he reminds me that his theme for me is grow grow, build build, give give. One focused out and one focused in. I've got 5/6th of that down. Buying myself shit isn't internal giving and doing fun stuff isn't either. I ask for clarification and he says shit like give myself "a chance", "hope" or "faith". Communication breaks down here because it sounds like some wish it into being bullshit to me. Jesus says its not. He claims I won't give to myself because I don't think I'm worth anything. Its not that. No intrinsic value is not the same thing as some loser's pity-party. Its more like a defect you have to work around.[129] Give me the power, I'll happily give myself everything I want right now. He says it doesn't work that way and we are right back to the fucking intrinsic value shit. He claims lack of concern lead me into some overachievement/scorn death spiral.[130] Sounds a little after-school special to me. Nobody cares so you try to win love with achievement. Over achievement returns scorn. You believe the scorn and try to improve more. I'm not a child. I can tell when a bruised ego is soothing itself. Jesus says I was a child when it all started. He makes a point when he tells me that none of my accomplishments were for me. Pretty much everything I did was because people said it was special or next to impossible. But, post check-out, I'm off

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[129] I shattered my left elbow really bad when I was very young and I guess it wasn't fixed right or I didn't get it treated or something. I don't remember ever having a cast; just days holding it, crying. Everything since has had to be modified around it. It doesn't bend right. From basic curls to handsprings and katas, everything is a little awkward looking and modified to make it work. The intrinsic value thing is kinda like that. A defect you work around.

[130] Where he dropped the elbow memory but I wasn't neglected or abused as a kid. Far from it. Just nobody around or maybe we couldn't afford a hospital. I just remember being alone with my elbow until it healed. That's how it works with animals in nature everyday. You hide and heal.

that spiral anyway. Even if correct the point is now moot. He says I didn't check out; I blew up the engine. "and you expect me to rebuild it and start over"? He responds "no" and reminds me of a previous analogy about bringing me a fleet to pilot, Which he doesn't want me to blow up. I'm not sure I'm fit to drive anymore.

The probability that I've gone over the ledge and this is all a delusion just keeps increasing. Jesus has repeatedly adjusted my reliance on probabilities. He's a realist and acknowledges statistics but says that I fail to acknowledge anything beyond the standard deviation, where he claims my entire life is lived. Feels like all of this is just farther and farther off the rails to me. He says I was first in everything so I became last and that now I must be a servant to become great. Or…. I could just go back to my "tomb" and die happily ever after. "You are not happy", he says but the more I look at the world the more I support my original decision to check out.

March 22, 2024

Driver's Seat.

Jesus says sternly: "which path do you want?" I answer. He replies: "then walk that path".

March 24, 2024

Truth to Power

Herod's birthday party from Mark 6:14-29 reminds me a lot of how our government dysfunctions today. Jesus adds "there is nothing new under the sun".[131] I'm a little board reading the same stories over

[131] I knew that was an old saying but never knew it was a bible quote until looking it up just now.

and over again so Jesus spices it up and we are going to make bread. Unique ingredients but JC reminds me that not everything needs to be published right now. Make at noon, bake at 3, share at sundown. I'm not sure the significance but I'll look that up later because its almost noon and I have to get started. Also, I ate pizza yesterday so I'm fasting today. Its just an effective and simple way to stay in shape. When you eat crap, fast the next day. It cleanses and resets your system. We are to share bread and wine at sunset. I know that is a christian ritual and recall the catholic dude just told me not to do that a couple weeks ago. But, if a deity wants to show me how to cook something and share it with me, I'm honored. Off to make bread.

The dough is in the wind & sun doing dough stuff and I am here reading another walking on water version. Dude, why can't we go do that… lol. I get some vague reassurance that tonight's bread breaking will be more epic. K.

"Defiled hearts spill putrefaction today", he adds as we read through Mark chapter 7. Yup, its nice when the truth starts setting minds free… and about time. Tiktok, Tick tock.[132] He warns me that my heart is not defiled telling me I should give thanks for my blessings but that I've let it harden. The gratitude for my blessings is to open my heart. Simple "thank you's" are no longer enough for him. I'm not sure how to do that.

I take issue with the bible's assertion that Jesus declared "sensuality" defiling.[133] Jesus clarifies that he

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[132] Anybody else notice how china used tiktok to destroy our society for over a decade and nobody cared. Then creators started criticizing israel, the ADL announced "we have a tiktok problem" and 3 weeks later the entire US government agrees on something for the first time in 10 years? And orders it sold. Gee… I wonder who will buy it?

[133] Mark 7:22

meant public sensuality. He then clarifies further pointing to the ice cream spoon I put in the Sutherlands' girl's mouth and says "unholy sensuality". Im not sure how I feel about that. I have conflicting views on many topics, including public displays of affection. Personally, if I perceive a women as promiscuous (frankly, less than puritanical) her mate value goes to zero. However, I like the way the Vikings just had sex in public. I believe in absolute freedom. Excluding the cellphones and toxic bullshit, I'm open to people having sex in the gym while others are working out next to them. Long as there are no kids watching I don't see what's so bad about that. It's good exercise. There isn't a guy out there who hasn't done a benchpress while getting cowgirl'd or a BJ anyway. The problem is people are too immature. Its like moving from California where bras are extinct to the midwest. People here can't handle seeing a woman without a bra. Men in particular don't seem able to compartmentalize sexual value. Just because her mate value is zero (after having sex in front of spectators) doesn't dehumanize her. Prostituting yourself dehumanizes you. Maybe that's just the pagan in me because Jesus practically equates public sexuality with prostitution. Although he doesn't agree with me on the dehumanizing part. Onlyfans girl's lives don't matter[134] but I see nothing wrong with a little beachfront clitoris nibbling. JC disagrees of course. On both counts.

I don't think sex necessarily should be linked to morality. Jesus vehemently disagrees. One of my best friends was a complete slut. She loved having sex and she owned it. She was a semi-pro surfer and traveled the world surfing. We were great friends until she became insufferable after I was honest about why I had no desire

[134] Think of how many innocent victims & children we could save if we enslaved/trafficked onlyfans girls as bait to lure predators. Everyday we don't we are choosing the lives subhumans over victims who might be worth something, but for their unjust enslavement.

to sleep with her and wouldn't take our relationship past "our bromance"[135] as she called it. My puritanical preferences and her promiscuous nature was no secret between us but its like one day she just decided my rules shouldn't apply to her and, when they did, everything started going downhill and I lost my friend. Jesus argues this is an example of why it is a morality issue. Jesus says the inability to accept reality that she exhibited is proof that a thing is immoral in the eyes of God. In other words if you have to lie to yourself to keep doing what you want to do then it is immoral.

I don't know. I don't think we should be telling people what they can do with their own bodies. He says we should be clear on the consequences. I was. She wanted to hookup the first week we met and we had that conversation and kept it platonic. We were friends for years after that. JC points to how she ultimately couldn't handle that and back at the how you know its immoral. In reality, she was getting to a point where she needed more than casual sex but had devalued herself to the point where was no longer available to her. She had a blast on the ride down[136] and she told me in no uncertain terms that she knew men would never see her as more than a piece of meat. She said she liked that. I'm pretty sure she knew what she was doing but Jesus says she didn't and that is why sex is a moral issue. She was far from the retard or emotionally damaged girl with daddy issues. She fully understood the bodycount/value equation. We spoke about it more than once. I cared

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[135] Far as I was concerned (or knew) she was just my surfing buddy. I never touched her. Then one day she started giving me hugs all the time and she just kept trying to get more and more touchy/feely so I just said no.

[136] I watched this girl have a quickie on her board (that takes serious board control) 50 yards off the Surf City pier and then surf the next wave in with us bottomless. Middle-aged men where frozen and getting hard while their wife's covered children's eyes when she started thrashing the wave at the shoreline. She was very beautiful with a perfectly shaped body & vagina.

about her as a friend and was worried for her. She made some comment about how she couldn't imagine going 3 months without sex and I told her every man who overhears her say that will immediately ask her age and do the math. I even explicitly warned her that she'd never be able to find a loving relationship if she kept it up and she directly told me she was ok paying that price. Until she wasn't I guess. Jesus just points to it all saying that is why its a moral issue. I don't know. I prefer freedom & consequence to shame & regulation.

Basically, Jesus says no to "out-of-wedlock" sex[137] for you religious nuts who don't understand the government's exploitation of "legal" marriage. JC adds that the state doesn't make a husband and wife, God does. This is not the first time Jesus has inferred that I'm not that different from the cyber-ho's I routinely bash; using sensuality like a tool. His standards are almost impossible to the times. Jesus's point is that sensuality should be reserved solely for the soulmate and that sensuality expressed to anyone but the soulmate or anytime before marriage to that soulmate is defiling of both the actor and the future soulmate. That makes sense with actual sex given the spirit tethers created but damn dude. He interrupts before I say it letting me know that

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[137] For me that makes sense because bodycount is an automatic disqualifier but a lot of men can get passed that. Then again, nearly all those marriages end in divorce. All men should just set a number and over that women don't get a chance regardless of how perfect they are. If its discovered she lied, cast her out regardless of how long/perfect your life together has been. We need standards again. JC may be on to something though. I'm trapped between my puritanical preferences & my sexual archetype but I think maybe we should go back to that at least until humanity grows up. Like drugs and technology, people are too immature to handle sex. Knowing its a measure of value, women will always lie about bodycount so men will have to start it by refusing commitment to non-virgins. No hyman, no diamond. Eventually women will respond by refusing to have sex before marriage. It'll take a couple generations. Most women alive today won't sober up until they are crying alone with their wine glass at 38 but, if men learn how to stand strong agin (and stop falling for the "I made a mistake", "I've matured" or shaming manipulations), those growing up in the relationship wasteland will see where their enemy is leading them.

he is fully aware of the times and culture and reiterates that neither he nor the Father are flexible.[138] He warns that this - unholy sensuality - is the major sin of my archetype.[139] I'm a prude by today's standards. He doesn't go as far to say my ice cream kissing foreplay defiled myself, the Sutherland's girl and any future soulmate but he infers that was the direction.[140] JC senses my astonishment at the nature of this all and tells me that moral relativity[141] is a path to death. In the ice cream foreplay example, Jesus takes issue more with my exploitation of her desire as a means to an end more than with the sensual nature of the act itself.[142]

I'm highly offended by Mark 7:27 especially given the facts that can no longer be avoided or hidden. I recall this is the only bible passage that Lucifer ever pointed to. This historical Jewish supremacy shit goes a

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[138] In my every experience with Jesus he is wholly intolerant of churches adapting to the times. His rules and ways are set in stone and not to be "modernized".

[139] Jesus has and continues to acknowledge that people are born of different archetypal energies. He corrects may language to: "archetypal influences".

[140] Boarding the ho-town train.

[141] Meaning just because what I did is way mild in a time when most women have a sex tape by college and practically none are virgins at their weddings doesn't mean its acceptable. Moral relativity and "the new normal" are not in his worldview.

[142] On edit, in my archetype desire is wielded like a sword. My sisters & I have been sword fighting since b/f I knew what sex was. Jesus seems to be trying to teach me how not to wield it as a sword. Evidently, any plan to use desire to make someone love or care for you is also wielding it as a weapon. As of final edit I'm still at a loss as to what he is trying to teach me.

long way to explaining Hitler.[143] You reap what you sow. In our fucked up world it seems the innocent are forced to reap what the guilty sow. Jesus interjects asking me what he has sown. This scene does seem way out of character to the Jesus I know. He emphasizes that this was not a statement of entitlement but of need. He says one is expected to do what they can and is given what they need. I point out some cultural facts that will definitely be misconstrued and capitalized on if I write them and draw analogies between gentiles and me who JC admits to coming for after gentiles. He reiterates that it is not a statement of entitlement or supremacy. This time pointing the finger at me and reiterates that it is a statement of need that was boiled in the times and flavored by generations of bigotry. I ask if the words themselves were portrayed accurately and he asks me to judge him by his fruits. I will. He gives me a look I don't quite understand when I willfully say I will judge him. Questioning my fitness maybe or what forge I'll….. he interrupts the thought itself like a roaring lion: "You will be of my forge"! Jesus tells me to answer readers' questions without knowing it saying: "because that will not work with him"[144].

As he explains it I guess Mark 8:35 is the "born again" section. Jesus explains with the bread we are to share at sunset/moonrise and I hit the breaks. I'm not

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[143] Though I sincerely don't think, as an increasing number do, excusing Hitler. Extermination (of the guilty & those closely associated) is fine. Genocide is not because genocide, by definition, includes the innocent. If it was just about removing jewishness from germany he could have exterminated adult jews and raised their children as good Nazi's but Hitler's logic got polluted with hate. Then again "Nazi/Hitler" is such a dog whistle these days we will never know the truth of what they actually did or why. The great teacher deity's achieves comprehensively debunk the narrative that the pharaohs just one day up & decided enslaved the jews on a whim.

[144] On edit, I assume some outrage that I'd dare "judge" Jesus & I'm reminded of that time some preacher-bum demanded I be slapped in the mouth for questioning him. Jesus is right. I'm not a pony to be broken & trained. In that effort either the trainer or I will die. Eat a dick.

ready to be "born again" and I don't want that. He says I misunderstand. He explains it like I'm a toddler. You give up your focus on you and turn from yourself to focus on God and that is communion with him. The bread and the wine thing represents Jesus giving up himself for us. Sharing the bread is communion. But that is the symbolism of what you are asking me to do tonight. That's a ritual. "But not a contract", he adds. I'm not comfortable with this. I ask my mother and Loki. They both say I will lose nothing. Jesus says he is giving me a gift that others have laid down their lives for. Jesus reiterates that he is giving free of charge with nothing expected in return. But the function you described is a mutual sacrifice. He reminds me of the all-is-one truism of new age philosophies and of the Princess prayer. He asks me to point to one thing in my life I want to keep. "You don't even want to keep your life", he adds. He confirms and promises it is a gift. He confirms I am forever and confirms I can choose to turn to him if and when I want. Breaking bread tonight is a gift. He says its a gift I can give once I've received it. I don't see myself handing out little circles of bread in the future. That is not what he means. Ok. I get it. He says I'll understand fully after. Deep stuff. Not so much secret stuff as I guess family stuff. He interjects it's family stuff until I learn to love my neighbor and tells me this gift is not to be hoarded. "Time to start the oven", he says.[145] I'm to slow beak on low heat while reading on.

It just started sprinkling on the dough; just a few raindrops on top. I wish I could describe it more. You wouldn't believe what this looks like. I wanted to take a photo for the book but he says it is sacred now. In my world sacred things are never photographed as a rule. Whatever this is that I'm to understand fully tonight is to be given, not explained. Given secretly? He shows me

[145] Jesus's timing and master planning is amazing.

just casually breaking his special bread at dinner and passing some around. "No". He says I will understand after. On to Mark Chapter 9.

"We will discuss it later". He knows what I was about to ask in response to the first sentence and doesn't want it overshadowing whatever this bread communion thing is tonight. "Unlike Peter, James and John, you must see my death and glory [together] so that you surrender to your glory". Cool language but a bit haughty I think. Pretty sure my "glory" is some overly impressionable boys fantasizing momma's minivan is a race bike.

Is this jewish messiah/political despot[146] they wanted you to be the antichrist? He doesn't respond which in deity language means its not for me to know or discuss. This is also a tangent and he is focused on the bread thing. One of the notes explains that he keeps telling people to keep their mouths shut when they see proof because he is trying to avoid being roped into that role. I should also remind the reader that tons of material is being conveyed but I only write down what he focuses on or comments directly on. Imagine downloading a huge book but only reading and discussing the material somebody highlighted for you while it is downloading. I'm not equipped to this task and probably screw up the messages a lot. I've noted that sometimes he indulges me when I want to do my own highlighting and sometimes he doesn't. He wants all of us to learn it all but I guess I've got a special lesson plan for the slow kids or something.

More prayers = more God muscles. Referring back to a note from earlier he cautions of my bad example. I can still count every prayer I've said on one hand and have prayed less than a dozen times in my life.

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[146] Freedom fighter as they formed the narrative under Roman occupation.

One is now repeated nightly and raking up the count. Jesus acknowledges this works for me but is a bad example generally and emphasizes that more prayer is more communion with God. JC backs my exercise analogy. He then tells me a little more exercise (prayer) wouldn't hurt me either. I don't know what to pray for.[147]

Before I make a crack about the world today in response to Mark 9:42 he tells me that sea is rising and about to boil. I think people are so deluded by their narcissism that they really believe they can force a deity's hand when they are just living out the script deities wrote. He adds: "as is your friend Satan". Referring to Lucifer as my "friend" is not a rebuke or if so a kind of granny burn as Lucifer, not being a deity, is not treated as a deity by me. It acknowledges that, despite his best efforts, Lucifer ranks below Jesus in my world as Jesus is a confirmed deity. Speaking of boiling. I can feel his outrage as I write that. You're not a god, bro. Sorry. Jesus interjects that such doesn't mean he isn't dangerous to me and reminds me to stay close. I genuinely like Lucifer and I genuinely agree with him on a lot of things. But, his whole sales pitch is what he has to offer and I frankly just don't see that he has that much to offer. He's that bad ass older kid on the playground but I'm already outgrowing the playground and he's still there. I'm starting to feel sorry for him more than anything. That outrages him. In reality, it hurts him deeply.

Jesus is constantly telling me to add salt when cooking or eating. This has always seemed a little odd to me as Americans, myself included, have too much sodium in their diets already. I'm not sure the full symbolism or if it even means anything but salt keeps popping up. "Salted with fire" is just the nature of

[147] On final edit, every prayer I've ever said has come true, but one. I suspect all but a small part of that one will as well. Bitter sweet.

existence and growth. Its not such a mysterious statement. Duh, its also where your christian spirit scars come from. I don't know why I know that.

Marriage is not created by law or license and a "certificate" of divorce is just as offensive as a "license" to marry. Offensive because it is the tyrant trying to usurp inalienable rights given by God. Jesus calls it a "temple tax". God declares marriage in the public joining of two souls. It is never separated. Period. The contractual relationships the state rules over means nothing to God, nor did the BS rules the jews made up to dispose of their wives. Where it gets interesting is pretty much all of us are adulterous in God's eyes because, if you've had sex with someone, you are basically spiritually wed to them.[148] Again, I'm a prude by today's standards but that seems "utopian" (Jesus interjects). He is correct. He reminds me of the need to temper my realism with utopian vision. Jesus flat out says hook-up culture is demonic possession. Even though I think its gross, that sounds a bit extreme fundamentalist to me but he shows a long term vision of it and, well, shit. It's designed to screw everything up and prosecute human's at the same time. I chuckle "good one" as Lucifer takes a little bow and sorta thanks me for encouraging my readers to be fuck boys. I get an "I told you so" energy from Jesus reminding me how many times he told me not to tell them that. But what are you supposed to do? "Have faith" is all he says and he does it with that success smile. I feel like I'm watching two masters play chess and

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[148] Actual adultery is universally seen as a valid cause for divorce because it increased this spiritual polygamy which the victim half has a right to escape. On edit: Jesus reminds me that I would throw someone out of my life for even thinking about it and has me re-read this section saying I already know instinctively. I thought that was just my ego but he says its natural law then basically calls me a hypocrite and tells me if I loved my neighbor I would not lead others to the sin I would condemn them for. I guess he doesn't approve of shit testing your chick. I don't see how you are supposed to trust someone if you never provide them the opportunity and temptation to betray you. He tries to relate something about love outreaching trust.

have lost track of who is moving what piece. My bodycount is pathetically (single digits) low[149] "…not zero", he adds. Who's is?

Jesus warns me that my temptation is less to sin and more to lead others to sin and that comes with a heavy sentence. He reminds me of the Sutherland's girl again. Before I can get out "it was just".. he interrupts "no, it wasn't". I'm blown away by the expectations he has of me given the state of the world. He tells me their suffering is not my license. Our boundaries are just different. I would never have slept with her because I know how wrong that would be but, as far as Jesus is concerned, making her think of making out with me lead her to sin. That's insane. Every human on the planet would be guilty by the nature God gave them. "No", he says. He tells me again that I need to learn to love my neighbor. He again calls me "dangerous"[150] and again demands that I will be of his forge.

If Jesus ordered the rich man to sale all of his possessions and support to poor as prerequisite to the kingdom of heaven then why is the catholic church filled with gold and treasure? I guess they'd say they're the magic camel.

"The Princess prayer is an angelic prayer". He asked me to add that during a discussion I'm electing to leave out of this book. I don't understand the difference between and angelic prayer and regular prayer and I

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[149] Before I can finish the thought "and I'm the son of Aphrodite; it should be in the thousands" I get a hard slap to the back of the head energetically. Not in this path of Aphrodite it shouldn't.

[150] Flashing a quick image of the roadside nun in my head. On edit: "I'm not sexually attracted to either of those girls" and he responds that is worse because I still sought to tempt them. He points out that it's practically a subconscious drive in me and reminds me unholy sensuality is the major sin of my archetype.

can't find any reference to it online but he says its not for me anyway.

As we end Mark Chapter 13, I find it remarkable that Jesus was telling people to stay awake and we have been screaming wake up for the last decade as more and more fall asleep and into what I could only describe as the grip of the antichrist. Per his instructions, I start reading about David next week. He corrects me: "king David" and tells me to give the honor that is returned to me. I hate titles. The moon is up and we are going to have his bread and wine now.

March 25, 2024

Gently.

The communion was gentle and subtle. Very much like Jesus. Jesus himself behaved as if it was so important that I was expecting a blastoff but it was so subtle and gentle I barely recognized it. It seems profound but so subtle the I struggle to articulate it. We went for a bit of a nature walk after. He showed me a glimpse of how he sees me and why I am valuable[151] to him. He corrects to special value which he sees as lesser significance than general value that everyone has to him. He clarifies this because he disagrees with my belief (calls it a false belief) that my worth is derived from what I can offer. "Utility adds nothing to your value", he says. Anyway that usefulness has something to do with my nature as it connects to raw creation. My connection to nature "and the elements", he adds. Jesus insists everyone comes to earth with a purpose. If true, certainly not everyone fulfills their purpose. His thesis seems to be that I can do something for him "if you choose", he adds

[151] On edit, he corrects this word to "useful", distinguishing purpose from value.

but that doing so has nothing to do with value "and never will", he adds. In addition to this glimpse of his interest in me. He corrects immediately that his interest in me and everyone has nothing to do with utility. I'm not sure I have the ability to articulate this "… because of your false beliefs", he adds. Had I not been of some use to him would he have continued tapping me on the shoulder for years as I drove by the little church? He says yes. No human would.

In addition, whatever he gave me with whatever that communion was can be passed on, which he encourages me to do. Its to be done in specific ways and to be done subtlety but not secretly. I don't see that I'd ever have any opportunity to do so. I suggest an image of a family dinner along with the reality that I've seen enough and I'm ready to go back to my "tomb" and hibernate. He adds the image of friends and neighbors at that same table, with family. We seem to be looking in opposite directions. As far as I can determine, the bread and wine thing is literally just a memorial of his sacrifice. He says it means so much more and I feel something out there but its too subtle and gentle to see clearly.

March 26, 2024

The Klan,

Americans are too stupid to survive. I'm asked today how it is that I bash catholics all over this book then go spend time with monks and send them gifts. Catholicism sucks (usually little boys) but these monks and several of the templars were really cool. Judaism is evil (judge them by their fruits) but I've met several jews who were really good people. There are still good Americans, awesome Russians and even really cool Chinese commies. You can even find a few woke ass

establishment youth who are great people.[152] You need to grow out of the tribal bullshit and eradicate them all. Not every person; every group. Group identity is why you are all slaves. Groups are easy to destroy. Just ignore everything your government/enemy says (including its fourth branch) and unplug your wifi. All groups will dissolve in three months. If you actually go out and meet real people face to face groups will vanish in three weeks. Until you understand that identity politics and culture wars are the shackles keeping you under the yoke, your life will keep getting worse. Compare 1950 to 2024. What are your projections for 2050? If the road keeps leading you farther into hell, why do you keep driving down it? To call yourself "progressive"? On edit, Jesus projects the energy that seems to ask me the same. That's easy I saw no road leading anywhere I wanted to be so I "crashed the car into a ditch" (his analogy if I recall). But almost everyone else is still out there on a road.

What a Joke.

Jesus tells me not to watch king David movies and documentaries and to read the bible and historical documents. Reminds me of the mandatory literature courses in high school and college. I never read a single one of those books. I deliberately chose the ones that had been made into movies and faked my way through the rest. Probably explains my terrible writing today. Maybe I can persuade Mel Gibson to turn this book into a movie to help a brother out in case some deranged Sunday school teacher (or abnormal psych professor) makes it mandatory reading.

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[152] The girl I saw Rise of Skywalker with is now dating a tranny, covered in piercings and referring to herself as "them" but still a great person. Once I form an opinion of someone its usually everlasting. I'm not sure why.

On edit, Jesus want's more commentary about "protesting my life" under the "what a joke" title. He claims I have a twisted sense of humor and find it entertaining to terrorize the people and groups most likely to come after me. He points to numerous examples but insists I reference the ones already written about. Cops, bikers, templars, our despotic government, the woke mob, jews, human traffickers, the FBI, big tech, etc.[153] He adds "husbands with their wives". I wouldn't go after someone for flirting with my wife; I'd dump her for responding to it with anything but contempt. "Its not about you". He tells me that his point is I chase destruction like a moth to a flame and he claims there is some deeper pathology to it. What he deems my protest. He speaks to me like I'm five years old saying "danger is not funny". When I smile and get a little tingly inside he adds "…or sexual"[154] this time like he's scolding a warped pervert. He concludes telling me that I lust for chaos like a weak man lusts for a temptress. He sternly says "lust is a sin" and tells me we are done for the day.

March 30, 2024

<u>The New</u>

As our imagery advances the universe begins to look and function more & more like a brain; which greatly resembles a multi-dimensional spiderweb. Its not a tangled web as long as you know truth.

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[153] Excluding the bikers and templars all those groups are the same people.

[154] On final edit, JC points to how the idea of a harem of barely-legal emotionally unstable witches tempts me. Yet, I'm pretty sure he introduced me to their leader (AB). Had he not insisted I go get dinner I would never have met her. He says I would have and tells me I need to make good choices with the impression they've been planning these encounters. That's hot. More have shown up but I need to get this edited and published. If I can't have what I love then why not take everything else?

The secrets of the angels, a heavenly Princess, the ways of the gods, the blood that remains, the Son's execution of the Father's will and one meaningless heart lost in the whirlwind of it all.

March 31, 2024

Easter.

Happy tranny child-molester admiration day![155] LOL, america is such a fuck'n shit hole joke. I usually stay away from current events because what's the point, most of you are clinically retarded anyway. I'm not even christian and this offends me. The problem is, that is the point and most of you are too stupid to see whats going on. They want to divide you. Police states need a persecuted class and faking a narrative only lasts so long. They want you to lynch somebody. That is how governments stay in power. I say go ahead. Have some fun. If you don't the FBI will just do it and frame you anyway. If you're doing the time you might as well do the crime.

You know how Jesus responded when I made an issue out of it? He turned away from it and ordered me to go to have breakfast. The only weapon they have left is propaganda and propaganda only works if you are listening to it. "No, let them come to me", Jesus interrupts before I even finish the thought to live and let the retards die in isolation. All commie takeovers start by decimating the family and religion. Or, at least they try. Learn what has meaning and what doesn't. Maybe a hypocritical statement given he just told me last week that I don't know what is and isn't important but I do

[155] I don't care what the actual words are. That's what happens when you take things to extremes (or let your enemy take over the narrative). You lose the support of people who once accepted you. The frame-up was successful.

know what is and isn't real and I think that is something sorely lacking in our society.

If I'm being honest I have to admit two things. Jesus is legit and I'm afraid that come father's day I am going to return to my tomb to die happily ever after. He infers my participation in some great revival of love and birth. In addition to his abilities ("grace", he corrects) that requires my worthiness and a generalized awakening. Neither of which I have much faith in. Jesus says: "I have faith enough for us all". When I agreed to write volume 1, I imagined this would be 3 volumes but … He says its not worth it to me because I don't "love thy neighbor". He's probably right. He adds more that I'll leave out then he corrects some wording that isn't mine. Its the image of me choosing to life by default as a selfish prince instead of reaching out to others and building a kingdom around me. He corrects from "selfish" to "disillusioned". It's no secret that I'm rather black pilled. Nor is it a secret that I can step back out of this heart wrenching sewer and live (JC says "die") pampered and satisfied for the rest of my life.[156] I wanted to write happy and pampered but he challenged the honesty of it. Its still a better deal than most get. He says it isn't. I frankly don't know what he expects. I agreed to follow until father's day. I will but I will also be true to myself and this is a lot of discomfort for nothing. He wants faith were I should see the light at the end of the tunnel. People are motivated to act based on the probable result but he wants action based on nothing but faith. He dares me to argue its not logical. I agree the logic is sound if one has faith. "One choses faith" Why? "Hope". Sounds delusional to me and he says that is my problem.

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[156] On edit, what else do you want? You said write and I did. It was literally worthless. You said write a second one and I did. He responds "love thy neighbor".

Next to Jesus, Pontius Pilate is probably the most interesting person in the whole crucifixion timeline. I don't know if its real or not but, allegedly, documents have been uncovered that suggest Pilate actually liked Jesus. JC points to how long his ministry lasted suggesting this may be true. If you understand the history and position Pilate was in[157] it makes sense that he was actually a fan of Jesus. It's also interesting that Pontius Pilate described Jesus's appearance very similar to the way Akiane painted him, to how he projects himself to me, to what radiated into the Shroud of Turin and to how he has appeared in may people's visions. So strange for a god to never change their appearance; especially when that appearance is inconsistent with his origin story. He is clearly not middle eastern. He has some traits and AB positive blood is more common in Asia but his features are more nordic than anything. As is his bone structure and size, When walking with me he is around 6 foot tall. A 6 ft tall blonde-haired, green-eyed jew? This also contradicts the most popular secular argument that Mary was impregnated by a Roman. His physical features are not 1/2 italian, 1/2 jew. Assuming the documents are legitimate, Pilate confirms this too as he was confused by Jesus's appearance and how much he stood out from the crowd of Romans and Jews. I know the woke-ass losers will spin this to some racial rant but it is very odd because, unlike every other deity I know of, Jesus is set on this appearance. Why preach in Judah looking like a gentler viking? He asks if I truly don't understand and reminds me that I say to judge the ideas and not the degrees. But its more than that. He agrees but in a way all too common of deities, leaves me holding that locked box.

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[157] He was complaining that Rome was stretched too thin and he didn't have enough Centurion to control Judah. Thereby forcing him into political entanglements with the manipulative and evil Sanhedrin.

David

I should start reading the chapters on David today but I refuse. He was a peeping tom and probably a rapist[158] and doesn't merit the title king. And those aren't the only examples. He's a scumbag. I don't have to be fair and I am quite comfortable hastily judging others. Our society has been too reasonable and understanding for too long. The David/Bathsheba story reminds me of lolita-island Bill Clinton using scumbag Arkansas state troopers to deliver women to him to rape.[159] And that wasn't the extent of David's abuses; just the only one they couldn't find a way to lionize. I will not call David king. Jesus says all people have their evils. He compares David's lust to my rage. Then, by consequence you are suggesting she deserved it? "None deserve your hate". That is where we disagree. They claim god puts kings on the throne but, if true, he always seems to choose from the bottom of the barrel. "You must learn to love the soul". JC tells me not to judge people based on their sins and I stop short of telling him to go to hell. He knows what our society is. Jesus feels like he is basically crying and upset over my "hardened heart". If you expect me to feel pity for evil then we are not going to get much farther. He asks me if I'd rather be the hand that heals or the hand that kills. I choose both. Heal the victims. Kill the victimizers. He says they are one in the same and I don't understand. David's action was that of entitled trash. "Yet his heart was for God". Jesus tells me to read about him before condemning him. The time for fair

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[158] Then murders her husband when he can't cheat him into being his cuckold.

[159] We live in a society where a cop can detain a women and deliver her to be raped and have a long successful career afterwards. Cop killing has become way too taboo in the united states. We need wholesome militias again that aren't afraid to hunt down and kill corrupt cops. How many "non-corrupt" cops are disturbed by that idea? You're the problem. Resign!

judging on earth has come to an end.[160] He agrees that is has never been fair and claims the time for fair judging is about to start. He tells me I will have to choose a side. The side I choose will not be filled with rapists, child molesters and tyrants. You call this trash a "king"? He responds suggesting that I would enslave all of israel over the failures[161] of one man. If I did those failures would not be easily repeated. "Yes, they would".

I'm particularly offended because of the repeated analogies Jesus draws between David and myself[162] and he knows this. He keeps pointing out that both David and I were creatures of extremes. Yesterday a bird dropped a twig outside of a store so I took it to where the bird could get it and distracted people away from the area until it picked it up again and flew off. That's important. Birds are obsessive by nature and they can't simply get another twig for their nest; it has to be that one. JC sees that (and basic things like spending 20-30 minutes moving bugs out of the way of mortar, etc) as acts of extreme kindness. He contrasts them with the fact that, given the power, I'd probably butcher more than half of humanity. There is no discrepancy. The bird deserved its twig and I was the one disrupting the bugs' land with concrete. Probably half of humanity deserves to be butchered. Jesus says I am more family to nature than my neighbor. I'm proud of that. He says nature will die. I ask if he'd abandon his family when they were

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[160] Fairness has never been a function of any government or court. Only thing that's changed is the people are waking up & rejecting the fairy tale.

[161] He means "weakness". He chose "failures" to avoid the outburst he knew would follow with me calling him an apologist for scum. On edit he asks me to step away from my judgement and look at who is the greater tyrant comparing my behavior to David's. The difference is who the tyranny oppresses. He says all are his children. I disagree. "How quickly you cast out [a name I know]".

[162] Most where edited out because for some reason people glorify this scumbag and they sounded ridiculous.

dying. This all gets much deeper because of the utility my family traditions offer him but that's another topic. He reiterates the Prince BS and dares me to challenge it in a way that would require me to challenge my mother[163] then again demands that I will be of his forge. JC suggests that God challenged future kings to live up to David and I reply that this speaks to the quality of that ethno-supremist "kingdom".[164] Maybe Caligula's statue belonged in their temple. JC draws my attention to the fact that the story is there. It wasn't covered up as so much evil is. I will give David that.[165] Only that. He is still scum and I deny him his title. Jesus says it all comes back to the same thing with me. "love thy neighbor". David is not welcome in my neighborhood even if I am left living in it alone.

"It is easier to be weak and great before God than to be strong and great before God". This has something to do with a humility that comes from the shame resulting from weakness. He says this is alien to me and declares I will make it through the eye of a needle and will be of his forge.[166] Jesus questions what if Bathsheba was meant to be with David and accuses me of applying today's conditioning. I will impose my morals as I see

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[163] Checkmating wordplay but still just wordplay. If not then I offer David is my Exhibit A. Titles are Lucifer's backstage pass. Its time all titles were extinguished.

[164] I read the rabbinic law argument excusing David and that serves to further condemn David and jewish moral character.

[165] Contrasting sharply with Saul & Son's lying records.

[166] Looked it up. Mark 10:25 - difficult for a rich man to get into heaven. I'm not rich.

fit.[167] In short he is suggesting she was not forced. Even assuming that, which is a stretch given the power dynamics, David's own religion condemned it. Jesus corrects religion to "laws of Moses". Then she was a ho? "Yo bitch, I'm da king… on your knees. Now go away". That's your great king? He tells me that David asked God to test him, reminds me that I dared Jesus to test me and tells me I should be thankful not to have to come to the Father through failure. Then he says we all come to the Father in weakness but says he is not contradicting himself. What's the difference? He says I'm very fortunate. You also acknowledged that I have no reason to live. He attributes it to ignorance. Jesus says: "Its so simple for you. Its been too simple for too long". He distinguishes David as being too saturated in the earthly realm and me being too saturated in the celestial realm then says we share a lack of patience. Jesus relates patience to faith. An example is shown.

Jesus asks me to "please" just give him two hours an start reading Samuel. A deity asks.

Reading Samuel. It sounds like Moses was trained as an Egyptian magician. Not sure how or why. I wouldn't think a jew would've had access given they were already enslaved for metastasizing at the time. Wonder if a hostile foreign government had infiltrated Egypt and begun importing them as an "undocumented" voter class a few years prior?

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[167] On edit JC draws my attention to this statement. I didn't even remember making it. He brings up the Prince crap again, questions where such thoughts come from, warns me about "falling to" the tyrant in me then, strangely, says where those morals align with the Father's morals he will help me advance them. I ask to what extent and he remains silent. Strange tangent. Nonsense. On edit, I originally wrote that he said he will help me "impose them". He changed to "advance them". He says when I let the tyrant out I go deaf. "…and blind", he adds.

I echo Samuel's rebuke of kings to Jesus and he echos them back at me. Somewhere he also said that if both the king and the subjects obey God all will be well. That's an unrealistic standard. Jesus says it is not. He then points out that it is a humble shepherd, the Lord, Jesus who will lead the people out of the mess they've made. Then why all this focus on Kings, Princesses and princes? He closes the subject leaving me with yet another locked box in my hands. Jesus thanks me for the two hours and I fell guilty. A sensei doesn't have to say thank you to the student he is teaching. I can continue for the rest of the day. He says "thank you" again in this humble gracious why that honestly seems so far beyond me I don't understand it. We are done for the day. This morning as I was walking through the house saying good morning to the various entities, etc. I said thank you to Jesus recognizing his sacrifice. Maybe its a callback to that in some deep hermetic way. Or maybe its just how Jesus is. He asked me to do something, I did it, he said "thank you". Still leaves me feeling a little awkward but I'm not sure why.

April 5, 2024

Promises & Silent Suffering.

Its rare when promises are asked of me[168] but several have been asked recently. It feels like contracts are being written above. Ancient ones, Nature, Goddesses and the Christian King all seem to be coming into alignment for something to come. It would seem I am the only one facing in the direction of my tomb. An oracle sadly says that I've "given up your light" in reference to my "hibernation" and tomb building. She describes light as that spark that makes people want to live. She basically means that I gave up on the world and

[168] Promises are forever and a big deal in my world.

left it for my luxurious tomb. Not even close to luxurious yet. Barely inhabitable. She is correct but the more I look around the more that decision is ratified. I'm a bit concerned the ground beneath me has become a moving walkway that I stand on backwards.

A presence has been coming and going for months now. I allowed it last year as I am generally a gracious host to anything not causing me problems. Its more human than I'm accustomed to. Typically such things come for their own purposes, to say hi or exchange some knowledge. At night when I come in, eat dinner in front of the TV and get ready for bed, this one just stands behind me for 10-20 minutes watching me, then leaves. The cat's can see her. They pile on my lap as soon as the recliner expands, she shows, their eyes dilate and they stare at her as she watches me eat and watch TV. Its been happening several times a week for months now. My lesbian handler set herself up an apartment in a few rooms and has been living here for over two years. While welcome, she never enters any room I'm sleeping in unless I'm there. She sages the house and does other witchy things but always stops at my door. She says the energy around me is too heavy. She recently drew my attention to the fact that she never crosses the entry way to any room I sleep in at night. I asked her (strongly psychic herself) to come in and see what she could sense from the visitor. She is afraid and uncomfortable about it. She is also afraid of my mother but my mother scares everyone. My lesbian handler is gradually and rather abruptly making plans to move out. It seems to have more to do with whatever is coming than the visitor. This is not a scary haunting. At least not for me; I live in this world. The visitor has stayed longer than anything that isn't living here. Most are like house guests. This one is more like a watcher. I don't know why I am so comfortable just eating dinner, watching TV and falling

asleep with something not of this world standing behind me watching me. I guess its just how I grew up.

This morning my mother asked me to come see her at a river. We talked, she again asks me if I am sure I want what I want.[169] If I am correct in my assumptions, yes. The choice to live longer or live better is not a difficult one. She asks for a promise and presents scenarios to ensure I fully understand. The promise is given. Worlds are aligning somehow and she seems to be showing great faith in me as if her word or something similar will be given based on her faith in my refusal to ever break a promise to her. I would die before breaking a promise to my mother. She must know that.

On the way home I passed this old beaten up and abandoned house, now with the windows broken out. Just last year this awkward 20-something lived there with his grandmother. I always assumed the grandmother was bedridden or close thereto. The grandson used to walk pass my house to buy deep fried garbage from a gas station in town. I think I may have been the only person who he ever spoke to because he wasn't very good at even basic conversation. He always delighted in saying hi to me. Once he commented on the gas station's delicious chicken, I recommended a new restaurant in town and he said something about not having a vehicle. On another occasion he said something about "whenever we have the money" he walks to the gas station to buy deep fried chicken tenders which he loves and thinks are food. Once I was grilling spicy chicken wings when he passed with his gas station food. I offered him some. He asked how many he could take which seemed so strange. Like are kids in public school told they may have up to a certain number of french fries or

[169] She's concerned because she knows her childrens' nature and would prefer more options closer to home lay before me to choose from.

something? Just alien. Nature works on principals of abundance. There are no limits in my house.

I kinda laughed at the strangeness of his comment and told him to take all he wanted. I reassured him that I was happy to make more. He seemed to deliberate a moment in his head and I think he counted and took exactly 1/3rd. Later he returned and offered me a piece of his gas station chicken, which I politely declined. Then he asked with a sincere confusion why I gave him wing. Its like he was afraid I wanted something from him. I explained that I like the culture here. Everybody is a good neighbor. I offered him more but he declined which is odd because I could tell he wanted more. I asked again and he resisted the urge and went on. I'm certain he had no or few friends and pretty sure they rarely if ever left their home. I never thought much of the condition of their home because once, while talking about my various projects as everyone around here does, the grandson told me they were remodeling. He said something to the effect of "nothing like this" as he admired the roman columns slowly climbing ever higher and said something derogatory about how his home looked.[170] I could tell he was deceiving me but its so typical in our culture for people to pretend to be better off than they are that I often ignore that kind of thing. Strangely my house is very humble - just a basic midwest farm house being remodeled in victorian/roman motif. Still looks ugly and broken down. Neighbors compare it to Roman ruins.

I had no idea how bad off they were until this morning. As I passed the newly abandoned home, the

[170] Mine looks about as bad still. When remodeling it is you patriotic duty to keep the facade of the home as ugly as possible until everything else is complete. Remember, every dollar in property tax you pay is another pedophile inside the schools and another bullet in the guns that will that force you into the FEMA camps.

light shined through the angrily broken windows just perfectly for me to see inside. They weren't remodeling. They'd been renting a home with no walls, limited electricity, water damage everywhere and a roof about to cave in. He was bandaging some kind of embarrassment. Through the broken glass, I got a brief download of the old woman in a state of confusion and fear and the young man in a state of terror and anger over having to leave. I assume they were evicted sometime over winter. I'm starting to realize how bad some people have it in this country.[171] We think of starvation as something that happens in the third-world and we live in a society that prizes wealth above just about everything else. I think a lot of Americans hide how close to actual starvation[172] they are because they see it as degrading. I worry those two might actually be homeless now. Had I known…. Jesus interrupts for the first time in a few days and tells me this is why I need to come out of my hibernation. The image of a dragon fed up with the world asleep under a mountain of gold while the villagers starve is recurring. I think that is from a movie; its not a vision, just a scene that keeps getting flashed in my head. I don't have a mountain of gold or the powers of a dragon. Take that up with Elon. JC says Elon is doing what he came here to do.

Jesus throws my analogy back at me questioning if/when I am going to turn around and walk on the moving walkway. He points out that I can outpace it if I start/continue walking against it. Its a matter of trust and

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[171] Honestly, in his 20's he should have had a job and been able to take care of himself and his grandmother. I struggle with myself trying to find excuses for this shit. I know they are up against state actors conditioning them to be weak and infantile but … I don't know. By your mid-20's what excuse is there for not having your shit together?

[172] Strange to think that someone with >40% bodyfat is starving. Yet most people today are both overfed and undernourished. As some point you have to be delusional to think its just resource mismanagement and not an attack.

belief. When he says turn around and walk with it, that requires me to believe against the odds and act "in faith", he interrupts. I'm not sure how to do that and the more I look around the more I am reminded of why I left to "hibernate" in my "tomb".

Everyone is making a big deal out of the eclipse. I've been given an image of where I am supposed to go see it. Rather than searching for that particular location[173] I chose the shortest driving distance with a nice park.

April 7, 2024

Roll'n up His Sleeves

For a while now I've had the distinct impression that shit's about to get real. That impression continues to escalate.

Then again every crackpot in history has been saying that every year since I can remember. Then again, the data points to the species ending in a few decades without the type of intervention we would interpret as divine. Just a lot of strange omissions and feelings around Jesus that are adding up to a theme. We stay away from that topic. I don't want to get pigeon-holed with the apocalypse prophesy freaks and he is pretty clear that no one (including me) is to know when so why dance around it like a child trying to guess what's in the box? The only related commentary is his assurance that nature will die and his urging that I be reborn with it. I know that "reborn" allegory is used to depict christian conversions but he suggests some deeper meaning and I

[173] Something I would have done years ago before "giving up [my] light" as that out of character comment put it.

just don't get it. Its somehow related to the demential flowering of paradise into our present reality.

The synchronicity of this book never ceases to amaze me. As I am finding my place in Samuel, the last sentence I drowsily raced over last week light's up and he says to add it: "*But if you still do wickedly, you shall be swept away, both you and your king.*"[174] One dimension flowering into another necessarily sweeps much away.

Little Lights.

The sun is not the sole source of visible light on earth. That is not analogy. Why are people so blind? Water droplets and other particles in the atmosphere produce light as do plants, animal and people. Reflection of light (from the sun, stars and others) is thus enhanced and returned. Its called growth.[175] Some of this "communion through christ" (whatever that means) is a real culture shock. Put down the fucking cellphones and learn to feel through your eyes again.

And

Thus far neither impressed nor educated by David. Jesus makes a reference to our wrestling with that metaphorical mirror and it angers me. Later, somewhere along the story of David with my eyes glazing over, Jesus jars me awake: "you refuse to hear". Its a beautiful, lazy Sunday afternoon. The leaves have just sprouted. The birds are flirting, squirrels frolicking, cats napping in the sun. I can smell burgers and hotdogs being grilled to the west. Wood and barbecue scent the southern breeze. My lesbian handler is scurrying about packing for an

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[174] 1 Samuel 12:25

[175] It is also tactically advantageous to be able to see who returns light to who, how much and what kind of light. There are no secrets when you open your eyes.

upcoming cruise. A neighbor girl too young for her first crush keeps giggling by my house waving and watching me study like a nerd. People are driving around to yard sales, walking their dogs and mowing their lawns. I feel like I'm imprisoned in summer school slowly dying, forced to read history or philosophy or whatever, while others get to live. I want to take a nap in a hammock and go for a bike ride. If the pool was built, this is the day for the first pool party of spring. I miss the beach. Jesus says I can do as I please but I told him I would read it and I told him I would hang in there until Father's day and that is what I will do.

He suggests I get nothing out of this because, unlike other books of the bible, I have to both listen to him and reflect on myself. He seems to think I lack self-reflection. "No", he interrupts. He says I hide from myself. I see nothing in this to reflect on. Its an archetypal story, yeah. But, so what? Why read 50 pages from a 3,000 year old narrative to get some theoretical introspection? Just tell me and lets move on to better material. He remains silent. I don't belong buried half asleep in the pages of a boring book. I belong out there in life. Jesus infers that worlds must meet and I must do the work, then goes silent again leaving me to bridge whatever distance he is creating. I'm taking a break to wake up.

This is just a bunch of conniving opportunists trying to control each other and murdering everyone not enslaved to them. "Do you truly not see"? referring to parallels. Yeah, I imaging everyone sees parallels. Conniving sociopaths rule the world today as well. He calls me a coward.

Illegitimate king wants to kill a potential rival and we have to read about the drama for pages and pages

and pages. Jesus asks me to look up the seven deadly sins and point to which Saul exhibits. Am I a seven year old in Sunday school now? He tells me that is up to me. He says I know where we are to take this. I think the reader has had enough of certain topics. I know I have. He doesn't order me or invoke my promise. He just tells me to keep reading. LOL, 1 Samuel 20:5… tomorrow is a new moon/solar eclipse. I like how this always lines up with the real world.

Jesus says to go ahead and end with chapter 20, enjoy the afternoon and anticipate the eclipse. It signs a promise I was asked to give. He says we have empty seats to discuss referring to David's empty seat at Saul's table. I image it's the life I left and want no part of but he suggests its deeper and more spiritual. For me, the sun is still warm, the birds are still singing and I'm hungry.

April 14, 2024

Stars

The eclipse was awesome. It also demonstrated how truly dependent I am on solar radiation. Northwest Arkansas is wonderful. The people are all nice, happy, humble and competent - a stark contrast from most of america. Its a hidden gem that I question mentioning as it grows so rapidly I, like many, fear it will be destroyed. People think of Arkansas as illiterate and impoverished, and the source of the Clintons. From my limited exposure, the Little Rock area is. However, Northwest Arkansas is the opposite. Its one of the best places I've been and I've traveled/lived in lot of places. If only we could erase Cali from the coast to the mountains and paste in NW Arkansas I'd be home. We went to a small town directly under the line of totality. NW Arkansas always pleasantly surprises me. They had the foresight to

count the parking and control entry to a park so it wouldn't overcrowd. After the eclipse, a section of road leading to a stoplight was congested and a local church along that road was handing out free half-frozen bottles of water. Such nice, pleasant people in that part of the country. I want acreage there (maybe SW of Branson) because nature is so strong along the Western Missouri/ Arkansas border but the nature of the people is an added bonus.

Thank god for lesbian handlers who eat and drive like truckers.[176] I offered to drive back if she drove down but I have no patience for traffic or people. So she handed me a pack of Gushers and stopped by Stone Cold Creamery as her way of putting the baby down for its nap while she drove the next 5 hours in stop-and-go Eclipse traffic. After taking a nap or two, I wanted to stop for dinner and offered to drive so she could rest. She is planning to leave early tomorrow morning and drive all the way to Florida. But, after dinner, she drove all the way home and called to reschedule her hotels/itinerary along the way while I took another nap. My life is pretty good the way it is. I don't know why I want it to change.

The congestion leaving the park speaks to the condition of humanity. A hundred or more inched along in gridlock. Three of us looked at the map and used side roads to bypass and hour of gridlock. I even pointed motioning to the truck behind us to be nice but he just zombied onward to his trough. Now my lesbian handler is off on her cruise, its another beautiful Sunday afternoon and I'm forcing myself to read this propaganda rag they call the old testament. I have so many birds nesting in the fascia of this house that falcons have

[176] Yet somehow remains thin and pretty enough to intimidate every girl I find attractive. Why do people assume every man and woman together are a couple? The energy totally doesn't justify that assumption.

started hanging out on my roof.[177] And the sparrows haven't even arrived yet.

Who the hell cares about some jealous ruler butchering his own people trying to murder the competition centuries ago and why do I have to read page after page of this dribble? "Do you truly not see the resemblance"? Its archetypal! Everybody will see themselves in this. It happens to everyone. Its darkened people fighting dirty and there is nothing new about it. "Keep reading". I feel like I'm in detention. Further into the snooze fest Jesus asks me why I think I'm kept so comfortable since checking out? Bombers take flak when they are over the target but one bomber isn't going to change shit on its own. The lack of flak is not comfort; its just feels comfortable. Until a deity shows up to rub your nose in everything your missing! He again claims that I'm the only one who doesn't see my "crown" and basically calls me a sellout with the analogy of it lying in the corner collecting dust. Deranged nonsense. He orders me to keep reading.

Falling asleep. I'm in the middle of a 3 day fast. Endogenous growth hormone increases dramatically after about 48 hours without food so I try to fast a few times a month.[178] Its easy to fast when I'm outside working but so hard when I'm sitting at a desk.

Dude! Again with this. My eyes were glazing over around the beginning of 1 Samuel 30 so I started babbling about being tired on my 3 day fast then freak'n 1 Samuel 30:11 talks about finding an Egyptian in the

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[177] No matter how many birds there are (almost a 100 just nesting around my place) they never eat more than half the cherries. Its like they are intentionally leaving me some to say thank you. So sweet.

[178] For those of you who are always sick & dying, Autophagy and stem cells peak around 80 hours. Sprint up hill, lift to failure & temp shock your body (hot & cold) during. Fasting means nothing goes into your body but water.

open country who hadn't eaten in three days. This kind of resonance happens on such obscure topics and too often to be dismissed as coincidence or wishful thinking. He's demonstrating some mastery of timing/planning but why? Why not deliver dramatic proof that can't be impeached. He responds suggesting that these little signs of shore are more effective. I disagree. Jesus says its the difference between eating a tomato you grew from seed and eating one you bought at the store. He says both are from God but the one you grow is much better. But, continuing the fasting analogy, if you are starving wouldn't the one from the store today be better than waiting 6 months for the one you grow? He responds, simply: "no". Fig cake sounds good right now. I've been planting and replanting Chicago hardy fig trees for 3 years now and they keep dying back over winter. This shit is so boring.

Jesus urges a little introspection as I read on. I see nothing. He accuses me of cowering in a dark closet. As we move into 2 Samuel, we discuss kingship. Technically deputy kingship if executed correctly. Do you think an honest Sheriff gets more pissed off at a civilian for stealing then he does at a thieving deputy? I ask then why is the sheriff (God) letting his deputies (global "leaders") run amok without consequence and Jesus points to David running for his life even after he was the anointed king. We discuss the nature of things. Though I do not agree, the bible and Jesus seems to see people as deputies of God (made in his image). Those of you with dogs suffering tied up in your yards are poor excuses for deputy kings. Those with full bird-feeders make better deputies.[179] Yet, look at the quality of those who rule over the most. Jesus says there are reasons for the way

[179] Sidebar: Keeping your feeders full 24/7 is just as bad as forgetting about them for months. Keep birds wild, healthy and competent by intentionally letting it run dry for a week or two and refilling randomly so they don't become dependent.

things are and tells me to respect the ways of the father. He wants me to reflect on this house/yard before I bought it and now. He asks what I am really doing here. It is much more alive and healthier (it was dead when I bought it[180]) but that's just me healing the land and building myself a little paradise tomb. It is coming along nicely. Every kind of fruit and nut tree that can grow here is coming of age around my house. Sugar maples, herbs and fairy flowers are everywhere. Every kind of berry that will grow here is slowly climbing the 10 ft. fence line.[181] Over half of the 1,600 clues to a hidden treasure[182] are already encoded into the grounds/remodel. My lawn is wheatgrass which I can juice or, if shtf, let grow into wheat. My sunflowers break the state record every year but I never enter them.[183] Next year the two-story greenhouse will be done to grow tropical fruit, coconuts, poison dart frogs, etc. Deer now walk into the center of town to get access to the treats in my yard. I have to grow giant kale to keep all the grasshoppers fed and praying mantis are now a common sight. Bumble bees, honey bees, birds, butterflies, squirrels, ladybugs, humming birds, and every domestic animal that escapes for five minutes join in a chorus that makes my house stand out in a flurry of activity contrasting the rest of the town like a sterilized morgue.

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[180] Even the sparrows weren't nesting here until year 2 which is kind of odd.

[181] I'm going for a hanging gardens effect so a person is surrounded by nature, flowers & food. I wan't my home to give people the perspective of a faerie.

[182] A shit ton of precious metals I'm never going to use, gemstones and a few other things. I figure I'm dying alone so rather than let the state steal it my will is a treasure hunt.

[183] A few broke the national record I think but still feet & ounces short of the world record - only one that really counts. I don't murder my soil with artificial fertilizer so they may be as big as they are going to get organically.

Everything grows brighter, stronger and bigger here which doesn't engender that much resentment. Most people seem happy about what I'm doing, which is nice. A lot of places have bitter people who attack anything beautiful. I'm good at bringing life to everything but myself, I guess. Jesus himself has referred to this as a tomb and various oracles and sources suggest I won't be remaining here which questions why I continue to invest so much of my life in it. Sorry. Tangent. The remodel project is pretty much the only thing going on in my life these days. I'd do the same thing on that thousand acre ranch in NW Arkansas.[184] Hint, hint. I'm clearly a more qualified "deputy" than whoever you have governing it now and the bumble bees having sex on the bible while I write this agree. He doesn't respond. I need a place with a river running through it. Worth a try. Guess we are starting 2 Samuel.

Darken.

Just a thought. Ethnic jews claim to be the people of Israel. Somehow that word went from meaning those who contend with (i.e. challenge, as does an opponent of) God to "God's chosen people" (i.e. master race sent to enslave all others[185]). The portion of the OT that isn't just straight up racist propaganda exhibits this master race doing nothing but manipulating, murdering, invading, looting, raping, enslaving, censoring and so on while declaring it all to be God's will. Yet, they subscribe to tenants like the deputy analogy of ruling in God's

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[184] Yes, the treasure might be enough to buy it but there's a lot more expense in turning a thousand acres into a paradise. Way beyond my means. You also don't just dig up buried treasure after you build in hundreds of clues & riddles to find it.

[185] For clarification, when I talk about the old days below when metahumans kept subhumans like cattle, they were not slaves. They were kept and raised. Like my cats they were not exploited prisoners and free to leave anytime they wished. Just like everyone in a temple of Aphrodite those people chose to stay. Given the option would you choose to go to work tomorrow? Keeping pets is not slavery. Subtle oppression is.

shadow.[186] So, given the OT itself, the historic record and current genocidal real estate developments it then follows that the "god" they are the chosen ones of is a god we would see as evil. Satan? Their messiah (moshiach - a political warlord by definition) would then, absent legally mandated ignorance, be reasonably viewed as the antichrist. Ok, lets cut those red heifers[187] throats and get this party started. Go ahead. Call me the A-word. I get to keep the profits from this waste of time. Let's go viral together.

Seemingly only to make me write it out, Jesus reminds me that his mother was jewish. Logically then he must be at least half ethnic jew. Yet he remains sensei. You can (and should) be critical of a culture. An attack on a culture is not an attack on the individuals of that culture; who are judged independently. For example, Japanese culture seems disturbingly pedophilic to me (burusera?) and should be condemned as such but, of the many Japanese I met, none are pedophiles.[188] Then again, that might be a little too adult of a concept for humanity in 2024. Lets just keep using force and intimidation until those roads dead end. I'm sure you'll be able to drive right back along them in the other direction.

Why?

Why am I still reading this shit. Why am I still writing shit nobody gives a fuck about. Why! "Because I asked". I could be on a cruise eating giant steaks, ice cream and chocolate right now. Instead I am here

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[186] I find it very difficult to believe that God told people to exterminate women and children and scorch the earth. The OT disgusts me.

[187] Shipped in from the US, naturally.

[188] Unless there are any Japanese people in our government or schools. They are definitely pedophiles. Its required for job retention.

reading the bible and fasting based on some pretty small "signs of shore" with the clock on my "faith" ticking away. I was very comfortable checking out and giving up. I remain very grateful for all Jesus has given and taught me. I just question the purpose of continuing along this path.

Taking a break, maybe a sun nap, before chapter 5 because he seems to want me to pay attention to it and, although I read chapters 1-4, I don't remember anything but them killing each other and blaming it on God. Nor do I care to. This is just all garbage.

After a refreshing 20-40 minute sun nap, Jesus suggested I read just a few lines of Ch. 5 and if I get nothing out of it to stop there and edit. Behold, a corrupt king's thug becomes corrupt king 2.0. I sincerely do not give a fuck and no, I see nothing in this and feel like I'm dragging myself through a sewer while people demand I vote for turd sandwich. These are the biblical heroes? I'm out.

April 17, 2024

The Route 66 Drifter.

When you live on Route 66 and spend a lot of time working outside you meet a lot of drifters. You also meet a lot of the local meth heads. Sometimes its hard to tell them apart. Meth heads, and a lot of drifters, all have their canned sob story to see if they can grift a little along the way. Their kids are always sick, mom is in the hospital and they always need just a little money for whatever fake emergency they have going on today. Its a lifestyle for them. I have a policy of never handing out cash again and screwing people over hard if they try to steal something. I've also just kinda always treated

everyone as equals and the way I'd want to be treated. Its just logical.[189] I guess when you treat people with respect who are used to being treated like trash all day long they like you. I still don't trust them but most of our town's criminal element treats me like a genuine friend and nothing ever happens around my house.

With my lesbian handler's car out of the garage, I'm racing to remodel it before she returns. I'm leaving a lot of stuff out on the curb - a magnet for both drifters and meth heads so I've spoke to several the last couple days. Another drifter walked buy to look at a discarded duffle bag and stops to talk. He, like many, wants some day work. I don't do that anymore either. This one is from the northwest but spent 22 years in prison for some assault in Oklahoma. That's a long time unless he's lying about killing someone but the states around here are not like blue cities. Our jails are not overcrowded and we are not afraid to lock your ass up for a long time. He seems like a nice guy.[190] I got the impression that he was recently released. He is essentially homeless. After asking for day work he suggested that he'd work with me 8 hours a day if I had a room he could stay in for a while. I politely said the entire house is a construction zone. A white lie so I don't sound like an elitist dick. Truth is, practically nobody gets inside my home. He made some comment in passing that he was just out trying to find something to eat. However, this wasn't the usual sob story cash grab. Instead it seemed like an explanation to set him about form the meth heads out

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[189] It also gets you screwed over a lot and not having that uppity elitist bullshit about you will close a lot of "high society" doors as poser retards construe that behavior as a defective. Trust me, those are doors that you want closed.

[190] In my experience a lot of murder and assault "victims" are not exactly innocent victims. Before the migrant invasion, people usually did something to incite a violent response. Some justifiable. If some deranged "educator" put my kid on a pedo's lap I'd make her famous. And her family, principal, board of education, etc. Sad we don't have the balls to keep our kids safe.

looking for a fix. His energy and blood smell confirmed that he hadn't eaten in a while[191] so I offered him some sandwiches. He was hesitant to walk in my yard when I invited him but followed. I wasn't so much being nice as I had a lot of expensive shit laying around in the garage.

He walked up to the house with me and I gave him some pinwheels and a sweet tea I bought for dinner this morning on the way home. He gobbled two down in almost as many bites and put the rest in his backpack. We spoke a few minutes more and he continued on. Jesus was overly happy and called that true charity. How is that so charitable? Especially given that I denied him a room when I have 17, 4 more under construction and 8 outbuildings.[192] He says I gave him my dinner, tonight his belly will be full and mine empty and that is "true charity". A bit dramatic I think, its not like I can't just run to the store and buy it again. "But you will not". Basically, I knew I would be working late with the garage, be too exhausted to cook and need to take a shower so I assumed everything would be closed and planned ahead. He related true charity to sacrifice which he says I made. I don't see it. That was barely $10 in food and going to bed a little hungry is something we could all use more of. I think JC is hyping this a bit to get his point across. He says "true charity" is giving to another what you need or what you don't have. In his mind this simple gift which meant so little to me and, he claims, so much to the drifter qualifies. I didn't need it and, honestly, neither did he. He hadn't eaten in a while but was far from emaciated. Just basic midwest hospitality.

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[191] Not sure if its ketones, glycogen or what but people's blood smells less metallic and more musky after they've been hungry for a more than a few hours. Drifters also typically aren't waxed in perfumed petroleums and alcohols which makes their blood easier to smell.

[192] I don't own a mansion. I count bathrooms, the basement studio, kitchen, sauna, foyer, lab, gym, laundry room, etc. Pretty much everything but the closets are wired as "rooms". Some of those are less than 100 sq.ft.

For Jesus I guess it counts as true charity regardless of how small it is because of the added element of sacrifice. He reminds me of some story I read in the bible about a women who only had a small amount but gave it all contrasted with the rich giving unneeded portions.[193] Jesus calls that a rescue. I think that is ridiculous; he was far from starving. "For one who sees so much, you recognize so little". All he will say is it was a rescue and suggests some domino effect. Whatever. He tells me to mark it down and claims I will see. Isn't charity supposed to be done anonymously and not bragged about or capitalized one? He reminds me that I am anonymous[194] and that I am documenting his lessons.

April 18, 2024

Witchcraft Clogging the Vacuum,

I can't even vacuum the damn floors without stumbling over witchcraft. My freak'n home is covered in witchcraft at any given time. The coven leaves shit here constantly. But they also leave baskets of goodies so I'm totally ok with that. Rando freak'n people do weird ass shit. I think the witches are being a little loose lipped because I'm finding more and more spells from random people. If the spell is dedicated to my mother I can read the specific intention imprinted on it. Otherwise I can usually piece together the general purpose based on the symbolism. The annoying part is not all love spells are roses and perfumes. I have to pick up fuck'n pubes and

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[193] Looked it up on edit. Its Luke 21:1-4. I guess that is a bible principal. Jesus asks why I didn't divide the pinwheels and give him half. IDK, I just didn't. He smiles. I still don't see what the big deal was.

[194] Which often emboldens me to talk about shit I would never reveal otherwise but I worry about how half-assed I anonymized this all. Fortunately, nobody cares.

menstrual blood half the time. If the guy is just using you as a sex toy, why the fuck do you want to have his baby? Delusional retards. I throw the shit that disgusts me straight in the trash. That's hubris before my mother but if they left it here then she has already noted or ignored it by the time I find it. Rarely one is so sweet and heartfelt that I take it to her directly. I know a christian reader will find this all disturbing. To many religions spells are their prayers. Its not all dark. Some are very beautiful, a buttload are nonsense with sincere intention and some are just straight wack. There pretty much reflections of their source; just like prayers. Other than the small inconvenience, I've never found witchcraft, voodoo and the like all that disturbing. Done correctly, this kind of stuff can and does work. I've seen enough proof of that. There are various paths which are more certain and transactional than appealing to deities. For whatever reason spellcraft neither works on me nor for me so its always been kinda meaningless to me. The great teacher deity says it has to do with the unusual pairing of Aphrodite and Loki energy.

Anyway, every time she goes on vacation my lesbian handler leaves little spells everywhere. She often asks me not to mess with them and I try to accommodate her. Her spells are never to my mother[195] and often unique so I can't always figure them out. Some are for protection and almost all involve keys - a talisman of Hecate (deity she worships) and symbol of access in the manner she uses them. I can tell the Jehovah Witnesses sorta worry that the various things they see placed in my yard or porch are spells but they mention them in nonchalant prodding ways inviting me to elaborate and I just brush whatever it is off in equally nonchalant ways. They are nonchalant to me. Sadly of no more impact than a dandelion seed floating by on the breeze. So it's

[195] She's afraid of her.

honest. If they ever straight up ask if that is witchcraft, I'll probably say yes. Honestly, I'm a little saddened that such things don't work on me or for me. It makes me feel like my world is less magical.

April 21, 2024

One Foot Out the Door.

Jesus keeps encouraging me to get out and be around people. If he wasn't a deity I'd think it was bad strategy because the more I look the more I agree with my original decision to check out. Jesus has a not so subtle way of burning me in the fires of what I don't have. Yesterday it was cold and overcast so I canceled the day. He encouraged me, insisted several times over my "I don't wanna", to put on decent clothes and go to a park. He did the same today with an event and lunch after.

It's now 1pm and I just spent an hour eating a half quart of black cherry chocolate chip frozen custard; like a girl who just got dumped.

Shit's fucked! And I don't want to be in it!

But I don't know why.

Yesterday the falls were crowded with high school girls taking photos in their prom dresses and graduation robes. Am I the only one bothered by the fact that 8 out of 10 teenage girls now look like broken down middle-aged women?[196] Much like the rest of life there were 10-15 females for every male in the area. The few males not home playing video games were either trashy looking

[196] When 18 year old girls look post-menopausal and 18 year old boys look prepubescent you can't pretend its not estrogenic poisoning.

stoners or of questionable age or highschool boys were taking photos of each other posing by the waterfall. Like, what? I was reminded of my prom. I didn't go. I was planning to go solo (the cool thing to do at the time if you were popular enough to pull it off) but this girl Amy who'd been obsessing over me all year invited me and I lied and said I was going to be out of town. So then I felt guilty and just didn't go. Eventually Amy started dating this kid who idealized me[197] and tried to dress like me. I always found that creepy. Then they tried to have sex in my bed during a party. You expect you'd be flattered by something like that but you just end up creeped out. We were all fucked up mentally but teens have no life today. Its sad.

I stopped in a restaurant for lunch. One of those just opened, new and hip places. Spicy caramel, sea salt and bacon crumb is the best toping ever for sweet potato fries. I should be on top of the world. When I dress nice and go places alone I get a lot of attention.[198] Its like I was the hottest guy in the place. But that isn't saying much. It was noon on a Sunday in Missouri. The pot bellies precede the deflated rest of them through the door. Why is everyone so fuck'n bloated and hunched over? Seriously, this is not just fat. They're poisoning our food! Human bodies are not supposed to look like that even when obese. People are turning into these pasty crab creatures with cell phone humps in their necks that scurry about with rapid jerking movements. Maybe more correct to say, I was the only guy in the place who didn't look like a half deflated beach ball wreaking of coffee

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[197] He was in martial arts with me. I think I was a brown belt at the time, the star of the dojo, a senior and popular. He was a yellow belt or something, a sophomore at my school and a little nerdy. You know how it goes.

[198] If I walk away from all this in June this will be what I miss the most. Something about JC's presence seems to bring charisma with it. I never used to get attention like this. My lesbian handler calls me an attention whore and finger tease. Everybody likes to feel wanted.

breath and sour sweat.[199] That includes the teenage boy seating people and the guys in back who are like 10-15 years younger than me.[200] So I got the teenage giggles from the hostess girl and a couple waitresses changing their routes to walk by my table with their glances. Everybody is so disillusioned and broken down today. Also a couple approving nods from women old enough to be my grandmother who seemed to be thinking the same things I was about the state of things.

Ordinarily that would boost my ego for days. Today it just made me sad but I'm not sure why. I'm the only one setting alone. The man closest to me has 4 kids with him and a wife who has probably been next to him since before he turned into a half deflated beach ball. She hasn't even acknowledged my existence. My value is transient and goes to zero the second a better looking or wealthier man walks in. How does he maintain his value? It has to be intrinsic. Yeah, no. This whole getting out around people thing just depresses me. Nature doesn't care how you dress so I usually dress like some homeless guy and nobody notices me. Its amazing what a difference a pair of clean jeans and shirt without rips makes. I think I prefer it when people dismiss me as poor and therefore of no interest to them. There's just something very depressing and lonely about being around people. I'm also seriously done with this book. Jesus is the deity of humanity or neighborly love or whatever. It's just not me.

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[199] If your sweat smells sour then your body is acidic and you are seriously unhealthy dude. Just stop dipping fried food in flavored soybean oil at every meal. Its not hard.

[200] I'm far from a world class athlete these days. When I went into hibernation I was average at best. WTF happened? I don't think covid was the 1st bioweapon attack on the US. Not literal hibernation, I just rarely went out and, when I did, mostly ignored everyone. Didn't notice till now.

Actually, with some distance now I think I'm starting to get it. The retarded whore culture really apexed with Millennial and Gen Z women bragging about it on social media. At least being able to see your toes is kind of a prerequisite to not dying in my hobbies (surfing, motogp, whitewater kayaking, martial arts, etc) and lifting gives me a kind of runner's high that puts me in a good mood for hours[201] but, beyond some external need like hobby or career, men only stay in shape to attract women. Excluding a hand full of diseased fuckboys and sugar daddies, most men are jerking off online and just going without emotional support. Or doing quasi-homo shit like taking waterfall pics with other men. Seriously, WTF? Pretty sure they weren't a couple or even gay which would have made it a lot less creepy. Just "normal" teenage boys acting like chicks.[202] We gotta ban soy. Most women are just passing the fuckboys back and forth and getting fake emotional support from online simps.[203] So it sorta makes sense. If your job is typing on a computer all day and your hobby is something like gaming then there's no reason not to let yourself go. But I still don't understand the married guys. The worst of the bunch are in their 40's and married with children. Why wouldn't you want your wife to be attracted to you? Or have the stamina to satisfy her in bed? Or to be able to play football, climb trees or hike with your kids? Like seriously, what the fuck is

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[201] I neglect that so much. Its a healthy & instant acting happy pill but anytime I'm busy, feeling down or preoccupied lifting is the first thing to go. I've gone months on end without picking up a weight. Before Jesus showed up last year I think it'd been almost a year since I seriously lifted. Life works in self-feeding spirals. I think we are all always either spiraling up or down.

[202] Atrazine in the water did, in fact, make the frogs gay.

[203] Population control is easy. You just feminize the men and masculinize the women; the rest takes care of itself. And, if you want to destroy the family structure, just turn all the women into sluts and whores. Occasionally a pregnancy might not be aborted but no man is wifing a cum dumpster. If you believe in "hoflation" you better start learning Chinese. Both to find a decent companion and to serve the new global masters. Tiktok, Tiktok.

happening to americans? Jesus says: “they have lost their way” and says everyone including me is lost. The churchy ones are the fattest of them all! He tries a knowing download that I don’t fully understand but the gist is a lack of balance. People tend to either be too shallow and material or not material enough. He shows me the post-wall sluts on the verge of suicide contrasted with the happily married couple literally dying of their own contentment. One doesn’t value anything beyond the physical and the other doesn’t value the physical at all. You are spiritual beings in a physical existence!

I guess I’m done avoiding. Back to David. “Why don’t you like any of those girls [throwing themselves at you]”? Well that was random. I’m reading about David moving the Ark of the Covenant.

You know why! He points to one in particular today that looked so sad as I walked passed her. Empathy I think because I was done. She was done as well I guess. She was also young. Barely out of high school and her energy was virginal. I usually use bodycount to devalue potential mates before I even speak to them. “As an excuse”, he adds. No. As a statistical reality. And basic standards. I’ll demand what I please and I’ll live with the consequences.[204] His point is this one couldn’t be summarily disqualified. She was pretty, not a slut, had a job, didn’t have a cell phone glued to her nose, emotional, feminine, empathic, and into me. She walked to the door to watch me get in my truck and drive off. You can’t gage intelligence so well by energy alone but you can assume a basic level based on the lack of

[204] Refers to me unabashedly valuing women based on their bodycount & accepting the reality that I’m probably dying alone as a result. I thought this read strange, if not creepy, on edit but JC didn’t want it reworded suggesting the phrasing reveals something important to the reader. He leaves me in the dark as to what that is supposed to be. Guess my inner Veruca Salt shined through again.

brainwashing/propaganda affectation. So I assume she was also reasonably intelligent. I suggest to Jesus that I didn't feel she was my equal. Age gape or education gap relationships never bothered me but a huge intelligence or evolutionary gap seems creepy. Like bestiality or something. There is something wrong with you if you can have romantic feelings for someone who is more like a pet or child to you than an equal. He infers I fight against myself to avoid valuing others and then goes silent for me to continue reading. Kinda random but whatever. This book is such a joke.

The Ark,

The Ark defines as something technological or of highly invasive energy. Not radiological if this instantaneous "striking down" is accurately portrayed. Jesus draws my attention to 2 Samuel 6:10 reiterating "David refused to bring the Ark into his city" and then goes silent again without explanation. He's making analogies. As I'm reading through the birth of Solomon, Jesus speaks up again and suggests there is great symbolism in this section. He infers some great meaning in my life then says this section - The Ark - is to be continued in Volume 3. When I started this I always saw it being 3 volumes but I'm having serious doubts about even publishing volume two. I saw some cool things in volume one but I see nothing worth reading in this volume.

Solomon.

The books of Samuel just go on and on and I do not give a fuck about these scumbags and all their centuries old machinations. Machiavellian courtiership should be rewarded with death, not epic histories. I am getting nothing out of this. I'm trying. I'm on Ch. 16 and I don't even know what I've read. I'm skimming it and even that is a waist of time. This is all completely

meaningless. Jesus offers only a quip about my insight being so keen and my intrigue so strong except when pointed inward. I'm offended at the suggestion any of this is relevant to me in anyway. Given the power I'd put almost everyone mentioned in Samuel to death. David included. Jesus points back to his commentary about about being out of balance but I don't want to be in balance with this shit. Nature is simple and pure and that is where I belong. Who the hell would want to live is this dysfunctional sewer. The books are Samuel are basically the Jerry Springer show, BC. He questions my contempt for mankind. If this is what man is then yeah, contempt is too mild a word. Jesus tells me to look at his relationship with god through it all. I don't care and why should God? Clearly their character is shit so why should their holier-than-thou "god wills it" BS be trusted? "king David came to the father through his weakness". Then he strongly says: "You must understand king David", like a roaring lion again. Why? No response.

"If you refuse to learn from the word you will learn from life". My eyes were glazing over somewhere in Ch. 19 as the sun is starting to set. This is only about the 3rd or 4th thing Jesus has said since I started reading today. Those words sound threatening but he didn't speak them as a threat. I don't know how to explain it. Jesus seems done but I'll finish Ch. 19 so I know where to start next week.

April 28, 2024

<u>The Storm</u>,

I love storms. During the day they put me in a meditative state, at night its like a house party and when I sleep the atmosphere is a spa.[205] The high clouds race

[205] Never liked real spas. They always seemed gross & sedate.

along scaring people into hiding while low clouds peel off and almost touch the ground. Heat lightening flashes between them and bolts explode like bombs while thunder shakes the ground. It goes from warm and humid to freezing in a matter of minutes; then back to warm and humid. A steady wind, the occasional misting of rain; broken, like a war drum, by angry gusts. The gusts are so strong they blow down weak trees and lift the house like a ballon inflating with helium. Storms are so alive. I think most humans and domesticated animals have a genetic fear of storms. Their absence makes the world wild and free again during major storms. This weekend's storms were pretty cool; though I wish they'd been more aggressive.

I bought an e-bike a few weeks ago and used it to chase a funnel cloud. The AWD fat tire ones are perfect for blowing through roadblocks and barricades.[206] Its just a bicycle so you can get through easily and, if someone tries to stop you, you can crank the throttle and get around 35-40mph almost instantly. Somebody needs to make a battery-powered scramjet Kayak. Jesus scolded me a bit over this, questioning my regard for human life. I told him the storm isn't going to hurt me. I've always felt like storms were part of me.[207] He asked what about

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[206] The were screaming something about a flash flood - also part of the family so to speak. If my mother wanted to kill me she doesn't have to use a flash flood to do it and I've been washed away by a few now. Its fun. Like falling in river and getting swept down stream a bit. The debris is the only bad part. Years ago I drove around the desert for a full day just to find and experience them.

[207] On edit, Jesus called me something I can't remember and he won't repeat. It sounded Aramaic/hebrew. He said/downloaded it means: "you are the springtime, both the life/love and the death/danger". True but it sounds like zodiac nonsense to me. There are only four seasons and how many people on earth? By that logic so is 1/4th of the planet. Who cares? I'm also a Leo along with 1/12th of the planet. He responds "fire and ice" then goes silent. Clearly born of a water archetype (my mother) and I guess Leo is fire (the sun). The metaphysical stuff would be a much more interesting and popular book to write than babbling and regurgitating shit about the OT everyone has already said but he won't indulge it.

the people who might run to my rescue. I responded "good". When governments turn into police states every fucking loser on the planet declares themselves an authority figure and I am sick of being told what to do.[208] Besides people don't rescue me. If I was in need of rescue they'd come to take advantage or attack. Jesus was referring more to some "love thy neighbor" fantasy where I do something reckless and a person with a reason to live risks themselves to save me. On edit, he adds that is it also the anxiety I cause to people watching me with the image of some old woman praying to him to help "that guy makes it back home safe". I'd call that debilitating anxiety, especially given that I was obviously riding into the storm. JC says nobody does that. I rebut: "storm chasers" and he replies "not alone on a bicycle". Whatever, I wanted to be closer to the storm. It was fun but I guess the best parts of the storm where to the south and north of me. I live in a weird area where two weather patterns merge so the weather is always strange. When they collide, we get awesome storms but, when they don't its kind of a tease.

Last night I opened all the doors and windows as I always do in a storm. With my lesbian handler gone[209], I don't have to battle the fear & panic and I can sleep naked. I had to wear shorts last night because I slept under one of the larger windows so I could sleep in the storm. I didn't want to flash anyone in the lightening. So restful. The wind and occasional mist on my skin, the temperature/humidity rollercoaster and lightening so

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[208] Yeah those were cops but I don't give a fuck. We need to decimate law enforcement until they can barely afford gas and reduce their authority to "don't let people hurt each other". If someone isn't hurting someone else, cops should not be seen. They are a liability to society. Most cops I know are good people but the culture is toxic and must be decimated; along with their evil unions.

[209] I just realized she always spends 4-6 weeks in Florida right around this time of year when the storms are the best. People are really afraid of storms.

close I could feel its warmth. At some point in the night it started raining hard and I woke up soaked but it was so restful I just went back to sleep. I was dry by morning but part of the house was flooded. There is no carpet and I still have to sand and seal the 150 year old oak floors so it doesn't really matter. Floors that old are not like the cardboard shit they sell today. They are thick and have tight grain. There are joists in this house that have basically petrified to the point they can't be cut with a saw.[210] I have to use a grinder like they are steel or something. Pretty cool. Still everyday I grow less motivated to work 14 hours a day remodeling this place. Why not just move back to the beach, pitch a tent and live above the law like a homeless guy? I could just point my surfboard West and see if I end up in Hawaii. I'd drown before Catalina but it'd be something. There's no meaning left in the world and I feel like I am slaving away for nothing.

The wind got strong enough that it bent my antenna. I built a telescoping array with a lightening rod, antenna and, eventually, a telephoto camera and death ray. Right now I just raise it to attract lightening. This house sits on a hill and, supposedly, has been struck several times. That might be a local urban legend born of exaggeration. It was definitely struck once just before I moved here. The pyramid peak has been burnt out and replaced. Neighbors remember it and the prior owners talking about it. An insurance claim alleging fire damage due to faulty wiring was filed to fix the roof. I've been remodeling the top floor into a master bedroom. There is no wiring anywhere up there and, until I started laying the floor, there was no way to anchor a ladder up there to run any wiring. The burn occurred right at the peak of the pyramid where 4x6 beams exploded downward then burned laterally. Why lie and say it was electrical? Isn't

[210] They can but you ruin 2 saw blades just to get through one 4x6.

lightening covered by insurance? Anyway, lightening strikes do a lot of cool shit both energetically and metaphysically so I've been trying to induce another strike since I got here.

JC encouraged me to get back into 2 Samuel. Meh. A couple days ago I was bothered by something and reiterated the father's day deadline saying out loud I wanted this watcher[211] removed on father's day. It seems she left as soon as I said it and hasn't returned.[212] That's more of an ego response than is customary for such things. They often obey but I expected she would stay until the deadline. Whatever, its probably for the best.

Ok I went for a quick bicycle ride first to see how high the river was. New toy. It was with permission, JC wanted to discuss why the watcher left and reiterate that I should not be bothered by what he tells me not to worry about. He says to just have faith in what he tells me. How am I supposed to just have what I clearly don't have? He says when I figure that out I'll be ready. Ready for what? He doesn't answer. Whatever, its still probably for the best. Say it's that call of the wild. It may be meaningless but my life is far more magical and exciting than this life Jesus seems to want me to understand. These people with something to live for just sit around all day afraid and distracted. They have it all and then just exist by default. Jesus temps me with meaning and love but all I see is sleepwalking death. Its so bad they are even spreading that disease to their cyber-brained children. Its 10:30am, most of the storm has passed and people are still bundled up hiding in their home. It was just me and one guy splashing his truck through the mud out there. Pathetic. People are too timid or maybe its just

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[211] Presence that has been standing behind me watching as I fall asleep.

[212] On final edit, she never returned. I miss her.

our decaying soft-serve society in america. People with everything look at me with envy but all they have to do to have most of what I have is get off their asses. I lack the intrinsic value to obtain what they have no matter how hard I work for it. They're the entitled blind. Fine. Back to David.

The humming birds have returned behind the storm. They are very smart and they know I can be found in the gallery when I'm inside. My desk is positioned toward the SW corner and I use a large TV for a computer screen that turns the area into a bay window view. Hummingbirds hover in the west window until I say hi, then they dart over to hover in the south window. After they have my attention, they fly down to the feeders. They usually do this to tell me they are empty but I just refilled them yesterday (bees drink them dry before hummingbird season). I started making my own nectar so I'm not feeding them dyes. Are they saying thank you or is the flavor off? My most athletic cat will now be camped out on the roof for the next several months. I think he sees humming birds like Hershey kisses flying through the air. I need more feeders. Its like the entire town's hummingbird population builds their nests around my house. Every year they seem to double or triple. Last year I had 8-10 couples. I've already counted a dozen.

The Rebellion of Sheba. I don't know if that's where I left off because I don't recall any of the garbage before it but, good enough. Everything I've read in the OT is a bunch of garbage. Just recounts of kings conquering to get richer and murdering everyone who threatens their power. Its the same old story over and over again and its not worth reading. It is also not surprising that semi-retarded sycophants and wannabe sociopaths glorify it. How many retards hung american

flags on their houses after 9/11? Same shit over and over again. The people are dumber than monkeys and the sociopaths with literal brain defects rise to the top by slaughtering, covering up and manipulating the stupid. The OT and David are supporting arguments for Lucifer who doesn't think humanity has the right to exist. Why would Jesus want me to read more of it? He doesn't answer. "Within it all is the spark that Satan can't see." "You will see it", he roars. I'm not naive enough to fall for the redemption or good person beneath it all scam. Aren't you the one who said judge them by their fruits? Humanity's fruit is the best argument for its extermination. "No"! "You {a name I know} have been blinded to the fruit. You see only the thorns". Are you seriously suggesting the world is a better place because David existed? Jesus makes some reference to struggling with the yoke of sin. No it is not a fucking struggle. Its just scumbags abusing and destroying everything they can until somebody stops them. Because it is so inherent in their nature, they only stop when dead. Lucifer is probably right but even in the most optimistic scenario, they must be stripped of all power/technology and subordinated to nature such that they pray every night a wild animal doesn't eat them before they wake. "No {a name a know}" "Keep reading".

Why not insert numbers where the various names and cities are and just repeat over and over David murdered X, David enslaved Y, David destroyed Z? It'd save a lot of time. As I end chapter 20, Jesus suggests a little self reflection would also save a lot of time. He asks if I am less of a tyrant as I start to think the slur about David's joy to level a city because a few people insulted him. "Are you"? That was different. He's suggesting I share a kind of persecution/ptsd induced overreaction with David. "No. You are as king David". I am nothing like this trash and his fucking star is nothing but the seal

of evil. “Keep reading”, he demands. Yeah, Ch. 21 reiterates the insult of a comparison with David. He is nothing but another sociopath in power; like always. He has no sense of morality. He is just a defective automaton responding mechanically to stimuli. “I’m hungry, you want some people to murder? Here you go”. What am I supposed to get from this that I can’t get from watching the news on any given day? The OT is proving Lucifer’s argument. Humanity does not merit existence.

“Go eat”! I’m fasting today. I’ve been eating junk all weekend and need to reset. “Go eat”! He’s telling me to eat before reading David’s song of deliverance.[213] K. Guess I can just do another 3 days fast this week.

Peonies & Daisies.

So many weird experiences since I started this walk with Jesus. For some reason I was craving Hardees, which is weird because fast food usually makes me sick. As I pull in I notice this girl sitting at a picnic table who also notices me. She had a unique energy and was fully present in the now. Just watching me. If not for her energy, I could’ve dismissed her for some junkie or female drifter from a distance. She was wearing a fuzzy hot pink shirt and glittery hand painted hiking boots but her energy was somewhere between goth and hippy. Interesting. I went on into the drive through and while waiting on my order she just bounces up, throws her backpack in my bed and jumps in the passenger door. The fuck? “I need a ride”. I quickly double-checked my impressions. She obviously wasn’t a crackhead but, I mean, what? She was clean, smelled subtlety of expensive perfume, her clothes were brand new. She had

[213] I still haven’t deciphered Jesus’s use of food but he demands you eat with objective behind it. I’ve read similar examples in the bible. Its not just with me.

one of the latest android phones and the backpack she just tossed in the bed of my truck like nothing appeared to be a high-end designer bag.[214] Her hair, nails, skin, everything was professionally pampered. Her teeth were unnaturally white. Diamond earrings too shiny to be fake and a natural pearl bracelet. She was a natural redhead. Both slender and curvy[215]. Maybe old enough to drink. Healthy glow, pretty and composed. No way she's a crackhead or random hitchhiker. She belonged more in a dressage outfit than dressed up like a preppy drifter. "You just hop in trucks with random strangers"? "You had the right music". Nirvana was blaring out the window when I drove by her.[216] Ordinarily, I'd be a dick and throw her out but I was impressed by the audacity and fascinated with her spinning aura. "Where ya' going"?

She said she was backpacking Route 66 to Tulsa but she wasn't on Route 66. Or anywhere near it. She is from "around Springfield" but said she went to visit family in Carthage to start her journey. Then admitted to taking an Uber part of the way from Carthage. "And you're planning to walk to Tulsa"? "Wait! are you from Tulsa"? "No". "How far are you going"? I was now laughing and wondering if she had even walked one mile yet. I told her how far along 66 I could take her. I chose a location about 5 miles farther from my house so she wouldn't know where I lived. Jesus simply said "why" when I did that. She asked what I'm doing today. "Reading about some douche". Then she just casually started eating my fries. When she put a straw in my soda

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[214] I've been to Rodeo Drive more often than I should have and its not all pomp and attitude. There are things there you simply can't buy anywhere else. Even though I'm far from a style junkie you get a sense for the feel of such things. Her backpack had that aura about it.

[215] I don't use curvy as code for fat. Around 5'3" & 105-110 lbs but with rounder hips/breasts.

[216] Either Come As You Are or Teen Spirit, I don't recall.

I pointed and said "no". I don't drink after people. "So you're some aryan superhuman and I'm unworthy"? "What"?[217] "So I guess you don't want to sleep with me"? "No". "Do you have a girlfriend"? "No". "Who is she"? "What"? "Why don't you want to sleep with me"? "I don't eat left-over pump & dump". "Excuse me! I have never been pumped or dumped! Unworthy"! "What is wrong with you"? She writes it off with: "A girl has to be sure some pervert isn't kidnapping her"? "Or you're just one of those girls who get's extra horny during her period". The peonies she'd been picking along her way unconsciously went from her nose to her lap but, other than this, she didn't miss a beat. "Your truck smells yummy, do you spray your cologne in here"? And she leans over and smells my neck close enough to touch me with her nose. "Rip[218] has his own cologne" as I pull away. "Afraid I'll smell your period? Are those white hairs"? She's much younger and trying to unbalance me.[219] I'm impressed. Most girls would be mentally swept to the floor by a guy revealing they knew they were bleeding but she had such control[220].

The storm seems to have stalled over us with dark gray and ice blue clouds churning in a washing machine sky. I point out the storm and ask if she is really walking to Tulsa through tornado warnings. "I like stormy

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[217] My eyes are hazel and my hair is not dyed at the moment (naturally brunette).

[218] I name my vehicles.

[219] It worked more than I let on. I've always had two-tone hair and recently what was once natural blonde highlights are one by one turning this ridiculously bright white around my temples. I still feel 18 inside, I still wake up every morning on a kickstand and have to fight off 4-5 erections a day and I don't relish the idea of looking like Reed Richards anytime soon.

[220] Most men can only tell when a woman is on her period because of scented pads/tampons. I'm particularly sensitive to the blood itself which doesn't smell bad (its that perfume that's gross) and the capillary smell that everyone emits changes when a woman is menstruating. AB was not using scented products; her blood smelled nice.

weather" as she just stares at me as if she was watching me sleeping last night. I can read through her but she is so chaotic. She was coming on like a complete ho but her bodycount isn't that high. Her energy is so clean. Polished almost. She's not damaged emotionally. She's very pretty, charismatic and nowhere close to desperate. Did I mis-read that sleep with me comment? She's intelligent and seems well educated but acts like a wondering pothead. There's no indication of any drug or alcohol abuse. She appears well off, put together and focused. Is she going through some crises or something? If so I can't see it. She's perky & goth, preppy & hippie, flirty & aristocratic but none of that clashes in her. She is not the first quirky person I've met but… I don't know. I'm intrigued. The sexual comments seem out of character to her and a huge turn off. Otherwise she was adorable and very charming.[221]

Peonies are her favorite flowers. I fight off the urge to tell her about mine because I know it will lead to her coming to see them. I imported peonies from Holland two years ago and they've just started to really bloom out. They flower at more than twice the size of local peonies and they're much more elaborate, elegant and dramatic than anything in the states. People[222] come from Fayetteville to photograph my flowers every spring and one said something about entering the peonies in a photo contest. It makes me very happy and proud that my flowers are beauty queens. "Let me guess your favorite flower… Daisies". I'm usually a sphinx but I think my mouth might have literally dropped open. I resist the urge to ask her how she knew that. I have no images of daisies anywhere. Strangely, daisies are also

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[221] Adorable is high praise form me. Its not belittling when I say it as I literally mean something that merits adoration. Second only to faerie-like in my mind.

[222] A rose society of some sort.

the only flower I have never been able to grow. I've tried growing them several times every year for as long as I can remember. They refuse to grow for me. Everything else does. I fear I may be more likely to grow a blue rose than a daisy. While being reminded of this she just blurts out a snarky "Why daisies"? I get a smiling amused energy from Jesus. I'd forgotten he was there.

I'm worried about her. I try to warn her that she is going to by walking down the road through Indian reservations and corrupt hillbilly towns. "Do you want a gun"? as I start to open the center consul. "What kind of maniac are you, you just offer guns to random girls you pick up"? While saying that she slams the consul closed, props herself up on it and grabs my butterfly knife from the visor. She gets squeaky excited: "This is the one from Face/Off[223]" I showed her how to hold it so she wouldn't cut her fingers every time she tried to spin it. We geeked out for a minute. She asked which star trek captain I am. "Everybody thinks I'm Kirk but I prefer Picard". She says she want's to be Kirk but she's Christopher Pike inside. Professor Snape is her favorite Harry Potter character. I say mine is Hermione. "Because that's the daughter you want". How the fuck does she know this stuff? "Must be weird that Emma Watson got so hot". Wonder if she realizes how much she looks like Emma Watson? Then she says I remind her of Snape if he were the prom king. I guess the prom king part is flattering but I always found Snape a little too melodramatic.[224] "As if you're not the prom queen playing hitchhiker barbie"?

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[223] Cheesy Nick Cage movie from the 90's. A man asks his new daughter if she has protection. She thinks he means condoms and he hands her a curvy butterfly knife. I liked the scene so I went on the search to find an identical knife.

[224] I was wearing a thick black quarter-zip pullover, blaring Nirvana & maybe giving off a little bitterness from reading the OT shit so I might have appeared more Snape than I am.

"I don't think its safe for you to try to walk or hitchhike to Tulsa". "Then drive me. We can go see Ghostbusters.[225] I'll pay. Ever been to Fogo".[226] Jesus speaks up and says she will be safe but offers his endorsement to take the day off from bible study and spend it with her. After all this she puts her hand out and says: "I'm A B".[227] "A.B."? She says its short for Abigail. There is a bit of a pause when I don't offer my name then she says: "Why ask, you'll just give me a fake name". She then hears a song, cranks up the radio as high as it will go and starts singing & bouncing to this dorky song from the 80's[228]. She's exploding with life and infecting me. She points at me while singing the "wild wild hair" part to twist the white hairs complex in a little deeper. I'm grinning ear to ear. I almost turned toward my house to give her some of the peonies but stopped myself. When I got to where I agreed to take her, I tried to get her to keep the knife or take a gun… "there's a machete in back from a movie and a Rambo gun behind the seat"… or, better yet, to let me drive her back home. She called me a "paranoid wacko", then gave me fake puppy eyes, then for just a half second real sadness hit her face and she jumped out, got her bag, said a chirpy "bye" and started walking. I'm really worried about her. Jesus tells she listens to her guardian angel and she will be fine.

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[225] Am I the only person who liked female ghostbusters? The new ones suck like all woked-up garbage. If its was made in the last 5 years even the trailers aren't worth watching. Hollywood just finds the biggest freaks who check the most diversity boxes to dribble about retard shit & commie propaganda then calls you racist for not watching. They can't write or act but they're replacing a straight white males so you better love it or orange man bad. When everything is racist nothing is so who cares. However, female ghostbusters was actually funny! They actually could act. I think it is (possibly the only) innocent victim of the lash back against this commie pre-invasion plan to exterminate competent white men.

[226] Fogo De Chao is a Brazilian steakhouse in Tulsa. I love Brazilian steakhouses. How is she getting this information?

[227] Pronounced: "Ay-bee"

[228] Wild Wild West, Escape Club

I'm conflicted on the drive home. Jesus tells me not to turn around to save her but that nothing is stopping me from turning around because I want to spend more time with her. I've lost my appetite. I stopped by a store on the way home to buy candy and left the burger and drink in front of the store. As I walk toward my front door all I want to do is pick a bunch of peonies and go find her but I imagine she's already found another ride. It doesn't matter. Why do I feel like I just said goodbye forever to someone I've known all my life? Jesus responds: "Why do you run from the life you want"? Dude, she was making sexual comments two minutes after jumping in my truck. "You told her you could smell her menstruation before you said hello". That was to throw her off balance. "She was striking first". He sends a vision of her walking down the road as I look at this miserable book before me and tells me the choice is mine.

Deliverance

Some entitled sociopath writes a narcissistic poem about how God delighted in his abuses of power and I have to read it centuries later. David's song of deliverance shows how deranged he was. I can't believe people see this as a hero or maybe its just propaganda enforced by centuries of slaughter and oppression. Maybe in a few thousand years Joe Biden will be a virulent & virtuous hero of god for serving as israel's bodyguard while they genocide the goliath palestinians. You know the things God "delights in". In the trial of mankind, David is Lucifer's witness. "May you not be", adds Jesus. In his last words, I will agree that David seems to understand the nature of ruling but he is deluded when he suggests "For does not my house stand so with God"? Jesus asks: "So you condemn king David when the Lord pardons him"? What proof of that

cabalistic gibberish? He got away with it therefore God was ok with it? If so what does that say about God? Clinton got away with it. Bush, Epstein, Obama, Stalin, Mao, etc. Are they all heroes, pardoned by God for all their abuses? "My word is proof", Jesus roars. Why pardon him? Jesus says if I had the courage to look into my own heart I might see inside David and understand. He tells me to finish 2 Samuel and warns I will have to repeat this lesson in the future. Guess I flunked David class.

Did David die a pervert too? What beautiful young women wants to lay with a decrepit old man? It says he didn't rape her (viagra not yet invented and all) but it also says his goons went looking for a woman both young and beautiful. Where none of his wives alive? More blankets or a fire wouldn't do? Disgusting people, disgusting "king", nothing new under the sun as they say. Before he is even dead, his family starts grabbing at the inheritance. I read 1 Kings through David's death. The only thing I got from this shit was a desire not to use the name Solomon as a pen name.

"Do you truly choose a simple life with a family and garden[229] over a life like king David"? Yes; without a second thought. "That is not what you once felt". That was a covenant[230] offered when I was a child! That's the thing about growing up. Hopefully, you mature. Hopefully you see enough of the world to make wise

[229] Referencing something I recently said to an oracle.

[230] Unfortunately not an easily broken one and almost paid in full.

choices. When I was a kid I thought ninjitsu was cool.[231] Child me believed and offered a lot of stupid wishes. Adult me has better decrement. "Here you sit", a reference to not returning to find A.B. He tells me its time to read the pamphlet. We are supposed to move on to Joseph after David but a JW pamphlet titled the search for truth has been floating around for several days and back and forth as a bible bookmark. The pamphlet argues that the bible is a factual historic document. I agree with that analysis and think there is plenty of support backing up its factual nature. It then, as is typical of the JW leadership, inserts itself as the sole or preferred research library for looking deeper into the bible. I'll grant that JW's spend a lot of time researching biblical matters but they do so from a bias position to support their own beliefs and agenda. The bible has been heavily edited/censored. The JW's clearly bias research would also be heavily skewed toward their beliefs/agenda. The path to truth is observation and logic; not a book and some cult's expansion of that book. Regardless of its historic accuracy. But this isn't why you wanted me to read it?

Jesus calls my observation razor sharp and my logic lethal which I take a compliment. Then he shows me myself clowning around looking down barrels of loaded guns to make people uncomfortable. He dares me to turn that weapon (observation & logic) on myself. What do you want? He says for me to find the truth within. What does that mean? He infers I'm a coward but I don't even know what I am supposed to be looking at or for. He echos my words back to me several times. The

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[231] That's where pussies who can't do real martial arts go to fantasy role play. After years all I learned was how to climb shit, sneak around & throw things. The boys I meet were debating it so, the bulk of ass kicking gets done with karate, jujitsu and kickboxing. Take those from traditional (not MMA) instructors and put in the decades it takes and you will be the shit. If you have too much time on your hands add some kung-fu and Aikido. They help with you speed and flow. But focus on karate/jujitsu/kickboxing.

gist is I have nothing worth living for. I've examined that ad nauseam. The only explanation is a creation defect resulting in the lack of intrinsic value. "No". He tells me to step away and spend some time with the storm. It just started raining again and the clouds are rotating. I'm briefly tempted to send a centurion to look in on A.B.'s safety and Jesus questions if I think the angel he sends is inferior to the entity I could send. He says its a dose of my own medicine and tells me to step away. He is referring to someone doing something reckless that makes others worry. Nobody worries about me. She has value. "Step away".

I went to the river while the next band of thunder storms passed through. Its after 8pm. I guess we will start on Jospeh next week. I'm concerned about how much this volume in particular involves women. Jesus reminds me this is a witness statement and not a book report. He says that is a necessary element to what I want but I am pretty sure intrinsic value is also a necessary element of that. I tell him to stop sending them.

April 30, 2024

Done.

I'm so done with this shit. I feel like I'm being set up by the christian god to just off myself. That is what the abrahamic faiths are about! Exterminating everyone else. JC says: "don't shut me out". Why shouldn't I?

My immune system is hyperactive and my body temperature is hotter than average. That is why I don't get sick.[232] My blood is also super thick which is probably why wounds heal so fast. I've just always assumed it was

[232] Also the reason I can't see a doctor. They are too fucking indoctrinated and arrogant to accept that I am not running a fever 24/7.

a gift of health from the gods. They warm my blood and everything else takes care of itself. Its not anything so alien. A lot of people have thicker blood and more people than you suspect never see a doctor because they just don't get sick. Likely due to higher temperatures. My lesbian handler is borderline anaemic and her blood doesn't clot so well. Simple things like cat scratches take forever to heal and deeper ones from the Caracal can leave her with scars. My blood makes a good liquid bandage and its seems to be antibiotic. It comes out hotter and thicker so it solidifies almost instantly. She says it makes her heal faster and keeps her from scarring so I've gotten in the habit of just pricking my finger, squeezing a little blood out and using it seal wounds on others. Its just become a habit and it works well.

I went to Sutherlands this morning and the Sutherlands' girl was bleeding from her calf with 3-4 people running around trying to figure out what to do. She has bleed through a bandage, one of the managers wants to call an ambulance and she is begging him not to.[233] Her boyfriend to be is trying to impress her with stupid shit like squeezing alcohol into the or wound using super glue. Somebody else is talking about a tourniquet. Are they all fucking retarded? A little pressure and a few stitches solves that but she doesn't want a hospital. Evidently someone was pushing cut tin on one of their heavy carts and hit her with it causing a deep laceration. She's bleed into her shoe, her sock was soaked and she was still bleeding. She's romantically interested in me so I know she will say yes when I ask if she trusts me. I used a boxcutter lying on their counter to cut the heel of my thumb and squeezed some blood out. "Its going to burn for just a second then it'll be ok". I gently rubbed my blood across the cut. She flinched at first from the heat on her wound, then relaxed, smiled

[233] Minimum wage employee so I assume she is worried about the costs.

and looked at it as the bleeding stopped. Thicker blood helped thinner blood clot. Simple. That should have been it. The wound was sealed. No need for a hospital, tetanus shot or stitches. Maybe a little more infatuation from her and bruised ego from the boyfriend to be. I'd pick up my cement and leave and life goes on. But no!

The manager who I talk to all the time looks at me like I'm some kind of mutant freak, her friend scowls at me like I'm some demon who just crawled out of hell and violated her. Her boyfriend to be looks disgusted. Then even she looks at me like there's something wrong with me. She's been pinning over me for months, last time I saw her she was thrilled to put a spoon from my mouth into hers and if I had sex with her and ejaculated inside her that same friend scowling at me would be giggling with her about it. But she looks at me like my blood touching her's put her in danger. She has gone from infatuated to afraid in seconds. Why would you be so crazy for a guy if you thought he was diseased?

Her boyfriend to be mumbled something about her needing to go get a blood test as I walked out. I didn't go to pick up the cement. I'll never return to Sutherlands. Blood reflects sacred value and she instinctively knows that my blood touching hers lowered her intrinsic value. That is why her friend had that expression on her face. I basically defiled her and lowered her value by polluting her with zero value blood. Jesus starts on some reassurance crap trying to calm me down on the drive home but I can see. It wasn't gratitude. They weren't impressed. It was horror! Its not just people being afraid of blood. Decrepit old movie stars and politicians inject children's blood to feel younger. They advertise for it and everybody thinks that's cool. Its me! They can sense I have no intrinsic value and that makes mine toxic! Whatever, fuck it. He tells me not

to shut him out. I agreed to this until father's day but I am cancelling today and getting away for a while. This entire "thy neighbor" getting a life thing is a fucking train wreck and it, especially this fucking book, is going to ruin the escape I've built. Six weeks left.

May 1, 2024

Springtime

Springtime is always characterized by poverty and a lack of productivity for me. And that is beautiful because I always enter spring poor after spending way too much on toys, seeds and plants in February, as soon as neithertime[234] ends. I get almost nothing accomplished because I spend all day frolicking, planting, caring for the trees/sprouts and napping in the sun. Spring is the best.

Nothing smells better than the Ozarks this time of year. I've put almost 300 miles on the e-bike since getting it. Ducatis are awesome but they're noisy and don't run up dirt trails go well; more of a summer/fall toy. Parents, every child needs an e-bike under the Christmas tree this year. If you stay under 20mph (still a fun speed through the woods) they make it 40-50 miles on one charge and you can always peddle back if you run out of battery. Life is everywhere. The breeze carries bouquets of every kind merging into perfumes only nature can produce. Every few feet is a new flower and every mile or so is one I've never seen before. Hundreds and hundred of different flowers. Everything is in a frenzy mating, building nests and being born. Many must have a genetic memory of cicadas because I see birds in particular occasionally checking out the tree trunks to see if they've emerged. I can feel their energy stirring

[234] November 1st through February 11th. Not the best time for me.

underground. They add to the energy and aliveness of it all. This is me. This is my time of year. If only one of these streams ran into the pacific ocean a couple miles down I would be in my paradise. Bear cubs are so cute. I want to grab it but mom is staring me down and showing her teeth. She is uncomfortable with the motor sound of the bike. I'm not that deep in the woods so I decide not to try to make friends. Its better for them not to trust humans. Deer are everywhere as always. Squirrels are trying to make me crash because that is funny. A hawk races me when I find a trail. My mother's vultures fly over like fighter jets in formation. They circle once, dip their winds in response to my kiss as they always do to show me she is watching, return to formation and fly out.

Its the height of spring. Everything is well fed, happy and fruitful. Even more so this year. Maybe its the extra nutrition from the cicadas and wet spring or maybe its just the beautiful spring the oracles suggested. It is a beautiful spring. In general at least. They inferred beautiful for me but oracles are just frustrating and difficult to deal with.

Yeah, I know 24 hours ago I was ready to eat a bullet. I'm not bipolar. I have honest responses to my environment and most interactions with people are terrible and dark. All of my experiences with nature are beautiful and bright. I want a family and I want to move them deep into NW Arkansas to a massive gated homestead. Building and controlling a community[235] on

[235] So I could stock it with the kind of humans I like. We really need to start privatizing towns so we can have minimum requirements for residency. Health, work ethic, morality, cleanliness, genetics, tastes, etc. My vision disturbs many people but it would work. My lesbian handler says my privatized community designs resemble nightmarish 1950's style Disneyland Third Reichs but I don't think you'd have to take privatized towns that far. Even if you did. Another privatized town could be a nauseatingly diverse grab bag of culture-less genetic party favors topped with a rainbow of pedophiles if you wanted.

the outskirts of the homestead would be nice but that would take tens of billions to fund. You have to home birth/homeschool because our institutions are ruled by evil but people also need human interaction (more so than I do, I know) so NW Arkansas seems best to me. You can isolate in nature and still be an hour drive from well managed major metropolitan areas. Homeschooled kids are only weird when their parents don't make an effort to let them socialize. No reason a homeschooled kid can't play varsity football or do gymnastics. Not around here anyway. One day I want to devise a system to attach a kayak to a bicycle and visa versa so you can bike to a river, kayak down it and bike home. You could almost use a rear mounted surfboard rack to hold a kayak but there is no way to balance a bike on a kayak. Yet. Maybe a drone attachment to hover above you.

I stopped on the way home to pick some daisies. They grow by the thousands along pastures and ditch lines. Why won't they grow for me?

May 2, 2024

Secret Admirer

I found a small gift at my front door this morning. Bright yellow wrapping paper with a hot pink bow. I'm probably the only person in the world who prefers that color combo. There was a lock of red hair tied with a purple string secured inside the bow. It was the new apple watch. A handwritten note reads: "You need a watch. Wear this so I can stalk you better. Your Secret Admirer". It was new and sealed in the box so there couldn't be any tracking software on it. Doesn't matter, I don't wear any kind of jewelry. Its like a claustrophobia thing; jewelry feels constricting to me. I spent over two hours scrolling through camera footage to find her. She

was literally dressed in a red ninja costume.[236] Sword and all. With a little tutu attached. She's nuts. The fact she was a clumsy ninja made the whole scene extra cute. I saved the footage. I know it was AB because she stole several of my peonies on the way out. Also same build, same hair, same mannerisms.

She has officially gone from adorable to faerie-like. How did she find out where I live? That's an expensive gift for giving somebody a ride. How did she know I use apple products? I never carry my phones with me. I'm glad she made it back safe. Wonder if she even went to Tulsa. I've rewatched the camera footage way too much. I need to get on with my day. I need to give that watch back to her. Way too expensive and I am not going to use it. I'll keep her hair. She parked her car far enough away I couldn't identify it. Does she know I have cameras? My paranoia is getting the better of me. Jesus says "no, she is not" before I go down the rabbit hole of how she might be a government agent. I don't even know how to contact her to return the watch. Why wouldn't she at least leave her number?

May 4, 2024

Getting Out.

I think I might have been hungry often as a young child. Jesus's unique exercises have been increasing acrobatic ability and hypertrophy so I decided to try to cut down to around 7% body fat for summer.[237] I'm almost always up close to 15% with abs appearing and

[236] Pretty sure it was red. She showed up at 3:50 am. It was dark so the color was off a little.

[237] Originally said 5% but I don't want to look like that. I'll bounce back to around 10% soon as a start eating again but it should be easy to stay in the high single digits over summer.

disappearing based on what I eat that that week. I just wanted to look good this year for some reason. Probably all the extra attention lately. To do this rapidly I've restricted my calories to 800 every other day. That is about the same per week than my daily maintenance calories which is brutal.[238] Every time I get to that stage where you are weak/dizzy and your belly hurts again from lack of food I get memories of my early childhood with childhood desires like playing and watching cartoons. Seems like a lot of my childhood memories are associated (or disassociated) with hunger. Might explain why I emotional eat.

Anyway this morning (non-fasting day) I was at that place where you really need to eat but can't without getting sick so I just took a shower, drank a shit ton of water and left for a plant expo. On the way I passed some kind of festival with a free breakfast advertised by a baptist church. It's always baptists. Jesus says: "you need this". I got plenty of food in the fridge bro and a greasy country breakfast is not exactly conducive to my 7% plan. He tells me I know that is not what he meant. Why is he always trying to push christians on me? I agreed to go check it out and sorta did a speed walk around the festival. There are entitled old men and liberals running for sheriff in a deep red county. That's how commie takeovers work. You sleepwalk, they colonize. Everyone under 40 is staring at a screen and everyone over 40 is complaining about random shit. The typical handful of post-wall women are being desperate for attention. Its like 9am! They are so weird these days. They are so desperate for a glance that they make fools of themselves. You notice their peacocking and they respond with this snooty arrogance as if you are

[238] That's actually not true as I cheat on it about once a week when I get too dizzy to function. Despite the nonsense you hear, starvation/binge/starvation is a fine way to cut fat. The more you shock and challenge your body, the better it performs.

desperate for them and they are too good for you. Ladies, this is your problem. I know it a cope and self soothing but no man wants someone who acts like a deranged narcissist. The few I noticed were all painting over deep insecurity (based in reality) with this insane "I'm a queen"[239] shit ho's post online for attention/coping. You are no longer desirable enough for a man to pursue you and when you pretend you are setting yourself up to be hurt. I get the impression this is the used-up fuckboy-toy crowd because they don't seem to understand that if a man thinks your personality is shit he doesn't want to be around you; unless you are 19 and hot then many will ignore you long enough to fuck you. It really pisses me off that this is the kind of women who are attracted to me. I couldn't help but laugh at a couple which I think really hurt them because Jesus gave me that valentine's day response again.[240] They're basically mental patients at this point. Its sad but it is also not my problem. Other than the stereotypical post-wall sluts I get a few "who's that" looks[241] and the only people who say hi are venders looking for a sale. I used to be gregarious but after years of hibernation and whatever the fuck social media has done to the world I just don't know how anymore. Everywhere I go I usually have someone tagging along and creating a members only bubble. That actually sucks cuz you never make new friends.

That baptist church has gone all out. They set up picnic tables and have a serving line going. Also the only ones not complaining or on their phones. I think that is meant more for people who need it more than people

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[239] I know its cope but those of you worshiping my mother need to stop referring to yourselves as "queens" & "goddesses" before something bad happens to you. Aphrodite does not tolerate being demeaned.

[240] Also got an ego boot going on from my pretty early-20's secret admirer.

[241] I'm like local but not local. Sorta seen around occasionally but nobody really knows me.

like me and the smell is enticing but nauseating. You don't go from a starvation diet to bacon, pancakes, biscuits & gravy without consequences. "It is meant for everyone". Well I guess the times prevent them from just slaughtering everyone who doesn't convert so they're trying bribery.[242] He points out that nobody is pushing religion there and says they just want to give people a warm meal because that is the christian way. I think they must have just started. There are a few people there. One family catches my eye as they sit down. They seem to be dressed in their best but their best isn't so good. You can tell they really needed and appreciated the free breakfast. Working poor for sure. Good people, I think. Good energy. Are average people really going hungry? What about all the welfare shit. Jesus expresses yes and they don't qualify at the same time. Just lie and say you are transexual central american commie, the government will hook you up. I just get that head-shaking energy in response. The wife and daughter are fat. I love soda and chips too but that is meant to be entertainment; not nutrition. If you don't have enough to eat why not buy real food. Isn't junk food more expensive than healthy food? Jesus infers I have that backwards. I'd suggest a sugar tax to subsidize healthy food but the government would just launder it back to themselves like always.

Jesus says the family would love to meet me inferring both the father would work hard for part-time job[243] and they'd have a story to tell. I've become the focal point of numerous rumors and intrigue over the last few years. Strange new guy in a small town who nobody really knows. Dozens have stopped by to talk to me but I

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[242] Still a little bitter due to the Sutherlands' incident.

[243] I have tons of manual labor I could really use help with but I gave up trying to hire anyone because all I got was drug addicts pretending to work while using their sob stories for advances/loans. That and cleaning up after them, cost me more time than they saved.

stick to pleasantries so nobody really knows any more than the first name of the identity I created when I moved here. Plus, honestly, a lot of weird shit goes down at my house. Small town atmosphere so I overhear at least one "is that him" every couple weeks. Everybody knows everybody and I'm the mystery. At least it doesn't seem negative and mean. Either way, I'm just not comfortable with any of this; particularly after Sutherlands. Off to the plant expo.

What the fuck! I should've known there was an issue when the "plant expo" was in the middle of a ghetto. The closer I got to it the more I saw homeless laying around and crackheads loitering at gas stations. This isn't a plant expo! It's a fucking homeless shelter. Jesus corrects me: "mission". Its a christian mission. I should've figured. These plants are garbage. Poorly developed, no variety, not heirloom, over priced, inorganic. Jesus explains that people with a lot of need are trying to be a part of something. They are failing. Its basically a homeless shelter filled with drug addicts who planted some seeds and are now selling their plants for some reason. Jesus scolds that they are struggling and trying to turn from their sin to something godly (the nature of repentance). He scolds me a little more for continuing to condemn others. Crackheads don't need charity, they need to be locked up until they go through withdraw. Jesus says I am cruel. Cruelty often solves problems. Jesus criticizes that cruelty is my go to and should not always be the first recourse. I disagree. I think feeding and housing drug addicts just helps them stay addicted. If you want to be charitable lock them up till they're clean. Better yet, let nature take its course. "What a hard heart you have [a name I know]" and he suggests I'm more damaged than they are. He flashes the image of him by my bedside when I was burning is Lucifer's energy. Jesus acts like its the same thing. I don't get it.

Jesus demands I buy plants. They only take cash. Like drug dealers. So I have to go raid the truck to find $80. I don't want any of this shit so I just pick 8 of their $10 pots, toss them in the bed and leave. On the way out I pass a crappy rusted up swing set. A little girl with hair that doesn't appear to have been washed or combed in a week waives as she tries to swing as high as she can. I want to go push her on the swing but our world is so fucked up that would be creepy. She is all alone and that area is filled with wondering drug addicts. WTF? Jesus says she lives at the mission with her parents. That pisses me off. He interdicts my approaching tirade telling me the are not drug addicts and that they lost everything. That supports my argument for caging drug addicts or letting them die on the street. That child and her family should not have to live surrounded by them. Jesus says they don't see it like I do and they see them as equals who also lost everything. By their own choices. People should suffer the consequences of their bad decisions that way they learn. Or better yet serve as examples. "No". "Those in need should be helped" then he adds "as equals" and tells me I am worse off than many of them. Part of me wishes I could just take the little girl and give her a safe, healthy life where her unkempt hair is accented by Disney princess dresses she covers in mud.

What a wasted day. I admit to being a plant snob. I am just very finicky about my gardens and I am not polluting them with this. Some of the labels literally said "probably" on them. Like they weren't even sure what they were selling. I left them on my fence with a sign that reads: "Free to a good home". I will water and keep them alive until someone takes them so I don't piss off the faeries but they will not reside in my gardens. Sorry, I'm just having a really crabby day. Its odd because the

day is so beautiful. Perfect weather. I just no longer have what it takes to deal with the dysfunctions of broken people. JC questions why I react so negatively to the women who try to catch my eye. He suggests it steams from a lack of self worth but I don't see the connection. I'll admit that the post wall sluts disgust me more than they should. They aren't much different than the crackheads I drove past on the way to the fake plant expo yet I do give them more demeaning commentary. This day is fucked enough to be my cheat day. Soda and a microwave pizza. After I'm a little carb/sugar high, done with the day and writing this Jesus insists I go back to the festival. Why not after 5-6 days of starvation, pizza and soda is probably like snorting an 8-ball so I'm bouncing.

There's a band playing now and a younger crowd. I guess we're focusing on women again. I'm not sure this book needs all the relationship (or lack there of) shit but JC keeps pushing it. He claims its what I asked for. If I wanted to get laid I could accomplish that by myself. He says: "no" suggesting I don't know what I want. Whatever. Everybody trying to sell shit seems kinda douchey or maybe they've just been setting in the hot sun all day to lose money. The food truck people seem content. The BBQ truck was sold out of everything but soda. I walk around, look at a few things, I legitimately tried to speak to a couple people (douchey manopausal men), I got a shaved ice and sat under a tree to eat and listen to the band.

Ok, we have the giggly teenage girls just straight up staring and following me (only one group, I'm not that hot). They are appreciated but I can't even look their way or I am a legit creeper. When a teenage girl crushes on you and you are an adult you can't even smile or they go nuts and you look like you're perving on underage

girls even if your not. They made 2-3 passes in front of me, walked behind me for a minute, then started hanging out behind the tree I sat under. I pretended not to notice them or the decreasing distance because, you know, you have to. There are a few of the post-wall sluts left but I guess most migrated to new hunting ground. Probably trolling a gym or home depot. There are late-30's or maybe middle-aged gross things that are way too "fuck-me-in-the-porta-potty" trashy. They all smell of cigarettes and I imagine they live in trailers with meth head baby-daddies. A few walked passed talking about me loud enough to ensure I heard them. One made a comment about window shopping and another made some comment about how she always ends up trying it on. I was the "product". How flattering. Disgusting trash. There are the grown up teenage moms. They are like early-20's with 2-4 year olds in tow. They seem nice, some are attractive, they don't seem slutty and they are not obvious - meaning the limited attention from them is not vulgar and desperate. Absent the kids, they seem normal. I'd assume good girls knocked up by some loser in high school and trapped in their hometown. The positive side-effect is a lack of indoctrination designed to ruin them. Then there's the chick who works at a place in town who's similar to the single moms but a little older. That's the kind of leftovers who are attracted to me.[244]

The woman who works at a place in town[245], who I've spoken to a few times always wears ankle length dresses and has christian music playing very low on her phone when she's working alone. She is there in a bright

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[244] BTW, ladies, natural hair is always prettier than dyed hair. Most importantly, if you are not born a natural blonde, you look awkward (and a little trashy) dying your hair blonde. Blonde & red hair are deeply rooted in genetic traits. When they don't match its unattractive.

[245] I know my phrasing is awkward at times but I go back and change the more natural language to protect identities. These are real people and events and I don't want to embarrass anyone.

pink ankle length skirt, more makeup than usual, hair styled more than usual and probably in her best top. I guess this is her big night out. I've never been able to figure out if she is some "reformed" party-girl (she's from Florida) or if she is completely normal and just lost/ divorced her husband. She is mid-30's give or take and the single men in their 40's who seem somewhere between incels and mids without a lot going for them are all over her at any given time. Her looks are average for the area (better then average for a post wall single mom) but she has that down to earth wifey energy that men love. I can't tell if she is dating them or not but she's made several comments about having no life and staying home every night to me. She also has 3 daughters who I thought they were older from the way she spoke about them but they appear to be 10-13. She walked up to say hi and introduce me to her kids. The first person in days who has treated me like a human. She said they were looking for the shaved ice. I pointed and told her where it was. Super easy to find. She claimed they'd been back there and couldn't find it. She's lying. What the hell. "I'll show you" and we walked back to the vender.

Her kids really wanted the cool treats with special cups, color changing spoons, character straws, etc. I could tell they always had to compromise. Without saying a word, the kids pinned over the fancy $18 cups while they searched for lesser options they figured would be ok. I could see the older one looking at her mom and sisters and just knew she has spent her life sacrificing for her sisters.[246] People in this part of the country are poorer than most will every be able to understand. A family's day out isn't pushing a thousand bucks like it is in Cali. It isn't even pushing a couple hundred. Only the youngest girl even had her face painted. They were

[246] Life is so cold and cruel for girls at that age. She shouldn't have to give up anything that makes her smile.

probably on a $100 budget for the entire festival. The mom supports 3 kids on a minimum wage job. Her clothes are always clean and taken care of but old and worn. The top she is wearing has the collar re-sewn and re-torn because it has worn so bare. The kids clothes were a little better which endears her to me. I quickly cut in front and ordered 4 of the fancy ones before they could object. I was sure if I didn't the kids were going to have to settle for something less. Their mom refused a fancy one for herself claiming it would go to waste and changed it to the cheapest option they had. She legitimately tried to stop me then tried to repay me. Not the fake way people who are using you do but the real upset/uncomfortable/surprised way. I think it actually really bothered her. She really is a wonderful person I think.[247] The kids were thrilled and it took them like ten minutes to decide which characters and options they wanted. Worth every penny.

She made some comment about all the sugar knocking them out so she might have free time tonight. I know her comments are intended to elicit some invite or date from me. She did this every time I stopped in her place of employment for months, then abruptly stopped and now she is doing it again. She is very sweet and I really like her as a person but, no. I'd like to be her

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[247] On final edit, been trying to avoid/not embarrass her since rejecting her in the grocery store but I've bumped into her a few times. She grabbed me and shoved a hot dog in my hands at fireworks-in-the-park to repay me for the festival icees. One of the new witches was staring her down like she was planning to stab her in a dark alley. That's hot. I only went to see which witches were there and who with… and to flirt a little. I just can't shake the feeling that AB is involved. I feel like I'm going to learn this is a new, more radical coven and AB is the leader. Maybe that's just a fantasy. Most women lose it when you bruise their egos but she still has that friendly humble hello and, unfortunately, is still dropping the "date-me" hints. I wish she'd stop that so we could be friends. In sharp contrast to that old hag at the Sedona restaurant who only acknowledged her kids in passing, this one mentions her kids in every breath. Automatically, like they are the only things on her mind. She's not right for me but I think she could be an exception to the no single mom's rule for many men. With so few fit mothers today, I'd endorse it as a sound tradeoff for any man who wants a family.

friend but that is not on her mind and even this little gesture has already been misconstrued. It wasn't intended to ingratiate myself to her; I didn't want kids to have to settle, especially for something so simple. It really bother's me how much women's "feelings" are influenced by resources. For me that's a bigger turnoff than tattoos and vape pens. I tell her I need to head home, say bye to her kids and leave. On the way out I walk passed these "meet the author" booths with few people interested. Even for the kids who seem really into Volume 1, I couldn't image one of those "meet me" events. Its seems like a humiliation ritual. Maybe its just the subject matter. JC has put way too much of me on display in these books. Maybe if it were the faerie book instead and I knew I could make 6 figures for a few hours but I doubt it works that way and these people paid rent to pimp themselves out probably not even breaking even. I don't get it.

What I do get is men are just as, if not more, fucked up than women in our society. Speaking in statistical terms women (at least in the west) have been decimated to the point of adolescent dementia. Like a child with a credit card, they know the consequences of their behavior but have no impulse control and think they can lie or complain[248] themselves out of the debt the ring up. When it doesn't work they delude themselves and play make believe until they go completely insane or wake up and spend the rest of their lives miserable spreading hate.

Men have separated into those who have the right physical characteristics and those who don't. Those who do have gone fuckboy sociopath while those who don't

[248] "How dare you slut shame"! Fuck you, bitch! Merica! You're free to do whatever you want and I am free to associate with whoever I want. Or, as many men would say, "You are so right. I'm so ashamed of myself. Come on over and suck my dick to help me be more progressive".

have just lay down to die. Again, majority statistics. I'd count both myself and the older single mother from the story above as outliers. There are thousands of outliers. The problem is the majority sails or sinks the ship. I'm not a movie star. There were around 1,000 - 1,500 people at that festival. From a female perspective only about 5 men, including myself, were sexually viable. I'm not referring to the social media lunatics who want 7 foot tall billionaire super model simps. I mean basic sexual viability. Nearly every male there under 25 or so was effeminate, scrawny and acting prepubescent. Literally 20 years olds asking their mommies to buy them ice cream. None I saw could be called men and this is when your testosterone is at its peak. Those between 25-35 just looked like broken losers and the best of them had "dad bods". Bro there is no excuse for having a "dad bod" in your 30's. This group also seems terrified of even being perceived as masculine. Many were down right bizarre to the point you wonder if they are even straight. The few I saw even speaking to women acted like desperate simps or children. If she is into you she's into you. If she ain't trying to change her mind is no different than trying to buy her. You're part of the problem. Ball up and move on. We are drowning in desperate single women.[249] The closest thing to viable mates were the men going on 50 but they were all, and I mean every last one, broken down and bloated out. They could get away with dad bods but they looked like beachballs on toothpicks. Half were gimping around because their knees could barely support their weight. Most where there with children and wives and most seemed pretty normal and put together. They were good partnership material but when you are that physically fucked it's

[249] They are literally starting to clog the gears of society. Hardware stores, the gyms, grocery stores, gas stations, even the parks are like freak'n nightclubs or singles events now. You can't do anything anymore without some woman trying to insert herself. They're not the acceptable women you really want but "reformed" post walls are everywhere practically begging.

doubtful that you are even medically capable of being with a woman. Its not your wife's fault you are in a sexless marriage bro. You can't sling insults at princess Leia for not wanting to wear Jabba the Hut's doggie leash. The men over 60 seem to have dodged the soy bullet (or whatever bio bomb hit us) but women over 40 and men over 60 are just simply too old to be counted.

5 men out of 600-700 men (that I observed) were single and sexually viable and three of those were kinda ugly (like acne scaring or dirty looking). That's a big problem.[250] We need to stop cheering on the 3-4 out of those five who go pump and dump the 500 women until they are rendered unworthy partners. Women need to grow up and have a little foresight[251] and men need to ball up and do the work.[252] BTW none of the women I saw were partnership/companion viable. Meaning legal, under 30[253], not a huge bodycount, not insane, passably attractive and single without kids. Not a single one. But, honestly, I think we are too far gone to worry about this anymore. We are a fucked up, dumbed down, demoralized, pampered people and its time for this country to fall. That is after all what your enemy hired your "leaders" to do. Jesus seems to think there is hope but I don't see it. At least 2 generations are completely gone. Even if/when the pendulum swings back hard, that

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[250] The bible belt is particularly obese but I've lived all over. Even in cali, barely 20% of men seem sexually viable and almost all of those were fuckboys, bisexual or something twisted.

[251] "But how ol' how are we supposed to know they're fuckboys"? Did you fuck him within the first few months? Before you knew where you stand with him? Still not sure? That's a fuckboy & you're too dumb to care about.

[252] "Women are all skanks and they enjoy getting dicked over by fuckboys". Look down. Can you even see your dick? Are you sweating right now? How would you feel if a female walrus was saying weird shit to you and worming up in your personal space oblivious to your discomfort? Stop gaming!

[253] Its increasingly unhealthy for women to have kids after their mid 30's. Assuming you want 2 - 3 with healthy age separation, late 20's is pretty much the latest start time for women.

is a huge percentage of the population broken, useless and de-facto wards of the state.

For whatever reason, JC probes me for nearly an hour on this. Its more socratic method than actual questioning. Essentially on my responses and why. When you're raised by Aphrodite in a matriarchy ruled by her iron fist what percentage of weak & flawed mortal women do you expect would be acceptable? Why not just visit the zoo and ask me what's wrong with the female chimps? "You feel superior to them"? Obviously.[254] The trash grosses me out, the attention from teenagers flatters me[255] but they are too immature and the single moms are just normal girls but they have kids and possibly drama so, not interested. I didn't fuck up. Why should I accept someone who did? The woman who works at a place in town might have been viable ten years, one marriage, three kids and god knows how many men ago. But even then there just isn't much to her. She's sweet and a good person but kinda bores me. She gets big points for being a good mother but she'd still be more pet than mate.[256] The post wall sluts really disgust me for some reason. JC suggests there's an emotional reaction to them more than the others and says its about me. Maybe its because their nature is demeaning to men. They either see me as a fuckboy or a wallet and that offends me deeply. "Because you believe you have no value". Maybe but why does it matter? Nobody wants them and what does it have to do with christianity? He says it has to do with me and wants it

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[254] Reading back over this is going to come across wrong but Jesus demands it remain in. I do not see people as inferior but lets face it people are on different levels and many today are, frankly, sub-human. The coming split is a good thing and will undue a terrible mistake caused by the perverts of old.

[255] There's no ulterior motive there. They simply decide: hot or not hot.

[256] That is not superiority. People always criticize age gaps relationships saying "what do they talk about". This woman's life is 3 sentences long and I've already read 2 of the 3 sentences five times. Pet.

written. He goes on into some deeper probing into AB and another but I am done with this shit. It doesn't matter anyway. We both know where this is leading. In a few weeks I speed edit this garbage and check back out and nobody is going to give a fuck or even read it.[257]

May 5, 2024

Jospeh.

I feel like shit today. Its amazing how much damage one little strike can cause if the target is set up properly.[258] In this case the strike was a simple pizza and some sugar. And the reality that I have no life or any hope for a life.

"The essence of the father lives on in the character of his son." says Jesus as I complain trying to find more information on Joseph. He says he had 2 fathers, Joseph and the heavenly father. I have 3.[259] Go me. The mortal who gave me form, the god who "gave

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[257] Writing sucks. Particularly for me & particularly with this. Doing something in moderation is hard for me anyway. When "inspired" if that's what you want to call it, I have to finish & I end up sitting on my ass 20 hours straight eating garbage or fighting against myself. Books are also an obsolete & oversaturated market. JC needs an influencer shaking her ass for incels to push this like some miniseries into the cattle's "feed". I'm not designed for this. I need to be outside doing something. This shit breaks me down physically, mentally and spiritually. Its like a sitting marathon and I feel like I'm in the last leg of a marathon but instead of runners high I get numbed ass lows. Sitting in front of a screen all day is more damaging than my bike crash.

[258] The theory of true Dim Mak, as impractical as that it in practice. Dim Mak is a lot like the Samurai & Ninja. Real, badass but an entirely extinct skillset because it required a lifetime of 24/7 dedication to master.

[259] Archives suggest all have 3 fathers and 3 mothers. Biologicals, binary archetype flows they are born into (where the gods are found) and the headwaters (God Almighty) where the male/female are one before separating into binary flows. The repeated reference to God Almighty in the masculine isn't patriarchal (Jesus has no prejudice) it reflects his position in this flow and, I suspect, the limit of our upward evolution. Jesus seems to sit at the headwaters; just after the binary separation into conceptualizations we can comprehend.

you his glory" and the Heavenly Father[260] who is waiting for your communion. Communion is what catholic kids do as their first ceremony I think. He says its much deeper than that and everyone should be in communion with the Holy Father. JC suggests we will get more in depth on that topic later. Form obviously is DNA. Human blood. Glory he relates to legacy (Loki's kids get a certain license to misbehave so to speak) but I'm not sure what JC means by that and he has moved on.

The manger story is a little off. Some parts of judaism really offend me. OMG he committed hate crime for not worshiping the master race. Get him! Everyone is getting dangerously fed up and I think that may be the plan of some really bad people. People need to be humbled all around before shit explodes. Anyway, birth was ritually unclean! Words alone have never made me want to knock someone's teeth out but that phrase is the closest I've come yet. That might be the most offensive thing I've ever heard in my life. It seems that disgusting backwards attitude combined with the census crowd and whatever the deal was with Joseph (who seems to have been a little ostracized already) were contributing factors to them literally being housed like animals for Jesus's birth. From the images and energy I don't get the impression that they just wondered around and found a random manger; trespassing on somebody's farm. They weren't out in some random field. It seems like they were housed with someone or some establishment but they were treated very poorly. Definitely housed like, literally with, animals. Jews in those days didn't allow animals to sleep in their beds or

[260] On edit he directs me to capitalize Heavenly Father.

live as equals with them like we do today.[261] I can't tell if it was a deliberate slap in the face or if there where just literally no options. You'd think there would be one person in a bloated city decent enough to give up their room to a woman in labor, but no. JC doesn't hold grudges but whoever owned the home (or whatever it was) is distinctly missing from the birth scene. We usually work to get the setting and basic facts correct before Jesus starts adding a lot of that deep religious insight.

It also seems that, by appearance alone, it was obvious Jesus was not of Joseph's biology[262] which made things even more difficult for Joseph latter on. Jesus relates that his existence was an enormous burden to Joseph but Joseph never showed it, never complained about it and did nothing but praise God for the blessing as he saw it[263] and Jesus honored his father throughout his life. Jospeh seems to be a blue collar worker of the time who particularly hated Rome.[264] It has been clear to me for a while that Jesus was born into poverty.[265] Its

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[261] Treating animals like your children is a virtue modern society adopted from my "pagan" culture if you were wondering. 2,000-3,000 years ago only a "pagan" would have kept animals as children. It was one of those things that made other cultures fear/hate "pagans". It was so alien many didn't understand why the snake or bird would attack strangers but not its owner. Or attack to defend its owner. They thought it was pagan magic.

[262] Jospeh seems to have been darker skinned, Palestinian-like with dark curly hair, on the shorter side and not the most attractive man in the world.

[263] Evidently in private which evidences it was not subterfuge to save face.

[264] Seems a little odd to me because Rome is likely the only reason Joseph's wife was not stoned to death for the perceived infidelity. Rome would've viewed that as barbaric. The bible notes suggests murder v. divorce was up to Joseph but it is also obvious that lynch mobs were a common part of life under jewish rule - every time Rome loosened the reins or wasn't looking.

[265] Until meeting him I assumed he was pretty well off or at least upper middle class relative to the times (heard that somewhere to like a documentary or something) but I don't think that is true. People who grew up poor have a way about them and Jesus grew up relatively poor. I don't care what the scholars say. Meet him yourself and you'll get it.

pretty obvious that Jospeh died when Jesus was younger. I explicitly asked how did he die but Jesus remains silent on what happened to his father. That is a little strange but not as strange as if a mortal had the same response due to Jesus's views on physical death. People do not understand time; deities often disregard our false temporal assumptions. I don't think Joseph's death was anything of interest or out of the ordinary. It seems there are "gospels"[266] out there with more information about Joseph. However, like his portrait, it appears that Jesus is going to make me search for this. Jesus has repeatedly held Jospeh out to me as an example of what a father should be. This silent background character, taking the slings and arrows and holding down the foundation for his son to shine on seems to be a large part of that. Its innate in the nature of fatherhood. Jesus speaks up: "they must understand again". Its no secret modern men are unfit to be fathers and modern women are unfit to be mothers. We've taken that to an extinction level event but Jesus is always contagiously optimistic. If nothing else Joseph could be said to be a man of deep and strongly grounded faith & strength with multiple layers of courage. "Jospeh did not waiver when the earth shook". Jesus demands this of every father. It seems he gets it from almost none. I think you may have to intercede in society a bit for that unless you expect every real father to be a mass murderer by the time their kid turns 5.

Jesus says that Joseph's "testimony" can only be read in his life and conduct suggesting Joseph never left a record directly. I doubt he was literate. JC further infers that Joseph believed in expressing himself with action more than words. One of those quite types who answers your question by doing rather than saying they what the

[266] I'm not sure how christian terminology works but we know a bunch of books were censored out of the bible for political reasons and to protect church wealth/power.

will do. This gospel with more information about Joseph I am now on the hunt for seems to be written by someone else partially about Joseph.[267]

I've pulled up every bible reference to Jospeh. I read those and the notes in the study bible then I guess I'll start on my second scavenger hunt or maybe find these apocrypha as they call them. Jesus is urging me to reach out to Joseph and treat him as a teacher. I initially had mixed feelings about that. I guess it'd be like me telling one of you christians to go build an alter to Odin. I need to think about that and speak with my mother. There's not really a taboo but Joseph was a mortal and I don't usually associate with the spirits of dead humans. Also, christians or maybe its just catholics seem to have elevated these saints to some kind of godling status which is bizarre. I don't know. If he wanted to roll up and knock on the door like the old lady assassin Lucifer sent I'd love to talk to him but approaching a dead mortal … Jesus interrupts and tells me I know how. Are you seriously telling me to use occult summoning procedures to access a biblical figure? Jesus says that he is not but reiterates that I know how. Joseph has also been gone for centuries which complicates things. With human spirits, fresher is better. Jesus tells me stop thinking of it like necromancy and look at it like speaking to someone from his kingdom. Which requires you to vouch for his authenticity… "and requires you to go through me", Jesus adds. Ok. I get what you are saying.

It seems Joseph lead an actual no notice "bailout" as we preppers would term it. Which he and his family survived. Much like the new age community, the vast majority of preppers are either faking it or they are

[267] Currently researching his other kids and JC's siblings to see if they wrote anything.

completely deluded. Factually, if you ever have to "bailout", most of you are not going to survive. The average special forces soldier can't survive more than a couple weeks on his own. A bailout bag with whatever hyped up toys you have in it won't save you if you actually had to jump in the car and flee tomorrow. You'll die right beside the lunatics who think it's gonna be an adrenaline fueled rager. Get a self sufficient plot of land and be able to protect it to an extent the enemy knows it won't be taken without cost. You'll probably still die but you'll last longer. Anyway, Joseph actually lead a real bailout, without prep or bailout bag. With a dependent family in tow. That is bad ass. I suspect it was a little easier in his day than ours but still no small achievement.[268] He had to have had his shit together.

I find this genealogy stuff weird and pointless. In my world genealogy is first entirely irrelevant and, even if it were relevant, wouldn't it be more appropriately traced through the mother? Until genetic testing that fact is you simply can't be sure who the father was. The demented scream patriarchy at every shadow and completely miss real patriarchy like this that has no reasoning behind it other than "man in charge".

As I close out bible study for the day Jesus speaks up reminding me that the Heavenly Father entrusted his son into the care of Jospeh. He asks me to reflect on that and what character a man would have to have. He encourages me to take the next step and tells me I know what to do.

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[268] The police state, population density and every piece of land being owned today complicates things substantially. You can't even hike through a national park without paying the king and being watched/policed the entire time. There is no freedom left and that is why america must collapse. In Joseph's day longer travel times opened windows of opportunity.

The Walkabout

How can I be the only one of millions over 2,000 years who ever asked you how to be a good father? That would seem to be his identifying trait. He clarifies the only one of my kind. I'm not the only one but I guess very few do. Joseph gets an inordinate amount of financial petitions. Why would you ask someone who spent their entire life living hand to mouth for money? We walked through my half constructed gardens and on into the woods. We walked and spoke late into the night. Joseph is also a gardener and lover of nature's tranquility at night. The first of the cicadas have started to emerge under the safety of the night. Joseph says each comes in his own right which was his way of telling me to keep things to myself, this is not his tale and this was for me to receive; not give.[269]

May 6, 2024

Burnout.

This morning I woke up with an overwhelmed feeling that continued to grow until I was too anxious to do anything. In the overload I was trembling to excess energy and so tired I could barely stand from the chair. Optimistic and paranoid at the same time. Simultaneously overwhelmed and so energized I could conquer the world. Too on edge. On my last nerve. Both hyper-vigilant and giving up. Exhausted through and through but tapping my foot 90mph with bounding energy. The weather is not helping as it has been going from beautiful spring to 100% dark cloud cover and back every 10 - 20 minutes. I know these symptoms. Its burnout and its common when a mortal is overexposed

[269] That seems a little out of place to Jesus's desire for modern fathers to get their shit together but it will make a lot more sense when you ask him yourself. Just do your own walkabout with Joseph.

to celestial energy. I've seen it many times but I can't remember the last time I experienced it. This may be the harshest burnout I've ever had. That is saying a lot coming from someone who has spent nearly everyday of his life around celestial energy. I don't know if saint energy is just particularly harsh or it its Joseph's energy but the side-effects of last night's walkabout are rough.

Different gods have different energy frequencies. You get a feel for the archetypal frequencies over time. Children of the deities are born of the specific frequency and thus all but immune to it and we are supposed to be generally tolerant to all celestial energy. But that is not totally true; at least not in my experience. Being so directly of Aphrodite's water-like energy[270] I tend to experience mild side effects from her near opposite frequency - the hot, raging and showy energy of the war gods. Too much contact with them always leaves me feeling a little spent. I didn't pay much attention until this afternoon, wondering why I am still shaking and overwhelmed but Joseph's frequency is along that archetype. He doesn't really show it and he is not a god so I wasn't prepared. But he exists in and projects through that frequency.

On a much lower amperage that same archetypal frequency is why you just click with some people while others just don't mesh with your vibe. Those who experience this more intensely are usually aligned more directly with one archetype and those who never experience this generally exist on the outer banks of the flow lines. This is also why mortal exposure to celestials has to be limited. We simply lack the constitution to handle that much amperage. I would've expected that my constitution was more than sufficient to handle a few

[270] Smooth and cool. If too intense, variable & fast moving for most.

hours with a formerly mortal christian saint but it appears I was wrong.

It may have been more about the alien nature of the energy than the amperage or it could have been Jesus's undiluted energy within that field. I'm already pretty acclimated to the particular frequency of Jesus's energy but I am also aware that he intentionally dampens it so as not to burn me out. Neither Joseph nor I were mindful of this. Nonetheless, it was worth it. I've made today my recovery day.

May 8, 2021

Hopeless

Jesus is big on hope. In my life the word "hopeless" was always used as something of a middle school insult to someone's competence. When they keep trying and looking ridiculous somebody would call them hopeless and everyone would laugh.[271] Given my ability to rapidly master new skillsets I can't remember ever hearing the term "hopeless" applied to me, before Jesus. He keeps bringing it up as if I've been diagnosed with stage IV cancer or something. It sincerely hurts him. He definitely doesn't use the term the way I've always heard it. He treats it with a great deal more seriousness than it seems to merit.

When Jesus uses "hopeless" he literally means lacking hope and he acts like that is a terminal illness. I believe the opposite is true. I can see why it is so important to him. Hope seems interwoven with faith. However, I see hope as the illness - a mental illness akin

[271] I never did because I sincerely believe that failure is the term losers use for giving up. You keep losing/looking stupid until you win. However, we weren't fragile hysterics desperate to be a victim when I was a kid so a little bullying wasn't a capital crime. I probably did laugh at it. I shouldn't have.

to delusion. In theory it's very beautiful and keeps that barrel out of your mouth but its a lot like a pre-woke Disney movie. A beautiful fantasy of what could be if everything worked out. Its a delusion just close enough to reality to really fuck you up. In practice hope might be the worst thing that can happen to a person. Its like a torture device. With hope, you are constantly being let down, constantly struggling and constantly in pain. Hope leads to misery. Its why the loser remains a loser. Sitting around shackled with wishfulness instead accepting this hell for what it is. With hope you burn in the brimstone/acid rain waiting for the sun to come out. Without hope, you build a shelter. Without hope clouding your mind, reality doesn't sting so much.

May 12, 2024

Actions,

Mother's day is apocalyptically quiet around here. At 10am or so old ladies start appearing on their walks or by their doors dressed in their best. Soon thereafter, their middle-aged sons show up to take them to the obligatory mother's day feeding. Its strange how few families are showing up. Its mostly men showing up alone. Around 11am the few surviving nuclear families drive by taking their mother's/wives someplace. Are restaurants the only places left in this country to go out to? I'm in shorts, flip-flops & a t-shirt, drinking an ice cold black cherry soda and grilling a porterhouse & sweet potato for lunch. Much better cheat day than microwaved pizza. I've hastily balanced a little kamado grill on my half-completed front porch railing. The men mostly glare at me as they pass. Only a few waive or look friendly. Still fewer look happy. We can all read their minds. Females and kids are most staring at their phones. The men are dressed nicer than is comfortable

for them, most just fulfilling some expectation and half are going to be forced to spend their afternoon in church or with people they don't want to be around. More envy from those who have it all toward he who has nothing. Sweet potatoes cooked in hot coals are freak'n delicious. Way better than steakhouse sweet potatoes.

A friend drives buy with his wife.[272] She waives before he does but he doesn't seem to notice. Last week he stopped to say hi. He mentioned that his "old lady" told him I was shooting a bow and arrow at a mannequin (old BOB bag) in my yard. He presented it as though she were criticizing the caveman behavior and he was defending it. He was being honest. Evidently she has been nagging him to sell his bow which he never has time to shoot. I didn't tell him that she stopped to say hi while I was shooting and evidently my bow is sexier than his. That is not metaphor. She was trying to articulate that she thinks recurve bows are better than compound bows; probably because she's seen recurves in fantasy movies.[273] She commented on how my shirts always have holes in them while putting her finger through a tear to touch me.[274] Why do women try to purge masculine traits from the men loyal to them only to lust after those same traits in men they can't control? There's no appropriate way I can just come out and say "your wive is disloyal, dump her on the streets where she belongs" so I'll find a way to set the stage so he can

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[272] I think. I thought they were just dating but they are living together and he refers to her as his "old lady". But he's being doing that since they met. They're early 30's but aging rapidly.

[273] I shoot a #65 Super Kodiak and a #70 Mach30. The Mach30 outperforms the Kodiak in every measurable way but the Kodiak looks like a piece of art & the Mach30 looks like a machine so, in bimbo logic, the Kodiak is superior.

[274] I rarely go out so, excluding a handful of decent clothes, I mostly work in those cheap shirts that Walmart sales in 5 packs. They are garbage and tear up quickly but, after they are falling off, they make good rags.

discover for himself. I should've at least told told him she stopped by but didn't really think about. He mentioned it right before driving off. I'd be a bad friend if I let him go on believing he could trust her. She was clearly flirting with me when she stopped. It is very easy to tell the difference between a neighbor just stoping to say hi and a dishonorable women looking for whatever she was looking for. Call me too "traditional" but there is no excuse for a woman to bring up "sex/sexy", make comparisons between her husband and another man or certainly touch another man in any way when her husband (or boyfriend) is not there. Even though most of these women disgust me[275] I am going to miss the attention when this is all over.

I'm still on the hunt for the gospel(s) regarding Joseph. I've found a couple but Jesus seems to be guiding this scavenger hunt to a specific one that I still haven't located. Why not just tell me? I'm a little gun shy given the damage his last scavenger hunt did to me. Meanwhile, we are reading Acts. I question why we never read the central theme of Christianity - the passion narrative he's intentionally skipping over. He explains: "when you are ready". But in 35 days I'm done with this and I am going back to die in my tomb. He doesn't respond. I don't like how cool this spring has been. Its mid-May; it should be in the 90's by now. Everyone else loves it and more people are outside doing things this year. The days are in the upper 70's with more cloud cover than other years. It's uncomfortable to me. I prefer upper-90's with lots of solar radiation. I like the gentle burn of a scorching sun on my skin and the comfort of hot blanket of air. Upper-70's/low-80's feels like fall to

[275] I think there may be some truth to what's inside shining through to the outside because women just keep getting uglier every year. Not just the obesity and rapid aging caused by the estrogens/pesticides either. Their features are turning deformed and monstrous. Like goblins. Men seem to be turning into those people from Wall-E.

me and when the sun is covered its down-right cold. It's 78, the clouds have rolled in and its getting windy. Another Sunday buzzing with activity outside my window. I'd like to go do something active to break a sweat, warm up and flush this sedate feeling out of me but I guess I'll go put on sweats and continue bible study. I question how healthy this is.

K. I admit it. I took a nap in the hammock.[276] But that's ok because it really pissed off a lot of the men just getting home from church, granny feeding or whatever people do on mother's day. If you want my life that bad bro just fuck'n walk out on everything and everyone. The people in your life are the only reason you're doing all that shit. Do you even realize that? Some days I feel as though I'm battling my own nature to read the bible, as I eat again and go play with the cats. Jesus is remarkably tolerant and actually endorses some of this. Per my promise, all he'd have to say is "stop" or "get to work" but he never does. He wants me reading the bible but he doesn't want me forcing myself to read it.

I think this "one true religion" shit is proof that abrahamic faiths are the most intolerant religions/people on the planet. I always thought "speaking in tongues" was something crackpots did in the lunatic churches for attention. Reading about it in Acts reminds me of genetic language. This is a theory suggesting that all life on earth is programmed on a central/base tonal expression and

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[276] I dreamt one of those hypnotic dreams where a topic dances in your head as you fall asleep then you dream about it and seemingly wake up in the middle of the dream. This was really cool. It was the left wing of an angel. Bright white & glowing with pristine beauty. Then I woke up to a breeze thinking about it and when I looked up a bright white cloud stood out lower than the rest illuminated by a single sun beam. It looked eerily like the left wing of a giant angel. It was just a cloud that evaporated in seconds & just a dream of course. Maybe JC's way of nudging me back on topic. I searched around online for a couple minutes to see if christians assign different meanings to different wings but found nothing. The entire internet no longer functions as a search engine. Its just a propaganda iv.

evolved away from this over the centuries as languages do. This would now be a dead language that none speak but recalled like genetic memory when heard. I still think the lunatics rolling on church floors spewing nonsense are just off their meds but the theory is sound. I have been eating all day. Its weird, when I'm outside or burning serious calories I can go days without getting hungry and as soon as I sit on my butt for most of the day with this stuff I feel famished. Board eating? Jesus responds suggesting I'm misreading a starving spirit as physical hunger and directs my attention to how full my belly is. I'm freak'n bloated out and still famished. We discuss a bit and he tells me that I live a life of avoidance and distraction. I tell him he has spent a year showing me how utterly unfit and unwelcome I am in a society which has nothing to offer anyway. He goes quiet again so back to Acts, after I find a snack. I'm ahead of schedule on the 7% goal so an 8 hour food bender won't cause much delay. The rest of the porterhouse, another sweet potato and a full head of broccoli will be how I comatose myself for bed before starving again next week. I'm craving carbs I think. I wish they had spaghetti salad around here. Or good sushi.

Chopped spinach with butter & feta and cottage cheese on the side. Not exactly a spaghetti salad contender but it was either that, drive for an hour or be sick all night form the processed poison everyone but me seems to be able to eat. Jesus tells me not to continue reading Acts while eating so I kick back for a minute at the desk and eat. He speaks up again just before I finish and says "nobody is meant to walk this path alone".[277] Then tells me he wants me to seek out christians. He's been pushing them on me nonstop since I first invited

[277] Meaning the path toward him which he later termed "the righteous path". Ever the word sniper, cautious that I'd reject the notion that I would even want to walk a "righteous" path.

him in but this is the first time he has explicitly told me to do it. I promised to follow your instructions until father's day but I don't think I know how. They live together in their world and I am alone in mine. That river is practically impossible to cross. Also, I don't want to and, I'll live up to my promise but, come father's day, I'd just ghost them all again. We are not compatible. He tells me to just stop pushing them away. I'm not, its 2024 everyone is online in their own world and since I don't do social media I don't exist… and I kinda like that. Its freedom. He says I don't understand. I agree, I don't. I don't include the sarcastic "you want me just to randomly show up at some church again" because I know what his response will be. JC suggests christians would be fascinated and ecstatic to know me. I seriously doubt that. My experience in general is people hate me unless they want something from me. My experience with christians suggests they will decide I need "help"[278] after reading this. People meet each other in places I don't exist. I went to the festival as you asked. Twice and you saw how that went.

Knowing anything material about me will offend and cause problems with christians. He calls my experiences treasure and makes more reference to the Prince shit so I'm just ending this topic. People can tell what does and doesn't have intrinsic value and I can perform without pep talks. I will live up to my promise but he is going to have to explicitly tell me "go over there" and "speak to that person" and maybe direct the subject matter because this is just no longer in me. People bore the hell out of me and I don't want to be around them. People are almost always a negative experience. He brings up these books. I wrote these because he asked me to. If anyone ever connects me to

[278] You know the kind of "help"/re-education our society wants to give to anybody that disagrees with the government and its zombie hordes?

them, that would be a huge, embarrassing failure on my part. They are ridiculous ramblings of a nobody. I won't break my promise and I will "seek them out" but it'll require a lot more specific instruction to be successful. That is like telling me to burrow to the center of the earth and bring me a core sample. I'll take my little garden shovel and try for a minute but we both know the result.

Odd the next topic in Acts is the fellowship of believers.[279] A concept around Acts 2:44 suggesting all christians share a unified life in Christ. But I am not christian and even if I were "saved"/baptized/whatever my ways will not be christian ways. I am the son of Aphrodite and that will not change. How close do you expect me to be to people who call my mother a false god? Or who, because of some 4,000 year old racist propaganda, think its ok for israel to traffic children to US politicians so they can get away with genocide. What could I possibly have in common with people like that? JC responds: "me". My patience for them is strong but my tolerance is limited.[280] I'll just start back at Acts 2:44 next time. This day was kind of a waste. I'll try to make it up this week sometime. I don't belong here.

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[279] My readings go crazy slow because I research all the reference notes, maps, etc and Christian research has a shit ton of cross-references. Also a pretty good internet presence despite the efforts to delete Jesus. JC often chimes in on some nuance or other that doesn't seem a large enough concept to include. I understand I should record his every word but, if I did that, we wouldn't get very far & he doesn't seem to want me to. As it is I record more than he asks. I also just don't see how these books contribute anything of value to anyone. I usually don't even know what I'm talking about and most of volume two is me rambling around and going off.

[280] That means I am understanding enough not to go off on stupidity but have limited room for it in my life. I am also not going to try to fix the propagandized.

May 13, 2024

Powers of the Gods,

I haven't blinked since I woke. It rained heavily this morning. The ground is like a wet sponge. Clouds roll in and pile up rapidly, then disperse back to a blue sky. Its breezy and, without direct sun, a little too chilly for my comfort. Dark ocean blue, bright white, grey and high altitude wispy clouds tumble together in a bright blue sky too often blocking my precious solar radiation. I decided to break out my cloudy day array and make up for yesterday after taking care of a few chores/ organization. Again along that same drive where I heard the angels sing, I'm offered a sampling of this holy spirit fire. The energy was immense and not incompatible with the power of the gods.

He never lied to me[281] but Lucifer certainly let me continue assuming Jesus was interested in some conversion from the best parts of my life. Of course religious types will scream that you must abandon the gods to received the holy spirit but people are retarded and mortal opinions don't matter to me.[282] The most gentle thing that could happen to humanity is for someone to conquer and rule it like the gods of old.[283]

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[281] On edit, "Satan is the lie" - Jesus. JC has always said that Lucifer makes it a point not to lie to me in order to hide his nature.

[282] Jesus is not silent on this topic which does seem to be a big one but the material is very complicated. First, there is a huge distinction between worshiping the gods as idols or in lieu of the singular God Almighty (God, the Father, Jesus corrects) as opposed to understanding them as archetypes flowing from the headwaters. Second, Jesus seems to acknowledge or accept that I am part of Aphrodite and she a part of me. Its not clear to me how this issue plays out for her worshipers but Jesus doesn't expect me to abandon myself or my mother.

[283] The more you treat people like they treat insects the more they love you. The kinder you are to them, the more contempt they grow for you. Jesus says no but I think he is referencing the way things should be. The most beloved ruler will be the one who has the primates running around terrified while he burns the life/suffering they've created to the ground.

The most frustrating thing about this life in the middle is you can see & feel the power of the gods, sometimes you can touch it and deploy just a tiny fraction of it but never enough to have a major impact - like a god. Its like a caveman trying to use a computer and like trying to lift a thousand times your weight at the same time. I can't maintain that level of energy long enough to cause more than a nudge. As hard as I have tried over the years it remains just a nudge. I thought like everything else I could grow stronger and have more impact if I kept trying but I guess it doesn't work that way. Mortal blood.

I've hoped given Jesus seems to occupy the headwaters that this holy spirit fire would bring with it greater command over the powers of the gods but JC has made it clear that it won't. They are separate. I don't disbelieve him; Jesus's entire character is founded on honesty. But, I don't understand. He clarifies that the holy spirit is not given to someone for their personal use. That makes more sense. In theory it could be used to that end but its regulated to prevent that or in some way forbidden. The holy spirit is also sentient so this sprit fire may have a will of its own. He tells me those are separate worlds but then tells me I can combine them "in you", he limits. You'd expect when someone refers to separate worlds they'd follow that up with you can't combine them. Jesus frequently surprises me. The central issue seems to be free will. People do nothing but violate each other's free will. That seems to be the great joy of their existence. The powers of the gods have no restriction. If you can wield it, you can do as you please with it. Absent, of course, something that really pisses of the deities who rule those flows of energy/power. But that would have to be something really extreme and in congruent with the relevant archetype. As I explore this fire more, JC warns that I must never violate free will even to save them. "Even to save those you love". Then

maybe I'm not fit to receive this fire. I will not lie to him. I could agree to let people I don't care about destroy themselves but I won't stand by and let those I care for get hurt if I have the power to intervene. We discuss the difference between intervening after free will has been exercised and violating free will. I get it but I won't risk something I care about while a more effective weapon lays idle in the arsenal. JC says I'd do more damage than the harm I sought to interdict. Damage overall; not to the ones I care about. He roars: "love thy neighbor" and reminds me of his analogy of that world suffering in the smoke of my fires. Its all theoretical anyway.

The power within this holy spirit fire is practically unending. It seems people only feel and use the surface but its deeper then the ocean when you dive into it. Every cell is quivering again. Literally shaking so bad I couldn't function physically for nearly an hour. Fucking mortal blood is a curse.[284] I don't have the constitution to do anything useful. It was very similar to the angel's singing as my own weak mortal nature turns be back toward the surface. I'm not made of strong enough energy to dive much deeper. Jesus presumes I will receive this spirit fire someday in his warning not to corrupt myself for lack of faith. In other words, not to try to use it to wield the powers of the gods. I question what its purpose is then. I don't see myself walking around using it to preach his gospels. Jesus responds that I will understand how to use it when I learn to love my neighbors.[285] Like the angels singing, it was only a finite sample I experienced today. I have not received this holy spirit fire. However the experience came with another

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[284] Jesus's strongest chastising response to date followed: A roaring "No, it is not"!

[285] When JC uses this term he means all humans everywhere, "including yourself" he adds. I just don't see that ever happening.

ability that seems to be permanent. I can now see it on others.

I took a few minutes to wonder around. Strangely not many people have it. Those who do only have a light brushing of it across their energy fields. That is strange, and useless. Almost all these people are out and proud christians. Isn't christianity's whole thing "receiving the holy spirit"? I'm still shaking so hard I can barely type just remembering the feeling of that power. Jesus warns me again that I have the ability to misuse this gift and cautions me against corrupting it. Currently I have nothing to corrupt. I think we should discuss it more. I will not betray or break a promise but it sounds like it may come with conditions I could be tempted to violate so it may be best I not receive it. "Learn to love them as I do", Jesus demands. But I don't. "Learn". He emphasizes learn but love should flow naturally. I've never liked the idea of learning to love something. Its like learning to appreciate wine. If your nature tells you its poison, what sane person "learns" to delude themselves into ignoring reality? I can strongly feel Lucifer over that cold horizon relishing in the opportunity. Like an apex predator about to have his meal when this topic is at issue.[286]. As much as I would like that, I think it may be best I not have access to this spirit fire. Jesus responds: "In dangerous rapids stay close to me". Either way, its not happening today and the clock is ticking so I may never have to deal with this. Although I think I can feel the access point. Something deep in me wants that access but not in a good way. People talk about our reptilian brains. My primordial reptilian brain is fixated on this spirit fire and the power it offers.

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[286] The energy and focus coming off of Lucifer. This is the first time I've felt uncomfortable with him; almost afraid of him. Like a train charging down the track at me.

I am reading through/researching Acts and Jesus is adding a bit regarding the mechanics of how this spirit fire empowered his people to perform "signs" but its mostly just his boys traveling around preaching. Sorry, I'm still deeply distracted. I was hoping it'd be more science of the spirit fire than some dude's travel log. If it ever was it has long since been censored out and diluted down to nothing. Jesus suggests I could meet with Peter as I did Joseph. I guess Peter was his chief miracle worker. Might have been the dude who started the catholic church.[287] He presented this in the future tense; not like the do-it-now suggestion of calling on Joseph. But he hints that Peter could educate me deeper on the holy spirit fire so I'm antsy to do it now.

As I close out my make-up bible study Jesus makes note of how his people spent every minute of the day with him and tells me he is always here waiting. He encourages me to wonder what life would be like if I followed him and studied with him 24/7. Contrasting with how he currently watches over me as I meander around. As much of an honor as I'm sure that is, I belong in nature. Jesus is concerned with my ambition and where my thoughts are going. He warns that I am too dangerous[288] over the coming days and tells me to stay close to him. He makes a request of me. I don't like the idea of it but I promised to do as he asks until father's day. He'd like me to start reading just one section of the bible every morning or praying/meditating with him for just 20 minutes after I wake. It'll be a change and a difficult consistency. I don't have routines. There is never any rhyme or reason to when, why or in what order I do things. Establishing any routine will be very difficult for

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[287] Confirmed it. Peter was supposedly the first pope.

[288] Again, when Jesus uses the word "dangerous" it is not something cool or powerful. Its kinda his way of calling me a fuck up that causes him headaches.

me and I might fail at it more than once. I'll start tomorrow morning.

May 14, 2024

The Overlooked

Acts 4:32 explains tithing a little better. Seems its a pragmatic religious ceremony that over time has been corrupted into a profit machine. I don't like churches but I will give credit where it is due. It has not been corrupted as much as I would expect it to be, at least not around here where the main extracurricular of churches is still helping those in need. As soon as tithing goes a step above ground level it seems to become a combination of grift and communism. Like everything else it seems small independent and localized churches function more honestly than globalized ones. I think resources need to go directly from the offering plate to the needy and I get smiling energy from Jesus when typing that.

Jesus keeps thanking me. A god does not have to say thank you. I've never heard a god say that. Ever. God's express gratitude but there is a certain humility in the simple "thank you" that only seems to come from Jesus. Its another one of those oddities about him. After fulfilling my promise to read a chapter each morning as I stood up to go workout Jesus says "thank you". I replied something to the effect of "you don't have to thank me for receiving the gifts you paid for with your own blood" and he replied along the lines of he was thanking me because that blood was not spilled in vein. He wanted this written down. It is very odd for a mortal to receive humble gratitude from a deity. There must be some great significance to the humble thank you.

I've been growing increasingly detached all morning as the clouds roll in. Still a little overtaken by the fixation in my primordial brain. Its bright out but layer after layer of clouds have pushed down almost below the tree line. More and more clouds have started pushing all the way into the ground. As the morning passes the world in front of me grows opaque with shinny white mist. A dark blue-grey canvas has slowly started conquering the sky above. A massive storm is on the horizon. The energy is in the air and even the zombified minions can sense it. All is desolate and quiet except for the occasional car scurrying home from work early to go into hiding. The approaching storm sounds like Viking war music on the horizon. The eerie howls of wind, chanting bursts of lightening and the deep earthshaking drums of distant thunder.

Even without the sun I am energized. This type of weather (when nature takes center stage) seems to merge the realms. My mind ebbs and flows from my true home to this place. Sometimes, ever so slightly, my body does to. I am the twilight. I don't think my home is what the christian would see as heaven. Its more like the pure energetic realm of nature; where the gods rule. Similar to my walks through the alien dark nights of that monastery, I wonder the halls of my home through the blinding white light of mist and clouds. I have a strong craving for milk but the people I buy it from wont have more until the end of the month. I decide to settle for the mass grave milk corpse you probably drink[289] and continue my winding walk through the cloud maze toward the grocery store. Today, this is my world. My land. The people are just trespassing through on their way into hiding. As I walk out of the last cloud and on into the store I pass the single mother who works in town. She is

[289] Seriously, stop feeding that shit to your kids and buy them raw milk. Would you give your wife mashed up dead flowers for valentine's day?

afraid of the storm. She is looking at the sky in fear before she notices me. She says hi and makes some excuse about forgetting something to follow me in. She's lying again.

Jesus walks through my world as comfortably as I. And as welcome. Its a quiet walk. Communication works differently there. He speaks to me again as the single mom continues her small talk. He tells me I don't understand how intimidating I can be especially to a christian single mother. He tells me she can feel occult energy coming off of me. Yeah, I know. I'm not blind. She interprets it through the lens of fear and the combination of fear & attraction is driving her desire. That should be a little concerning. Jesus doesn't share my concerns and says she assumes I'll reject her but she took strength in him (just as I have more than once) to approach me. Why? She has her choice of available men who actually want her. "She doesn't want them", he says. "I don't want her", I reply. Nor am I the type to settle or accept failure. He asks if I consider her children to be the result of failure. You know my nature.[290] It doesn't matter anyway, I am not attracted to her, I don't want a life with her and she does not have platonic friendship on her mind. I don't understand what he wants. I know he doesn't want me to nut & bolt on these leftover women he keeps sending to me. They are incapable of platonic friendship in their current state. He doesn't expect me to settle for them but its like he wants me to string them along. He says I don't understand and terms it about giving comfort. It sounds like giving false hope to me. He wants me to have some mutual giving/ receiving experience. He interjects "love thy neighbor". Jesus has expressed before that he thinks my views on dating are too extreme. They are limiting but I can't get

[290] Aphrodite archetypes are famously unyielding and JC knows this. Think I should change? Stop breathing. How long did that last?

over that concept of dating more than one person or testing the field or whatever the fuck people do. It should not be a shopping trip or competition. The concept of someone "dating" more than one person or even considering it disgusts me. Maybe because "dating" is just an synonym for sport fucking today. I don't know but I'm not participating in this dating culture (aka: sloppy seconds) anymore than I am interested in hookup culture and that is all these things[291] understand.

Jesus says he is asking me to give comfort. He doesn't mean donate orgasms to the needy, he means emotional comfort. But I'm not competent to that mission and middle-aged women creep me out.[292] After their late 30's, they all act like they are on psychoactive drugs or concealing some mental problem. There is something wrong with them. She isn't there yet but only about 5 years away. The oldest woman I've had any extended exposure to is my lesbian handler and she is 27. I don't understand how that is not setting her up to be hurt. Personal relationships mean something to Aphrodite archetypes. He thinks I put too much emphasis on a simple date and says that is why I remain alone. Maybe he's right but so be it, everyone else seems to put far too little emphasis on everything. On this mission I have and will likely continue to fail him. Send her elsewhere. She doesn't just "want to get to know [me]" her plan and desires are written all over her energy field. I am not attracted to her, she is too old, too simple, I will not accept another man's children as my own, her

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[291] JC again demands I leave this word when I try to change it to people. He suggests when I get dark I start seeing people as beneath me but I really don't. Just preoccupied then and in the reptile fixation. He makes a point about me wanting to keep people like pets (says that is my plan with private communities) but its not like that. Yes, I think the old ways (when advanced humans kept subhumans like farm animals) were ok but its not like I'm ready to enslave or exterminate & I don't see myself as metahuman anyway.

[292] I prefer not to even be in the same room with women between the ages of like 40 and 60.

body count has reduced her sexual desire way way below my threshold, etc. etc. No.

Its difficult to explain the time dilation but nearly all of this conversation does occur in a few seconds or moments. Excluding the direct statements, Jesus is capable of ridiculously fast upload/download speeds. At times faster than I can process. As she follows me from the milk cooler, she comments something to the effect of it looking like I just walked out of the clouds; soothing herself the way people laugh when they are uncomfortable. I think to myself: I did just walk out of the clouds and that danger you feel on me you should be afraid of. You can't survive in my world.[293] She couldn't have chosen worse timing. I try to project more basic doldrum to lower her increasing anxiety but I can't. Its rare when the world is my home. I can barely relate to people at such times and the mental energy focused on that spirit fire is growing making everything else fuzzy in my mind. She awkwardly blurts out her date idea in her best good christian girl virtue signal or whatever that was while sounding as coy as possible. She was making something (I was too removed to hear what) and inviting me to dinner at her home as a thank you for buying her kids those shaved ice cups. Something like that. She's like a chirping cricket in the background while I'm looking at the key to the universe. Sorry. Distracted. Jesus says just because she can't measure up to my demands doesn't make her a lesser life form. I've never thought of insects as lesser lifeforms.

I'll spare you the full upload/download but essentially in Aphrodite's archetype, with the exception of true love, desire is almost always wielded as a weapon or used to shackle the slaves. The "incestuous" relationships with my sisters is not perverse sex; its more

[293] She literally couldn't. She lies too much. Somebody will hurt her.

like combat training and sportsmanship, that sometimes goes off the rails. Jesus says a knife can be used to commit murder or butter bread. That it is up to the one holding it. He speaks on many levels of many things great and small. Jesus is greater than I could ever be. He can focus on the great and small equally and with equal… love. I try to follow his example and focus on the cricket. On her. My neighbor. I forget her name. He doesn't want me buttering her bread sexually.[294] He wants to make her feel desired again. To give her confidence. It amazes me that her confidence matters to him in the presence of all this power. He could just change her but its the free will restriction.[295] Jesus is a great deity. It is hard to maintain his advanced morality and depth of vision. I'm not sure the reader can understand what's happening. Staying with his elevation is the heaviest weight I've ever lifted but also the biggest stretch to try to notice/care about the little cricket while doing it. I suggest he use one of his templars as they are mostly within the archetype of the more rakish god. Jesus clarifies she needs to feel emotional warmth as opposed to sexual desire.[296]

Now is a really bad time dude. I'm honored by the trust Jesus is showing in me but I'm not equipped to

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[294] He agrees with my belief that two soulmates should mate for life with no others between them.

[295] …and all is one function. In christian parlance b/c he loves his neighbor.

[296] That tracks. Its the male children of the war gods who get laid most. Male children of Aphrodite are far from the frat boys you'd expect. We are too romantically inclined and emotional about sex/partnership - a major handicap holding me back that I feel I need to overcome. It's something to do with being male under a powerful female archetype. Females strongly associated with the powerful male archetypes are similarly inverted. Female Aphrodite's not so much. My sisters would drink this woman's tears for a salt fix while she was cutting her wrist. The black widow is of our archetype if that tells you anything. Allegedly my mother is feared even among the gods because she owns the most violent and merciless weapons. Reduced to the mortal realm, if you were given the choice, would you prefer a broken arm or a broken heart? Your leg or your spirit? That's the knife JC is referring to.

this delicate task. Especially right now. I am not a deity. I don't have his range. He expresses it again as loving your neighbor and tells me I can give what I have not received. I construe it as lying to her and he says it can and should be be done with total honesty. My smart ass nature asks if I should start out by telling her most men, myself included, will never really want her because she has kids. He ignores me.[297] She is in pain because she feels overlooked and thinks she will be alone forever. What is so wrong with these men I see gushing all over her? Jesus thinks I can put her on a different path by just honestly showing her that I see her. I'm sorry but I think I have to say no to this mission. He tells me literally the only thing I have to do is say the word yes. I just automatically made an excuse and turned her down somewhere during that exchange. I don't even remember doing it or when I said it. I was trying but between the focus on the spirit fire, the storm and the conversation with Jesus covering things great and small the little cricket got stepped on.

Immediately, I saw that I had weakened her faith and that is what really hurt. I failed Jesus. Crushing a woman's ego has never bothered me but this one really hurt and still does because Jesus has done so much for me and he trusted me with keeping whatever encouragement he offered her and I failed and I let him down. I was trying to hold the range but it was like muscle failure. I've failed Jesus a lot but this one hurt more than any. While I was beating myself up for letting him down Jesus comforts me and reassures me that it will be ok. That hurt even worse but was still comforting.

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[297] On edit, I hate to say this b/c I think getting involved with a single mother is a terrible mistake but Jesus gets irritated with me for recommending against that because I guess the culture behind that is driving women toward abortions. I'd say so be it (I'm forbidden to touch a women who's had an abortion anyway) because we want more of the type such attitudes would drive toward chastity but it goes back to the love they neighbor thing. You christian men wanna play capt. save-a-ho? Pray.

He doesn't want me dwelling on failure or feeling like a failure even though I completely let him down. She'd already given her best nonchalant response and excused herself to buy whatever she forgot, went the opposite direction and scurried out. Why does she lie so much? Its like she is trying to act some part around me instead of being her true self. Jesus walks out with me and stands by the closest cloud His acceptance of my failing him and his acceptance of my need to spend these few precious moments in my home were equal.

I know he wants to show me the christian world during times like these. Especially during dangerous rapids. Rapids both great and small. But the realms merging in this storm, hidden in that blinding white mist is where I belong; not sheltering from the storm in some cave with a desperate woman cooking me dinner. Maybe it's the call of the wild. My ways are not christian ways. My world is not patriarchal. As Jesus says it is also not about me. This women is frightened of just the residual energy on me from my walk with the storm and much scarier things are at issue now. She needs someone in her life who will fear my world with her. And not be so weirded out buy her lies and play-acting this servant wife shit. If I am ever to have anyone, they would have to understand my world is part of me just as much as your blood is part of you. They would also have to be my equal. I vanish back into my beautiful home, thankfully with Jesus's understanding. I walk a winding path cloaked by the low clouds and mist to the river where I share milk with my mother, sisters & the faeries and enjoy the storm's strength as it closes in. I'm sure there are many paradises blooming in heaven. Given the bigotry and prejudice the abrahamic faiths are famous for it'd make sense they'd see only theirs. Like earth being the center of the universe. God is larger than that and I am left wondering which paradise I belong to.

Jesus has extended the invitation to his kingdom. I'm deeply honored and I know it will be a true paradise under a great King but… I just feel like I'd be there like an immigrant, living among strangers.

Or maybe it is just the call of the wild. Jesus's kingdom is like that warm cozy home his single mom retreated to during the storm but I prefer the outdoors. I am of the storm.

May 15, 2024

Fire.

I expected Lucifer to show up Monday night. Every time Jesus offers me something I value, Lucifer shows up right away with his counter-bid. This morning I stretched my thoughts out to him out of curiosity. Does he not have a counter-bid to the holy spirit fire? All I sense is that pre-pounce predator focus. He is locked, loaded and waiting. There's a saying in litigation: when both plaintiff and defendant ask for the same thing, somebody is about to get screwed. I don't think I want to be the somebody. Jesus responds: "Place your trust in me"? I am.[298]

Jesus seems to be acclimating me to Peter's energy. I'm not sure we will get along and no longer certain I want to meet him. He feels like a zealot. I have no desire to meet someone who is going to condemn me for not thinking as he does or submitting to his demands

[298] On edit, Jesus says that he did not come so I could change the world; that he came so I could change myself and, he says, so did Lucifer. Thus, Lucifer's promises of power are hollow. Unless he knows how to abuse the spirit fire to wield the powers of the gods. But then JC says "changing yourself will change the world". Sounds like the poser BS side of the new age communities. In common parlance "change the world" means something big and material. I don't think the mustard seed theory fits here. Jesus says I don't understand.

of what I should believe. Jesus agrees that Peter is a zealot but says he will not treat me as I think because that is not the christian way. At the same time I start to think it, drawing up those images of christians converting by force, starvation, etc, Jesus echos over the images "not the christian way". He tells me to keep reading about Peter's life.

Interesting note on the story of Ananias & Sapphira discusses the link[299] between fellowship/"love they neighbor" and the holy spirit. My initial impression was to condemn: "how dare you demand the whole when gifted a portion". However, I'm pretty sure that wasn't the point. Nor was faith, although it seems linked. I can't say that I fully understand but there is some "integral" linking of this love thy neighbor thing and the holy spirit. As I think on it Jesus suggests it will be a topic of conversation with Peter. As I finish this morning's bible chapter and go down stairs to feed the squirrels and crows I bump into a neighbor on my porch. He has brought me a bunch of turnips to thank me for the dried gourdes I gave him. One of the perks they don't tell you about living in a small midwest town is that your grocery bills drop to almost nothing over summer and fall as every neighbor is dropping off extra produce, eggs, etc to every other neighbor. The simple healthy magic of my late start and lunch is also something those of you living by subscription will never understand.[300] The turnips had just been harvested a few minutes earlier so I took a minute to prep them and dig some wild garlic from my lawn before I mow. I then cooked them with some wild herbs, garden herbs and homemade gee from my cow friend. Excluding the meat, which was grazing up the road earlier this year and gee I made a couple months

[299] Jesus adds: "integral" link.

[300] Where your zoo keeper owner's can turn your life up and down at will like a thermostat.

ago, everything I'm eating while typing this was in the ground growing when I woke up. Nothing traveled more than five miles to get inside my belly. In your lifetime the enemy will regulate small farms and backyard gardens out of existence because they need you unhealthy and dependent to retain power.

Jesus brings up the "love thy neighbor" thing as necessary ingredient also under attack. He is correct. Dividing everyone against everyone else (identity politics) is how weak "leaders" maintain control. But I don't understand why it has to be love. The Jehovah Witnesses stopped by interrupting lunch to show me a video about god renewing earth.[301] One is going through an extra burden he mentioned a few weeks ago so I reminded him again as he left that I am always here if he needs any extra help. He politely refused. Jesus says the foundation for "loving they neighbor" is all around me and I just have to ignite it. What is the difference? Jesus distinguishes kindness & generosity (which nearly everyone around here shows to one another) with love. I sincerely do not understand. He draws the analogy to a campfire that provides no warmth until it is set ablaze. He tells me that I understand fully how to build a campfire but that I am unable to light it. The kindness, charity, being neighborly and helping others he suggests are the sticks. As I am trying to understand what the ignition source is supposed to be he interjects: "The holy spirit is the flame. You must be the oxygen". Oxygen is inexorable of flame and he again points toward a future conversation with Peter as I wonder how to be oxygen.[302] I still have reservations as to whether this holy spirit fire is something I should be entrusted with.

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[301] I wish they'd just start stopping by as friends instead of missionaries. Their stuff is redundant and limited.

[302] The answer was learning to love them. I guess love being the oxygen.

May 17, 2024

Disturbances.

Seriously, what do all these stepped-on women have to do with loving your neighbor? Why? Excluding the impossible and maybe AB (but she's psycho) there is no way in hell. Jesus is not going to let up on this loving your neighbor thing[303], even if it overshadows this entire book.

My lesbian handler returned last night. She bought a new jeep in FL and drove it back. I'm usually awake with the sun, hours before her, but for some reason I slept late and was woken up by her pounding on my door and demanding I go look at her jeep. Someone painted "Go" on her front windshield and "Away" on her back windshield in big pink letters. Then she points to the yellow panties stabbed into my front door with a hunting knife.[304] My remaining peony blooms were missing. I couldn't help but smile. My lesbian handler noticed and asked what happened while she was gone. She assumed incorrectly. She says I'm attracted to crazy. I told her about AB. She wants to call the cops. "No. This is a joke. She likes to mess with people's minds". "She knifed her underwear into your front door"! "She's not psycho, she's just quirky and likes to mess with people". "Who is she"? "I dunno. I told you everything I know". "I'm gone six weeks"! "Its just paint, you can scrap it off. You'd like her, she kinda looks like

[303] He has linked it with what he perceives as my hang-up with women in his typical multiple birds with one stone precision. Having standards is not a hang up.

[304] Bright canary yellow (almost cartoonish yellow) tangas with a hot pink edging. Nice knife too. It was a Buck 120.

Emma Watson".[305] "You need to call the cops"! "What can the cops do that I can't do better"? I'd already tried to get her prints or DNA from the truck to find her. The good news is I won't have to waste hours finding the footage. AB messed with her jeep so my lesbian handler is on the warpath. She's complaining that things just keep getting crazier around here. She's much quicker with the cameras than I am. It was only about 30 minutes later when I hear her yell from her room: "She's dressed like a fucking ninja! What the hell"? I skip in to see. Camera footage shows her lying on the hood swinging her legs back and forth while painting the front windshield; like some teenager on her bed flipping through a magazine. She has so much personality. I think I said something about her being so adorable because my lesbian handler told me to learn to spot red flags.

"Look at this"! She either brought rabbits or tried to catch rabbits or something because the footage shows her struggling with 3-4 small rabbits; either trying hold them or releasing them or something.[306] Really weird. "I really like her". I was sharpening her knife[307] and had the panties in my pocket. My lesbian handler gives me a look and I explain that I am sure they aren't her actual panties, she is not like that. She just likes to play mind games. I ask her to send me the footage. She does under the header: "your psycho girlfriend" and then says she is

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[305] Physically, with one exception, we are usually attracted to the same look but she likes the stereotypical tatted up cyber zombie bores & she says if they're not crazy I'm not into them.

[306] As of final edit (July), 2-3 of them are still living in my yard.

[307] It was pretty new and manufactures never sharpen them correctly. Also, for a knife to be yours you must sharpen it personally and you must do it by hand with a natural stone. The little imperfections, the rhythm of your stroke, the areas your give more attention to, the minerals in your saliva, the oils in your skin, the heat of your breath, the way you hold the knife and your particular style all bond the blade to you and you to the blade.

going to go get the paint off her new jeep.[308] How can you act that obsessed with somebody and then just hide from them? When you have no intrinsic value the idea of someone obsessing over you, threatening other females and stalking you is very appealing. Later I wrote a note saying she was a lesbian and just a friend to post on the jeep. She didn't want to advertise to the neighborhood that she was a lesbian. I tried to convince her it was the only way to deliver the information but she wouldn't budge. She has now commandeered my garage to protect her jeep. "She's just going to break into the garage". "Six weeks. I was gone six weeks" and she marches off to make a phone call. I really like AB. I hope she comes around more often.

May 18, 2024

The Anointing

A beautiful spring morning. Its cool and humid out but the sun is bright and strong. Few to no clouds. It is a stereotypically perfect spring morning and I am still stoked from AB's crazy crush. It feels like those high school years when everybody wants to be you and you're filled with youthful energy. Those days when you have no plans beyond enjoying the day and all the girls giggle by to see what you're up to. As perfect as spring mornings get. I did my early morning bible reading as promised but skipped the gym. Its too pretty to be in the basement. I walked around to check my gardens, trees, various feeders, etc and kicked back in a hammock chair to absorb the morning. After maybe 10 minutes of taking in the energy Jesus shows up in almost physical form. Strong enough I looked around to see who was out wondering is others could see him. "Its time".

[308] Later I hear her outside cursing because AB used oil based paint so it would smear everywhere when she tried to clean it off.

I intuitively knew what he meant but I still wasn't sure I wanted to meet Peter. Its also morning. My walk and talks are usually at night when all the people are tucked away with their screens. Jesus's energy field walks off and I follow. I followed him through the wooded area where I spoke to Joseph and on to the edge of the river. There is an island on the river connected by the crumbling remains of an old bridge. Jesus stands next to the bridge. Again, I intuitively just knew. I crossed the bridge to the island. As I crossed through the tree line into the open field there he was waiting.

He's not much to look at. A homely looking ethnic jew. Scrawny, small in stature and balding. Nothing like Jesus. But, wow! The rock star energy radiating off this man!

Peter walks up and looks me in the eye's for a moment that felt like hours. I was in awe. I know why they describe the holy spirit as fire now. And how these guys where so charismatic that they drew crowds by the thousands. So much energy and passion and just burning with life. The kind of life we all should be living. Everybody feels boring and zombified to me but in that moment I felt boring and zombified to myself. And that was the most alive me that a few minutes ago was feeling like a popular teenager again. These apostles lived on fire with life; true life. Its the kind of overflowing life that is catching. I guess fire is the best analogy. Peter looks at you and sets your spirit on fire. The power coming off this little man was amazing. I intuitively already knew. That is what the holy spirit does. If you have ever had one of those times that your were so filled with energy/power/emotion that your eyes teared up but your weren't sad or crying. It was like that but beyond. The force was so strong my eyes couldn't tear up to

release it. I was on fire with the spirit just leaking off him. This dude was the bomb. Not at all what I expected.

For a moment I remembered that I used to fill myself with energy and look at people to excite them. Its a popularity trick rockstars and movie stars use to get people addicted to them but this wasn't that. Peter is the OG that fakery fails to mimic. He wasn't even trying or doing it intentionally. It was all just natural, authentic and common to him. Still not saying a word but I just knew. With his fingers he anointed my hands. I was amazed. He was in spirit form but after he touched me he left real physical oil. Amazing oil. I was surprised at how accepting I was of all this and just removed my shoes and shocks without him asking. He anointed my feet. Same thing. Real physical oil was left behind by a spirit form. I've never experienced that before. Then he looks and again I intuitively knew and I was shocked. Peter is not an intolerant zealot. No one but my mother is allowed to touch my head. It was to be anointed but Peter did not overstep. He just knew. His pause was a request for permission. Which I did not give; only my mother touches my head. Nothing changed. Not an iota. This man who seemed like such a zealot was exactly the same toward me after I denied him as he was before. He understood. Nothing more needed to be said of it.

Peter and I walked along, trespassing through someone's hay field and spoke throughout the morning. I learned so much from him. Several topics were covered but the primary theme was the Holy Spirit. Like Joseph, Peter instructed me that our conversations where for me. Both Peter and Joseph conveyed such amazing and insightful wisdom that it should be shared but both explicitly told me to keep it to myself. In part because this book is about Jesus and they feel unworthy to take up chapters in it. Also because it seems that what Jesus

shares is meant to be generalized and what they share is intended to be delivered through personal communion. As the sun rose to its apex, I intuitively knew we were done and Peter walked on slowly fading into the bright sunny day as I turned and walked back to get my shoes. As I crossed back over the bridge I could feel Lucifer on the horizon. He is infuriated and triggered (on the verge of loosing it like one of those propagandized losers). I've never known Lucifer to lose his cool before. Loki appears on the crossroads between me and the horizon laughing at Lucifer again. Loki is a god.[309] Lucifer, despite his abilities, is just an angel. He can't touch Loki. Whatever just happened on that island pulled the rug out from under whatever Lucifer was waiting for. He is fuck'n pissed. But not approaching. It'd be nice to know what's going on but this chess match is beyond my intelligence.

May 19, 2024

Oil.

That oil Peter put on me is not washing off. I've been sweating, tearing down the Ducati, working in the gardens, taken showers, done dishes and even scrubbed it with the back side of a dish sponge. Its like its part of my hand. It feels like its gone when my hand is wet but as my hand dries it come back like its part of my skin or something. It's lightly scented and smells nice but I can't place the scent. I've never smelled anything like it. Its such a light and delicate oil it shouldn't have lasted an hour.

Acts 7:22 suggests it was common knowledge that Moses was trained in Egyptian magic. I recall mentioning my suspicions of that somewhere above. At least I think I wrote it.

[309] Or, as you might better accept it, an element/trait of God, the Father.

Unworthy,

Acts 7 discusses Stephen. It seems some people never change. He spoke truth to power so they censored him midway through and murdered him. Are jews the "chosen people of god" like the prodigal son was the chosen son? Are some people geared genetically toward evil? Censor me! Its not logical to disparage an entire race but an entire culture is in bounds. Nature v. nurture.[310] Nature merits respect innately. Nurture, not so much. How toxic do you have to be to try to stow away god and dole him out for money and power? Jesus is the only deity I know who would tolerate shit like that so it follows that he'd have the title god of the jews (termed: "king of the jews", I think). But it seems the jews deny their own god and replace him with themselves ("the law" written and interpreted by them). My bias is not founded in antisemitism but go ahead.[311] It is founded in reality. Nature. God! A real flower will always be superior to a fake one. Natural immunity always superior to the vaccines (even the real ones back in the day that were actually intended to be vaccinations). Man's attempt to do what nature does will always be inferior but, not surprisingly, the corrupt narcissists will believe it superior.

The jews have the right to reject Jesus. He came claiming title under their religious doctrine. People judge their gods, that is how religion is chosen. My bias and I think a correct bias is founded on this reverence for "the law". Law, especially ancient jewish law, was based on their understanding of what their god wanted of them.

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[310] The ways of nature (race) merits deference. The ways of man (culture) do not.

[311] In 2024, disagreeing with genocide, extortion, land theft, child sexual abuse or simply not writing the ADL a check upon demand makes you an antisemite so who gives a fuck.

Then, either corruptly[312] or by losing their way, they replaced god with the laws they wrote. The whole thing is very artificial to me. Like fake flowers.

Stephen was silenced and murdered by mob violence costumed as official proceedings. Just like the courts of today.

Like Weeds.

Basically Acts just tells the road trip story of the Jesus posse converting masses. After meeting Peter I can see how this spread so fast and I think anyone can understand some of the fear and hatred it elicited from the corrupt in power. Kinda like QAnon. Did christianity get taken over and discredited by its enemy?[313]

Noteworthy in Acts are authoritative biblical reference to what those who claim the bible as independent authority call apocrypha. Any of you taking first year logic right now? Did the church just cancel every episode of christianity that wasn't lukewarm? A road trip story for hundreds of pages? If you are christian you need to meet Peter. Having done so, there is no way this abridged, watered down "went here/did that" account does justice to what Peter was probably up to. Jesus encourages me to read through Ch. 12. After I need

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[312] I think actual antisemitism (which, thanks to the ADL, no longer matters) is found when people attribute these traits of corruption, arrogance, conniving, etc to all jews. Its not the commoners that you read about centuries later. In all cultures, scum rises to the top. But, we now have laws that say if you litter in front of a synagogue you go to jail for 20 years & failure to praise is hate crime so who cares. Ignore the wolf or be the wolf. Maybe the wolf was framed.

[313] Perhaps by using an Aphrodite archetype's negative traits (vanity) to soften his defenses before plunging the knives in his back? Overeating and obesity is also an Aphrodite trait gone dark. Contrary to popular belief sexual immorality is not. Sexual immorality is typical to a war god archetypes gone rancid. Every personality trait has a dark mirror. It is our job to strive to stay in the light. The closer you are to the archetype, the stronger the waves - both good and bad. Those closest to the archetypes must learn to surf.

to start editing this mess. I'll probably just speed edit it all at the last minute like Volume 1. That way some braindead useful idiot can cite a spelling or grammar error as proof I'm too unsophisticated to be heard. Lucifer is correct about how funny this shit is going to be in the end. Jesus says if I loved my neighbor I wouldn't find it so funny.

Acts 10:34, I can confirm from personal experience that Jesus shows no partiality. Its not even rational to assume God would as he is all/crated all. The abrahamic faiths would see me as something to be eradicated given the power to act but their god/King has always treated me better than I'd expect of anyone. Better than I treat him. Peter also demonstrates great understanding of the realms. No one other than a deity should ever accept anyone kneeling before them. It is an offense to the deity who merits the honor. Like identity theft.[314] Similarly, no one should kneel to anything but a deity. There is extraordinary offense taken when a mortal kneels to another mortal. Children of deities know this instinctively I think[315] but nonetheless have a strict protocol in the event anyone ever kneels to them. I assume pious christians have a similar rule or understanding.

Acts 12:3 is more support for my point about people who prefer fake flowers. Why are only the seven days following passover holy and not to be soiled by these political executions? Did god not create the other 359 days? Is he on vacation 51 weeks a year? Law over God. Fake over real. Perception over reality. Propaganda over education. Evil.

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[314] Mirror mirror on the wall, you'd better say Aphrodite is the fairest of them all… or the mirror will fall.

[315] I can feel my mother's rage at that.

The notes on Herod's death in Acts 12 suggest that he was struck down for impersonating a deity. If true then it would seem there is a christian rule/ understanding about not kneeling before a mortal. However, in my experience, that instant smiting stuff is not how deities work. Typically the greater the power the more subtle its application.

May 20, 2024

No

As per my promise, I began my day reading another chapter of the bible - Acts 13. While reading about Paul chastising the jewish "magician", Jesus speaks strongly inferring I have some authority to "command them to stop". Our complicated in-depth dialogue was exchanged via download, visions and spoken word as JC's way of adding emphasis. I am not comfortable with this suggestion. I am not my mother's viceroy nor will I hold myself out as speaking for the gods. This exchange with Jesus was more complicated than I think the reader will understand and covers a number of different topics.

First, deity worship and magic/sorcery are two different things. Every culture, including the abrahamic faiths (Elymas was a jew), has its "magicians". People like to believe that sorcery is divided into light/good and dark/evil but that is an example of propaganda becoming historical "reality". In actuality, sorcery is either a ceremony honoring a particular deity (which is how it began) or it is an attempt by the ignorant to exercise the powers of the deity unilaterally (which is what it perverted into). This is further complicated by the fact that sorcery sometimes works but that is due to hundreds of factors. Not the least of which is (in the christian ethos) demonic forces meddling with human arrogance.

As this perversion continued, sorcery was perverted ever more by people like Elymas who tried to tun it into a profession. This profiteering naturally lead to what we see mostly today which is just posers and con-artists making shit up for money. Rarely will a deity, offspring of a deity or any wise worshiper of a deity have anything to do with sorcery as it is known today.

Second, I'm not blind to the geography and timing of this suggestion. One of the first temples built to my mother (under her identity as Aphrodite) was in Paphia, Cyrpus near where Paul encountered Elymas. It therefore stands to reason he was peddling spells claiming to invoke my mother or her powers. Throughout history, including modern day, snake oil has been one of the more profitable business models. My archetype in particular is very libertarian. I'm not going to endorse the bullshit but I'm also not going to rage against the tide or seek to outlaw it; let natural selection do what it does.

Third, Jesus basically confirms that I am the only offspring alive today. That is not surprising as deities do not have as many children as people pretend. Also, note that I am not a legitimate offspring; just an adoption. Jesus then asserts more of this Prince garbage as if it were some authoritative title enabling me issue royal decrees or something. Much like trying to organize republicans, governing pagans is like herding cats. Not only would such be impractical to the extreme but I'd never do it. Its wrong. Government in general is evil. We, of course, revisit our discussions about earthly v. heavenly governance. Exceedingly long story short, Jesus does not address the christian elephant in the room or even suggest I should betray my mother but he does suggest that I should speak out against sorcery. Or, at least the perverse outrage it has become. No one, not Jesus, my mother, the great teacher deity, other gods,

their true worshipers or I approves of mortals trying to exercise powers of deities… through "magic". People do this all the time. The coven who brings me gifts is Jesus's primary example and the first small step down that slippery slope he encourages. The coven gives offerings or real worship to my mother maybe a couple times a year or when they want something and their "magic" fails. Most of the rest of their "spiritual" activity appears to be practicing "magic" and trying to exercise divine power in their own right (via sorcery and other bullshit). Most pagans who accept me as Aphrodite's son would do what I asked without question; especially if it involves my mother. Either due to actual respect for my mother or fear of offending her.[316] If I went to these witches today and told them to stop practicing witchcraft there is a very high likelihood that most would do so. But, I am not of the abrahamic faiths. My people do not enslave as a matter of course, colonize or impose commandments. We believe in nature and freedom.

No. If asked, I would happily tell them what they are doing is wrong but nobody has ever asks. They bring me gifts, they leave spells in my yards and the leave offerings to my mother in my care but I can't remember anyone ever asking me if what they were doing was right or how to do it better. I'm sorry. I am not a missionary. I will rescue but I won't govern. Especially not in the name of a god! During this debate a huge gust of wind literally blew the bible off my desk and slammed it against the wall. That is not Jesus, not his way. Not sure

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[316] Grimoire's passed down through the ages have ended up with information they probably shouldn't have, including the nature of and suggested manner in which to approach the different "kingdoms"/archetypes. Aphrodite's kingdom is usually the poster child for those they are told to be careful with. Easily offended, erratic, unpredictable, vicious, unforgiving, occasionally genocidal, etc. Many cautionary tales come from our archetype. As a result, it has become historical custom for sorcerers, witches, etc. to approach all things Aphrodite with kid gloves. I should also add that this is a mischaracterization of my mother from those outside the "nest".

what that was. Not everything has meaning. Usually when the timing is perfect there is meaning behind it but not always. Jesus, in his way, reassures me almost before I have the thought that this is not why he has come - to just use me.

Losers.

I'm so useless in springtime. I was supposed to finish fixing my bike today then maintenance the truck and lawnmowers before tonight's run[317] but its approaching 5pm and I've accomplished nothing. All I want is to make spaghetti salad and go to a waterpark or something. I really want some spaghetti salad. I'm always carb-starved in spring. Not sure what it is. Its the only time of the year I ever crave pasta. I need to build the pool and find some freak'n friends so I can have sun worshiping parties (pool parties) again… with spaghetti salad. I miss the beach. Why does everything suck so bad these days? You are all propagandized, bitter and inflamed. Put down the freak'n cellphones! I'm lonely. Seriously, does nobody have pool parties anymore? Good ones. Not the smelly rap, liquor fueled, blinged out, twerking whore infested dick sucking shit the internet promotes. Loud music, hot sun, good food, sexy angst, and sunburns turning to cold chills as the party extends into the night and new lovers gently kiss in the grotto. Sunburns feel so sexy. Why is everybody so dead! Whatever, guess I'll go bleed the fuck'n breaks.

Every time I get a late start the whole day goes to hell. I ask if I can just read another chapter tonight so I can get moving early tomorrow and JC confirms he wants my day starting with the bible. I have no rear

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[317] I've never liked running and I'm not very good at it but I'm taking my own advice and added some daily hill sprints to try to hit that 7% goal. Under 10% is really hard for me. I can generally maintain under 15% and hold around 10% if I pay attention to what I eat but single digits feels almost unnatural for me. Its like I'm fighting my natural state to stay under 10%.

breaks and I can't figure out why.[318] Fuck it. I'll just ride it without them. Jesus suggests I don't have to do everything myself pointing to my frustration and typical overwhelmed feelings. That is an Italian bike and I am no longer in Cali; I'd have to ship it 300 miles to find a mechanic who has ever touched one. This loser I met a year or more ago won't leave my thoughts and I should have known it was the lead up to more Jesus psycho-therapy because I don't give losers free rent in my head. I was in walmart I think, I really hate walmart, with my lesbian handler helping me look for something. Some bitter loser (and I think walmart employee) walks by me and bitterly mumbles "you're crowding the aisle". He didn't look me in the eye or address me like a person. It was like this gross goo that he smears as he flubbers along. Like Slimer from Ghostbusters. He kinda looked like Slimer as I recall. I was surprised at first and wanted to lash out but didn't for some reason. I also didn't move to take up less space like the frightened wall huggers I'm sure he has been his entire life.

This is what happens when you treat bullying like a capital crime. Its just as bad as letting bullying go to far. Losers like this get militant. Then we give them an inch and they immediately shove us toward the cliff. His problem is nobody ever kicked his ass for shit like that.[319] I'm not antisocial enough to actually punch him, start shit or give him the acknowledgement he is desperate for. I did however make certain I was blocking the entirety of the next 4 aisles he tried to walk down;

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[318] Honestly, I probably damaged the line when I crashed but a 10 min job is now approaching 2 hours and I'm done.

[319] On edit, I know I am not very found of myself but the closest thing I had to a human parent was my WW-2 generation grandfather. Which I am proud of. He was a West Virginia coal miner who came of age in the Great Depression. I was still pretty young when he died but seeing the condition of these "men" who grew up without fathers or with effeminate weirdo fathers, I'm so grateful to have had that classically strong male role model as a child.

while pretending not to notice his existence. Bitter loser. I remember my lesbian handler noticed and asked what I was doing and I'm pretty sure I made fun of him loud enough he could here me but I don't remember about what. He eventually huffed and puffed his way into the back somewhere. I honestly didn't notice him the first time and I was not "crowding the aisle"; nor is it his place to comment on my ways. Men should take up space and I was standing in the center of the aisle looking for something. He could say excuse me like person or slink by hugging the corner where he belongs. Had he simply said excuse me, I would have apologized and moved. Basic decency. If the situation were reversed I would have spoken up and offered to help him look. His life story was written in his conduct. He's been a loser his entire life and grown bitter. Nobody wants to be around a bitter loser who sits around bitching all day so he has spiraled into such bitterness that it now spews out of him. He could have confidence, take up his own space or work to accomplish something but he's lazy and its easier to make excuses for yourself (and probably bitch online about woke victim shit). The couch jockey slandering the man in the arena because he can't compete. Anyway, that's all there was to it. Some bitter loser made a bitter loser comment and I subtlety harassed him in retaliation to see if I could push him over the edge. Its the Loki in me. When somebody is on edge I just have to give them a little poke (or four). I can't resist it. Especially if they're jerks. I didn't even remember that until today, fighting with my breaks.

Jesus wants to discuss it and I want spaghetti salad but I'm not wasting the time to make it and everything

you buy premade is soy infested poison.[320] Jesus scolds me for calling him a worthless loser commenting that winning/losing is not a measure of value. To the world it is but Jesus is correct. I've done nothing but win and my value is still zero. JC suggests we are flip sides of the same coin claiming the only difference is the crown and trophies. That offends me. I would never be outwardly bitter. JC draws my attention to the word "outwardly". You must always be outwardly fun and charming not matter what is going on inside. That's just how life works. Slimer's problem is not losing, he has never tried. That's obvious. Jesus excuses him saying I can't get my breaks to activate and he can't get his to deactivate. Can't or won't? Jesus doesn't seem to value the distinction. He sees it but doesn't pass judgement on it. Maybe that guy's mom fed him the wrong food growing up (at least he had food) or maybe he had no father but that is no excuse. He is in his freak'n 20's and his life is what he has made it. Jesus isn't a softy, he just refuses to give up on anyone. He questions why I didn't ignore him as I do a lot of minor attacks. Because letting people like that continue to get worse is why this country is collapsing. And I did nothing to him until after he tried to slime me with his negativity.

Jesus draws parallels between his claims of my overachievement/scorn spiral and this loser's laziness/bitter spiral. Why do you care if I was mean to him? Isn't "not my brother's keeper" a christian saying? "Love thy neighbor", he demands. His problem wasn't too much bullying; it was too little accountability. I doubt it had any effect anyway. People like that don't off themselves.

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[320] Everything also keeps getting sweeter and greasier and not like good sweet and buttery but like this disturbingly unnaturally sweet and like gritty motor oil greasy. It seems like every year some treat I used to like has been taken to such extremes it tastes disgusting. They are seriously trying to kill everyone. There is no reason to keep pushing the limits like that. They have to be losing customers. I can't be the only one who notices this.

“People like you do”. The front breaks work fine. “Love your enemy”. Deeming that loser my “enemy” is a promotion beyond his means. Jesus suggests I should befriend him. I don’t even remember what he looks like. I just see a human Slimer. All I remember is his energy and bitterness disgusted me. “Your energy disgusted him”. Jesus’s says his kind makes my kind and my kind makes his kind; referring to death spirals. He encourages some reconciliation which I suspect may be more for the reader than me. Jesus responds suggesting there are plenty more like him out there in subtle encouragement to be less petty next time. He says each gives what he can and suggests the loser didn’t have the strength to control himself. Then JC basically says I was at fault because I had the strength to “bear my neighbor’s burden” but deliberately chose to increase his burden instead. In my view I chose what was best for society at large and that is only partial justification for my pettiness and ego. Jesus responds on edit telling me to love my neighbor first and then worry about society at large.

May 21, 2024

The Gathering.

I’ll write about the reading on Sunday. I am way to effected by the weather. I’m usually spacey in stormy weather and most productive when its hot and sunny out. But this spring it’s so much worse. Jesus keeps saying to get ready and I can feel a gathering energy. Its something from my past. Something familiar that makes me happy. It combines with the stormy spring, the constant nothing-worth-living-for reminders dealing with JC brings and the weight of such prologued exposure to a deity. Most difficult is I simply don’t believe him. There’s no reference point to describe the feeling. Just very heavy. Imagine way overdoing a leg day and the

next day your legs feel like rocks your knees are buckling and you can barely walk. Its kinda like but on every level - wonderfully healthy and the good kind of pain but also a real bitch to deal with.

They say we choose to come to earth and have our mortal experience. If I could do it over again I would never have chosen to come. I had just grown accustom to wasting my remaining time here and distracting myself when Jesus showed up. If I were to bet, my money would be on this all turning out to be some "finally snapped" delusion and I am very ok with that. I can go back to meandering around wanting nothing, doing nothing and caring about nothing until I die. This spring has been characterized by a lack of accomplishment on my part. No matter how much I screw up Jesus continues in that forever positive "I believe in you" encouragement.[321] I don't believe in me nor do I care. One of the things that upsets Jesus most is when I say "it doesn't matter" in response to things very important to me. He says I mean "I don't matter". I don't. I'm concerned with how juvenile some of these interactions are. Its a little too pep talk or cheering up of a crying child for my tastes. That is the part that bothers me the most. Pep talks and cheering up crying children are rarely pure honesty. I won't insult a deity by saying I was better off before but I was happier. He says that is not happiness. Maybe, but it was better than this. He corrects "easier". So be it. As far as I can see, still preferable. JC points to how much farther he can see but that brings us right back to the foundation. I also don't like how pity party this comes off to the reader. Whee,

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[321] I'm more compatible with the deities' "get on the ball or you will fail" approach than Jesus's overly positive cheerleader approach. JC says I have enough facts and need encouragement. If you have self-discipline or are even a little professional or adult, you should be able to function without encouragement. What I need is a rational reason for continuing to get out of bed. From JC all I get is: "I believe in you", "trust me" and "get ready".

I'm worthless and sad about it. Not so much as you might want to believe. My life is pretty damn good. All I got to do is ball up and decide to replace purpose with party, then its happily every after. If you saw my life without reading this, you'd be the one envious. How many of you would trade me right now?

Anyway, its not just energy in general growing but all sorts of different energies. Many too familiar for comfort. If these storms don't let up I am going to get nothing done on the house until late summer.

May 22, 2024

AB Returns

I woke up to 2x4's, a 20 pack of 7.62 rounds with one removed, deck screws and an archaeology hammer just lying on the on the walk in front of my house. Another yellow and pink gift at my front door contained a cute teddybear/nanny cam. AB is so random. If the single mom had left the exact same gifts it'd be pathetic. Like when an aging woman tries to act younger but gets the references/slang all wrong.[322] AB is either just being random and off the wall to screw with my mind or she is making fun of me. I like it. She lynched a barbie doll with its eyes cut out on my peach tree and set up a smashed barbie jeep as if it had crashed into the tree. She painted the normally pink barbie jeep teal and my lesbian handler construes that as a threat. Her new jeep is teal.[323] She is now flipping out, looking for an apartment and sleeping with a gun by her bed. I'm a

[322] Nothing to do with age or beauty. The most beautiful woman in the world to me has dozens of crows feet when she smiles and they are perfect. Its all about personality and the naturalness of it.

[323] I told her she was overreacting but later that day I secretly checked her breaks just to be on the safe side. That anointing oil still hasn't washed off my hands and feet.

little irritated because this time she just dug up one of my peonies and took it with her. They are out of bloom.[324] Cameras show her using the hammer to do it. She has also started waiving and doing cute poses for the cameras. I don't think she is as crazy as she is playful or maybe this is all supposed to be symbolism. She had to special order the hammer and obviously knows how random it is. The note reads: "Do you like me? If you want me to stop just tell me"?

How am I supposed to respond to either of those questions! She drove up in a truck rented from Home Depot. With my lesbian handler's help, we distracted the tool rental guy long enough to access his computer and find the rental contract. She signed it: "Fae King" [faking]. My lesbian handler wanted to get access to the parking lot cameras and was pushing me to let her hack the traffic cams but I didn't. Half the traffic cameras around here don't work and retail parking lot cameras are not good enough to show plate numbers. If I'm being honest, I kinda like this.

The license on file turned out to be a Home Depot employee. I tracked her down, impersonated as applicable, intimidated her and demanded answers on "national security" grounds. People are so fucking stupid and programmed these days. AB picked a random employee in Home Depot and paid her $500 cash to borrow her license & debit card for 30 minutes. The target said she had less than a hundred in her account anyway, figured it was a good deal and really needed the money. The idiot at the counter didn't catch on to any of

[324] I don't deadhead or prune anything to keep it in bloom. Everything here gets a full life cycle every year as nature intended. Keeping nature in charge is why life does so well here.

this.[325] Well done AB. There were better and cheaper ways of accomplishing that but a broken link is a broken link. Why? Seriously, why? Why come on like you are madly in love with me and then go to such lengths to be unfindable? I've ordered the materials to set up an infrared tripwire around the peonies to see if I can catch her next time.

May 23, 2024

Worthy

The oil still hasn't worn off. I'm just keeping notes and adding commentary from the morning readings when I have time.

Paul & Barnabas (not the cool Jonny Depp vampire) at Lystra demonstrate the combination of respect/humility and racist intolerance the abrahamic faiths are famous for. They refuse to be worshipped as deities but then insult every god but their own as "vain things". The bible glosses over the larger issue here. Locals appear to have actually completed a blood offering to these two in the name of deities to whom they were not connected/entitled. There's no way to know if these two were naturally of the Zeus & Hermes archetypes. If not such things would be inharmonious.[326] Then again, if Jesus (who they were serving) is King at the headwaters I guess he could easily intercede.

Christians often present their religion as "just believe in christ {give us money and do as we say} and you will be saved". This is flat out not Jesus's message. Not anything representative of the Jesus I know anyway.

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[325] Stick a pretty girl in front of a man and his IQ immediately drops by about 10 points. Have her flirt with him and it drops by about 40.

[326] "Inharmonious" is not the minor infraction is sounds like.

Yeah, I suspect he will save anyone he can. However, his consistent message/desire as expressed to me is to follow his example. The most difficult part of which is his absolute faith. I don't know what the church's requirements to be saved are; nor do I care. I do know that the guy doing all this saving wants us to see him as a role model and strive to be more like him rather than focusing on those minimum requirements for the diploma.

May 25, 2024

Blood.

Crazy dreams. I slept much later than usual and woke to an excruciating pain in my hands and feet. My hands and feet were bleeding.[327] Its like the oil turned to blood. It hurt so bad I was shaking in pain and huffing. I'm not injured. There is no puncture. The oil just turned to blood. Too thin to be my blood. Jesus was there waiting as I got out of bed. I don't even have to ask. It's obvious. This was his blood. I don't know what it all means but I'm guessing it's some christian ceremony like the Eucharist thing. Jesus just stares deeply into my eyes and says: "sanctified and anointed but not yet baptized". Then he left. Intuitively I knew he would return tomorrow for bible study. Is he leaving for the entire day? Why? The blood washed off just like regular blood. The pain washed away with the blood and the oil has not returned. I looked up what anointing means in christianity. It seems to be just like ceremonial anointing in any other tradition. They use is for funerals, in various ceremonies, before prayer, etc. It seems to have much deeper meaning to Jesus but when dealing with deities

[327] Not stigmata or anything like that. I've heard of that and looked it up and it is definitively not stigmata. No scars, not real wounds and I'm not even christian. The oil just changed to blood and hurt like hell until I washed it off. Crippling pain just washed away.

everything is amped up in effect. There are a ton of references in the bible to anointing - too many to read. A couple in Acts but they are just references to people being anointed. I'm guessing from the way this was done its a kind of acceptance to adoption into the christian cult. Christians are all anointed with oil but I am not a christian so I'm not sure what's up with all this. Other than Lucifer losing his cool[328], not much has changed.

May 26, 2024

Leery

While reading Acts 16 last week, Jesus suggests I am witnessing to pagans in a reverse granny burn about how the abrahamic faiths will devalue my commentary. If that is your purpose we really need to come up with a better title because nobody but a hardcore christian fanatic is reading a book called conversations with Jesus. I'm still surprised those christian parents were encouraging their kids to read volume 1. How is every word I type not considered heresy, sacrilege or whatever by such people? I exercised brain-mouth filter and didn't make a snide comment about putting Lucifer on the cover if he wanted some of that rock star juice but Jesus coopted the smart ass comment while I was filtering it claiming I will bring the rock star juice. He has too much faith in my charisma, I think.

Almost Human

Big storm last night. The winds are strong and cool this morning. They feel good on my sunburn. I love the hot tingling heat of sunburnt skin and the cold tight chills when wind caresses across it. So sensual. I'm bothered that my first big full-body burn didn't come till

[328] It feels like he flipped his shit and turned his back on me. That upsets me a little.

almost June this year. It shows how cold this spring has been and how little I've accomplished all month. Typically that comes in April after the first all-day/hot-sun/shirt-off whatever. I rarely get a sunburn after June; always too tan. I was only in the sun about 6 hours. Dragging ass yesterday. A guy who is "under housed" (basically homeless who just stays here and there with friends, etc) stopped by and asked if he could use my grill to cook some ground beef he found. I let him. He then tried to trade me a camping hammock in exchange for me buying him cigarettes and I refused. He suggested the nice grill in the backyard like one would hang out with friends & neighbors but I set up the small grill on the walk. The training/establishing my standards is going well with the entire town. I worry that I am too nice to undesirables. I don't want them thinking its ok to hang out around my home.

Fortunately, they seem pretty uncomfortable here which works to my advantage. He spent hours cooking all his meat on the little grill and wrapping it back in the grocery bag. I checked in on him and let him know I was heading in to clean up. He offered to leave and I told him he was welcome to take all the time he needed. I have bench areas built into the walk that are intended to be public spaces. I was a little worried I'd see him and a few of his friends hanging out there when I got out of the shower but he was gone and everything was cleaned up. I don't mind that.[329] I hope one doesn't take offense to the analogy but it is working nice, the way feeding stray animals is working. They stop by for just a few minutes, don't linger or make a mess, show appreciation and leave. In the case of stray dogs, if they linger too long my

[329] That same guy was just arrested last week for trashing a convenience store. Yet, he cleaned up everything around before he left. He even picked up trash blowing around my fence and cleaned the grill as best he could with the spatula. He didn't have to. Those grills get really hot, you just fill them with charcoal and burn everything clean.

caracal sneaks out to the porch roof and starts stalking them. He's demonstrated more than once that he can leap off the roof, kill something and climb back onto the roof with his prey. I think they can sense the danger.[330] With the banshee spirit gone, I've worried that I don't have a similar deterrent for stay humans. Caracals aren't big enough to hunt adult humans and I'm not set up for a Panther yet. On to finish Acts, I guess.

When jailed in Philippi, Paul & Silas chose to witness for their god in lieu of escape when the opportunity presented itself. If historically accurate, that is impressive. Shows their honor and loyalty. I value those virtues. After I type that, as I pet the cat on my desk and go back to reading, Jesus speaks up for the first time since I woke up bleeding yesterday. He tells me humanity has something to offer. He is focused on that last paragraph before I started reading today. Jesus says it is a prime example of the crossroads I'm stuck at and encourages me to make it a bridge between worlds. I'm continually shocked at how Jesus seems to accept my world while abrahamic faiths are wholly intolerant to everything but their own beliefs. Jesus says that is not true but fails to elaborate. As I understand him, allowing a homeless man the use of my grill to cook his food was very christian charity but stationing panthers on my roof to hunt the same man if he comes farther into my yard is very pagan temple. Jesus sees this combination of

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[330] The Caracal has resulted in the other cats becoming completely fearless. A former neighbor had this mouthy Maltese that ran in my yard barking at my Russian Blue while he was outside and I caught him dragging the dog into a basement window like he'd just caught a squirrel, with two of his brothers following him for a taste. It was adorable. The dog wasn't hurt; just in shock. Peed all over itself & ran home screaming like it been hit by a car. Everything is a little on edge in my yard because of how the cats act. Dogs eat fast and a little hunched with their eyes wide looking up when I'm not in the yard petting them.

"spectacle"[331] (as he views it) and christian virtue as characteristic of me and says it is the "rock star juice" from the readings/discussion last week. Strange that I typed those notes under this date. JC's timing/planning is truly amazing. Almost always synchronistic. "You can be the bridge", he concludes but I have no idea what he expects me to do or if that is even appropriate. I wouldn't have jailed Paul for debilitating the psychic even if she had brought the charges herself. So long as all he did was speak his invocation, such things are in the deities' jurisdiction. I also wouldn't trespass missionaries. Again, jurisdiction of the deities. However, I'm not sure I should be building a bridge to help christianity spread either. My major concern comes from the intolerant and supremacist nature of the abrahamic faiths. I wouldn't help Hitler cross the seas. Why would I help jews, muslims or christians expand their ranks? Jesus repeatedly tells me that I am wrong in my assumptions about christianity but I see it everyday. The core philosophy of every abrahamic religion is supremacy and a convert or die philosophy. I'm sure Jesus doesn't approve but I also think that may be inseparable from the abrahamic faiths at this point. I'd be honored to be a bridge for Jesus but it won't be him crossing that bridge; it will be his worshipers. He refutes forcefully: "It will be me". Doesn't matter anyway. I wouldn't know how to begin.

"A strong child casts out the weak, increasing weakness. A strong father forgives the weak, decreasing weakness". Had to take a break to drive into another town for something and we spoke along the way. Jesus doesn't want to soften me. He says he wants to expand

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[331] "Sorcery" might be a more apt term. There are some words that Jesus applies a complicated meaning to. Spectacle is one of those. He is referring to the common day-to-day parts of my life that tend to cause awe or horror to others. He seems to think something about my nature or lifestyle wakes the zombies. Its hard to describe the intention he conveys.

my vision. I suggest the idea is to forgive once and never tolerate it again[332] and he is ok with that but suggests it as a first step. I don't understand. Constantly forgiving "weakness" is enabling bad behavior. Jesus says I am correct that I don't understand. If you refuse to tolerate "weakness" from the outset you have few problems. "Weakness" is a slippery slop. Jesus says I am thinking as a literal father and not as a shepherd and he questions how that works with those who come to you already weak. JC finds it inappropriate how many people I deny access to my life. "Who has access"?, he questions. He compares me to a fisherman starving on abundant seas. As opposed to the one who gets sick from eating a diseased catch? It relates back to the homeless dude. "It relates to everything", he corrects. "Love thy neighbor". I accept people's faults but I am not letting those faults pollute my life. From a distance. Jesus thinks I take that attitude too far. I disagree. Most people won't even speak to a homeless man. I'll let him cook on my sidewalk but not in my kitchen. I'll be friends with these damaged (self inflicted) women but I won't date them. I'll forgive my "neighbors'" poor judgment but I won't let that disease into my home. I can live and let die but I will not infest my life with the dysfunctions of others. Jesus tells me if I loved my neighbor I won't be worried about messing up my "makeup" while they drown. He actually used the phrase "messing up your makeup". That seemed unusual for him. He reiterates "this is all makeup" referring to my life. Women wearing cosmetics is a turn off for me. not as bad as smoking and tattoos but still delivers the ick. Like the handicapped analogy, Jesus always knows which word arrow draws the most blood.

I question if Jesus sees me as cold and heartless and he describes me as "fire and ice" with no gradient.

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[332] In theory only. I couldn't imagine doing that. It just not in my nature to be forgiving.

Earlier you praised me for befriending the homeless and now you call me uncaring. Jesus clarifies that he sees me as charitable but that I do not love my neighbor. Seems they are not one and the same. He drives it home with one question to which I honestly answered yes: If I already had the panther and the same homeless man using my grill stepped into my yard, would I let the panther eat him? He says that is a disconnect inside me making me dangerous.[333] I know its unusual to be genuinely friendly with someone (and I am, I consider that man a friend) one moment and coldly watch them die the next but boundaries are boundaries. The world needs standards and absolutes. The concept of "gray area" is excuse and corruption. He wants to reconnect that disconnect with this "love they neighbor" thing. I think that would make me weaker. People sense more than they understand and sensing that lack of weakness in me is probably why he didn't step into my yard or invite others to his cookout even when I was away. Jesus says it is also why I don't have the human experience. I don't want the human experience. He reminds me of the parts of it I do want and again claims that is the entirety of it. Sounds messy and painful. He says it is also wonderful.

"You are not a psychopath". I know I'm not. Evidently that was for others. Even if that lack of weakness he calls a disconnect were clinical it wouldn't be psychopathy. This "on the spectrum" shit is just more commie propaganda to destroy a culture and what you might see as selective empathy in me isn't a disability because it presents in a way that strengthens me in my environment. The disconnect is Jesus wants to acclimate me to the christian environment. I see no difference between a lion eating a human and you to eating a

[333] Again, JC doesn't use "dangerous" like a couch potato uses the word "extreme". To him "dangerous" is synonymous with liability or destructive.

hamburger. Obviously christians do but I think that is just more of that group supremacy shit. If a cop shoots your dog for no reason, he should arrive home to "dispatched" kids. Current events.[334] Government no longer fears the people. Tyranny in this country is so bad, everyone is on anti-depressants to pretend it isn't happening. The tree of liberty has died of drought.

Monarch.

Paganism is and has always been an anarcho-monarchy. The gods' always function like monarchs but they are (mostly) libertarian monarchs. This is evidenced in Rome becoming a society of laws before jews & christians showed up despite almost universal worship of the monarchical deities. Maybe this is part of the extreme gulf between pagan religions and abrahamic faiths. Abrahamic faiths claim to be founded on laws but they have always been and will always be despotic tyrannies. Monarchy is the most effective government and freedom is the best way of life for the people. Monarchy gets a bad name because of the corrupt way people use it. Just like the rule of law BS and democratic system everybody knows is a scam. Go ahead, censor. That's all the enemy has left. It also seems abundantly clear that Jesus agrees. He is very open about establishing a monarchy when he returns. America is a christian country run by jews. As a result it has become satanic.

Dionysus is a god the way cupid is a god. Both, in this case, percipitates of my mother. Less actual entity

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[334] Similarly the red flag murders are not going to stop until cops start dying. Its an excuse for poorly trained and overly outfitted law enforcement to go spec ops larping and disarm their "neighbors". It doesn't matter how many citizens they kill, it'll always be worth the cost. Until cops start dying. After, LE agencies will stop enforcing bullshit like red/false flag claims, thought crimes and tweets because its stupid and, while non-crimes are worth oppressing &/or killing (aka: "helping") you for, they aren't worth dying for.

than thought form. More created (or at least anthropomorphized) by man than God. As the deities are elementals of God Almighty (the "Father"), such creations are elementals of the respective deities. The issue lies in whether the sentience came from God Almighty as it did for the deities or from attention and worship as in the case of Dionysus. Probably. As idols go, he is a big one. It would be inappropriate for me to acknowledge idols beyond drawing from their energy stores. This is also, I think, the distinction of idols from the deities that Jesus takes no issue with in me. If you believe that I am speaking to Jesus then, clearly, he has not condemned by involvement with the gods as idol worship. The dispositive factor as I understand it is the archetypes derive their sentience from God Almighty (and are universal) whereas the idols seem to be localized and draw their sentience (sometimes substance) from their worshipers. I've never considered Dionysus a god but he is real in the same way that virgin Mary statute in the monastery was inhabited. Therefore, I tend to agree with Paul that those were idolaters as christians would define it. However, I don't think that was anymore sinful than a child playing with a doll.

My lesbian handler usually maintains alters[335] to both Hecate (a form of a real deity) and Dionysus (an idol). Though I have said nothing to her, I've noted that over time these alters that were once equal have changed to a real alter for Hecate and a glass of wine or some small offering for Dionysus. She's picking up on my subtle responses to them. Honestly, I don't think you should be giving offerings to idols (the real deity she identifies as Hecate, yes absolutely) but it is not my place to tell her what to do. Hecate, as a deity, is entitled to be

[335] Off spring deal more in vortex than alters but sometimes vortex look like simple alters. I tend to subtly disguise mine. The Aphrodite way. Worshipers almost always have an obvious alter set up someplace.

in my home as she pleases and Dionysus's energy has never been anything but a joy to be around. Also so smooth you barely notice him. My lesbian handler's Dionysus statue came to be inhabited in almost the exact way as the virgin Mary statue in the monastery despite the waring religions behind them. The mathematics of the universe, universal law or the ways of the Father work the same for everyone. The bible notes use the term false gods to refer to every statue in Athens which exemplifies my concerns with abrahamic faiths. They are too intolerant and despotic to be trusted.

If a pagan went preaching in Judah using terms like idol and false god, he'd be stoned to death. Abrahamic faiths are filled with bad people who don't even respect their own gods. It says Paul later claims that what pagans sacrifice to gods goes to demons. A sacrifice to idols is open to assumption but making that claim against actual gods demonstrates blind arrogance. I've yet to hear Jesus agree with that. I will grant that JC tends to view offerings as unnecessary but they are not intended as necessity. They are gifts. Decorating the father's toes, I believe he called it. But Jesus never ranted that I was empowering demons. I just have nothing in common with these semi-retarded racist fanatics of the abrahamic faiths. I think JC is going to be hard pressed to find any that I could be myself around. These lunatics screaming that everything they don't worship is an evil demon is why that gulf he says I can bridge formed in the first place.

Tolerance

Note how Acts makes it clear that the polytheistic Romans never had a problem with christians preaching to polytheists? It was always the jews (abrahamic faith) attacking them and stirring problems. Jews hearing something they don't agree with, trying to con the

Romans into doing their dirty work and then resorting to mob violence when that fails is a recurring theme. Later christians and muslims would skip the manipulation stage and just chop up or burn everyone who didn't agree with them. Jesus says those were not christians. Well, they did it in your name. He says that he does not know them and they do not know him. I point to how prevalent that was and he says the horde doesn't make it through a narrow gate. He asks me if I would really kill his people for what strangers did. It was just a thought. A hypothetical. I was questioning in my mind, had I been in charge of Rome when the christians and others started persecuting everyone who disagreed with them if I would've ordered the slaughter of every christian and jew in the city. The thing about power is the less you have the more violent you have to be. Given the power to distinguish the bad ones from the goods ones, of course I wouldn't. Having to act with a blunt instrument to save innocent victims, maybe. This is why a country should never welcome a supremacist alien culture to begin with. They will inevitably turn on their host.

For those who don't know history. Rome was generally tolerant of christians and jews despite all the problems jews originally caused them. Later, as the christians became a serious force, they started becoming violent and destroyed statues & temples. Even before that, they were nothing but offensive to the deities of Rome hosting them. Rome had little to no concept of religious intolerance[336] and was caught unprepared. We hear all about Roman persecution of the christians and its unlikely we will ever know the full story but it was clear that christians were not the innocent victims.

[336] Every city and every home had its own patron deity and all were respected.

Scorned

Nobody will ever know if the fire that finally incited Nero was a false flag. Christians and jews were both already a violent insurgency by that time. Both groups demanded respect for their religion but gave only abuse and insult in return. I image that some sects would tolerate this and others would not.[337] Given the general historic religious tolerance of Rome and characteristic intolerance of the abrahamic faiths combined with the sheer number of temples and statues christians eventually destroyed, I believe they were the problem. Regardless of who started the fire.

Intolerance,

Historically the abrahamic faiths are always the problem. Other cultures tolerate their hate until its too late. Rome's mistake wasn't in letting them preach and spread their religion; it was in not holding mass executions the first time a mob pillaged a temple or tore down a statue.

Why is it a sign of divinity when people start prophesying after christian baptism but a sign of demonic possession when they do the same thing in any other religion?[338] The supremacy and bigotry turns me away from the abrahamic faiths more than anything else. Jesus asks me if I'm going to condemn him for the conduct of another. I'm pretty sure the bible claims you asserting similar views. He again tells me to judge with my own ears and eyes and reminds me I was not there 2,000 years ago when these things were recorded.

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[337] An Aphrodite sect, for example, would likely ignore the disrespect and insults but would respond with extreme premeditated violence if her temples were violated. Other major deity worshipers may have been inclined to brawl on the spot with someone insulting their god.

[338] In Acts ch. 16 Paul basically attacks a slave girl for prophesying then praises it in ch. 19.

The Way of Things.

Just realized how heavy the energy is today. Even the storm last night felt oppressive. Jesus praises my commitment to never breaking a promise and tells me "the cross" will lighten as the week progresses. Seems it may be a side effect of whatever happened to me yesterday. Since yesterday morning I've felt like Earth's gravity was doubled and its oxygen halved. I've felt a little sick, irritable and very run down.

Acts 19:11 regarding the sons of Sceva is an example of what I wrote above about "sorcery" being perverted into the nonsense "magic" people practice today. They managed to duplicate the form without any substance and paid the price.

May 28, 2024

Outrageous

Its raining this morning. Almost every part of the bible I've read (including OT) confirms that jews are the most racist people who ever lived. Most groups evolve over time but today we have the "where's daddy" AI, food line murders and hospital bombings. And, of course, lies, lies and more lies all founded on a false flag plan to make genocide profitable. Tolerating and trying to work with the sanhedrin may have been Rome's fatal mistake. Rome's collapsed policy was evidenced when Paul returned to Jerusalem. They were so racist and hateful that the mere mention he spoke to gentiles sent them into a mob riot. Rome should have decimated their "culture"/hate group long before they got that bad. What do the haters say today: "silence is violence". That's just code for whoever stoops clapping for dear leader first gets arrested. However, I'd offer: "tolerating intolerance is intolerance". Then again, unlike logic, propaganda is

never applied universally so I doubt you'll even understand the point.

Fuck america and fuck israel. Neither is anything but filth and evil today; there is no point in even discussing them. Rome, however, should have known better. I think Rome, though not nearly as evil as america today, had already grown so corrupt by the first century that people were afraid to speak or, like Pilate, their warnings were being ignored. Since you are likely too brainwashed to absorb anything critical of israel or any agenda claiming jewness immunity, lets put this way: Imagine a white preacher in 1940 went to spread the gospel to black people and returned to a white church so enraged he spoke to those "Nigtiles" that they tried to lynch him. Is that something you would "tolerate"? What if tomorrow, Texas started bombing black hospitals, following black people home to be sure to kill their entire families or starving them, then luring them with food to gun them down. All while posting videos with blood soaked toys and clothing, laughing about butchering black kids and raping little "nigtile" girls? Would you be ok funding that?

If social media told you to you would. But Rome was better than america and its people weren't completely gone mentally, it should've known better.

On the point of americans being beyond redemption, I would like to proudly offer the first ever Jesus movie critic. I only watch TV for like an hour or two at night while falling asleep. So, in addition to rarely seeing the end of a movie, I usually just click on whatever. Monday night I watched Immaculate (2024). The typical grotesque, perverted and woke shit you expect from the mental patient writers trying to out demon each other. Evil priests impregnating nuns against

their will to birth monsters. It ends with a nun covered in blood, birthing her baby on the ground, tearing the umbilical with her teeth like a rabid animal and bashing the baby to death with a rock while it cried for its mother. You know, woke girl-power. Stick it to "the patriarchy" by murdering your own baby. This is what tolerance leads to. Its like when israel asks for a ceasefire. Everybody who's brains they haven't blown out yet knows its just a lie to reposition their troops.[339] The movie did, however, make me feel much better about this book. I've been worried that I may be dishonoring Jesus with this disaster. But, on my worst day, I could never hope to come close to what hollywood does intentionally. In my experience Jesus has never even acknowledged the tv or computer as existing but actually responded to my disgust calling this movie and "abomination". First ever Jesus movie review! He was responding more to the energy it brought into my home; like I'd invited somebody in to take a shit in my floor and leave.

This morning youtube flashed an ad for some new star wars series. I love star wars but the entire ad was 2-3 angry middle-aged feminists and some creepy child molester looking homo talking about themselves and their politics. And, naturally, why you are a bad person if you don't pay them to come in and take a shit in your floor. Not sure if they ever even said the name or plot. My brain just naturally tunes these people out now so they might have. That sucks. All that money and tech just to ruin everything that used to be loved. I think I'm just going to set a filter so I don't even see options for anything made after 2015. How do you people who watch tv for like hours and hours a day do this? Weed and surrender? Commies destroy everything they touch. It has to be deliberate. Or maybe the way a nasty loser

[339] Come on! Ban me! I'm working so hard for the A-word ratings boost.

sees something positive or healthy and has to attack it to sooth their pain. People put that trash in power to collapse our society. We need a new McCarthy era. Three nukes would also do it. hollywood, silicon valley and dc. Problem solved. Actually, four nukes.

Nobody seems to see the propaganda test being conducted. Read propaganda theory. The ultimate goal of propaganda is to propagandize someone to death. This requires the administrator to brainwash people to ignore their most basic survival instincts. Today in america mothers will hand their children over to people they know are child molesters just for social media attention. Murdering your children so somebody can sell the steam cells is "empowering".[340] Men think they are women and women think being forced to have sex with hundreds of men who pay another man for access to them is "equal rights". What's worse is either nobody understands or nobody cares. That weapon is aimed between your children's eyes but I suspect humans just no longer care about their children.[341] How many send them to public schools everyday? Its 2024, everyone knows what is happening to them there. It really is time for humanity's extinction. Jesus seems to be gearing up to just save them unilaterally because they can't swim; but why? Humanity so is clearly unworthy in every way, including morally and spiritually. They did this to themselves just because they could. I think humanity should be wiped out to make room for a better species. Jesus says, "no". He understands all of this and it injures him greatly but he won't turn his back even when he should. On edit, JC claims the fact I feel this way is an even greater injury to him. I don't understand him.

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[340] Again, despite the pro-life kingdom I was born to, I really don't have a problem w/ abortion. I think it is the correct decision sometimes. But, what we are doing today is not abortion. It's celebration. A baby murder cult.

[341] Can you propagandize a species to extinction?

Lucifer has finished his end zone dance and hit the after party. Why not just hose down the bleachers and go home? JC insists they will be saved. They don't deserve it. "No they do not. They will be saved" Why? He doesn't answer. He doesn't have to. Its more of that love your neighbor stuff. "A father's love", he clarifies but I don't think most readers will understand that. For those of us who still have parental instincts I guess you can never stop loving your children. Though I wouldn't hesitate to take away their technology and ground them for the rest of their lives.

Looking at the world makes me bitter. That is not my natural state. Its like being sick. I just want it to end so I can get back to my life. They are not worth it and there is no way to change anything even if they were. My "tomb" might be lonely but in it life is happy, healthy and carefree. I'm starting to think all these broken down men who look at me with such envy know something I don't. Like Paul maybe I am the "Roman by birth" with all those extra rights and privileges.[342] Why should I give that up to go be crucified by the unworthy mob? Paul would tell me to emulate Jesus. Why? Jesus tells me to "learn" to love them I must open my eyes and see myself as he sees me.

I haven't listened to Alex Jones in months. I used to listen about once a week. Sometimes 2 or 3 days in a row in winter while working at my desk. I routinely listened to Alex and checked the mainstream propaganda news to see what was going on but its just too much now. You can't live in the sewer and hear about it at the same time. You'd go insane. 20 days left

[342] In the case of some of these coven hubbies, they are forced to bow to this woke nonsense 10 hours a day at work to earn a living while their wives spend that money to buy me gifts & ice cream. I'm better positioned than most to just sit back and enjoy the collapse.

and I may just go back to watching the world burn from my hammock.

May 30, 2024

Cinderella

I think I finally figured out why so much emphasis on women in this volume. This "love thy neighbor" thing is the shield against "unholy sexuality".[343] When its the lesson's time, Jesus will beat it in until you get it. He won't let up. I did a little online research (truly disgusting) on all the recent attention from women. It may be an emerging trend all guys are experiencing. Evidently men have stopped approaching women in general. The women online (and their "dating coaches", broadcasting solo from studio apartments) think it is because they are so beautiful and powerful that men are intimidated. I think they are actually serious about that. I watched a few and I don't think its a click-bate joke.[344] None were even attractive. Anyway, growing more desperate for attention, women have started approaching men.

With the exception of a unicorn walking on water in lands where you will be dismissed as a fanboy just for saying hi, men are not too "intimidated" to approach women. Men and women work differently and think differently. Your power/money doesn't men shit to us and your looks get our attention like a shiny lure. I don't know of any man (real, adult man) who has ever said he didn't approach a woman because she was too pretty. The main reason I don't approach women I find

[343] I've literally been essentially celibate for years and JC acts like I'm a practicing man-ho.

[344] These days I think a lot of people are joking but they turn out to be serious.

physically attractive is because I can smell the slut on them. Any man with enough testosterone to get it up can sense well… frankly, your milage. "Why do they keep looking and not approaching"? Are your boobs and ass hanging out? Again, shiny lures. They get attention but the fish have learned to keep their distance. Some online claim that they don't approach because they assume your attitudes are shit but they all sounded like dirtbag misogynists so I doubt that's credible. If a women is acting like a raging lunatic, yeah, but why would you be interest anyway?[345] Just because she doesn't want to date you doesn't make her a bitch. All this comes about after hours of back and forth with Jesus today because of one comment from one girl.

I was working outside and a women passed and yelled "better put some clothes on…". I didn't hear the rest and asked. Her daughter said "she said she wants to rape you". The fuck. I smiled, waved (did a little come get me pose) and went back to work. If the kid had overheard that and blurted it out it'd be funny but she said that in front of her kid. That little one is like 10 years old. She walked back by about 20 minutes later and brought me a soda. Last thing you want when sweating in the hot sun is a soda. Milk! Don't know why I always crave milk after working/sweating in the sun. It was nice of her though. If only she were lactating.[346] It wasn't her daughter. She said it was her sister and she just graduated. Holy fuck! I thought she was like 30 with a kid. She's like 16 - 18. She just graduated from high school weeks ago. We gotta get the hormones out of the water supply. I'm a little in shock. Girls barely act like

[345] If you just want to triple wrap it, fuck her and leave, skip the bullshit and just ask. If you are even passably attractive and she's that screwed up the answer will usually be yes.

[346] I always wanted a girl who would hold my head in her lap & breast feed me. Is that sick? They say a lot of men want to try their wive's milk but its not sexual for me. More a comfort nurturing thing I want from a lover.

that around rock stars. I had hair metal blaring which makes girls hot. Around here, my Cinderella & Skid Row also counterpoints those noises old men make when they stand and sit that females have to listen too all day. Jesus says its never been him. He claims its my mannerisms since I "unlocked". But that should attract normally; like before I checked-out. Walking by giggling, pretending not to look, etc. Maybe I got a few extra hottie points by default when manhood collapsed but that wouldn't justify all this.[347] That was the final straw that lead me to take like a two hour break and just look this shit up. Basically, the media has told women to chase men like pig construction workers cat calling prostitutes and to sleep with as many as possible. Best advice ever! For guaranteeing they all die alone. So what my ego assumed was me is just the side effects of more asymmetrical warfare. Don't I feel special.

From his reactions, I think by mannerisms, JC means I act like a slut. He distinguishes mannerisms from "your behavior" as soon as I have the thought. Mannerisms are innate little sexy things all Aphrodite types tend to do autonomically which he seems to be fine with. Jesus takes issue with my behavior and doesn't correct my commentary about acting like a slut. Jesus is particularly disturbed by girls cat calling guys. Why? He doesn't like men objectifying women but this is worse from his perspective. I like it. We discussed and he went immediately to the love thy neighbor stuff again. He over-focuses on me but generalized: what most men don't understand is that women are more perverted and sexual than men. They want sex more than we do. Its wrapped up in their biology. In the age of birth control, if not for diseases or social stigma the majority would sleep with every man that gave them tingles; pretty much on

[347] By the time she actually is 30 it'll be an afternoon at the zoo but she wasn't bad looking.

the spot. In a committed relationship the main reason a man remains faithful is because he doesn't want to hurt his partner. Similarly, a non-sociopathic women will remain chaste or close thereto because she knows her bodycount will hurt a future partner. Driving a wedge between them, like infidelity after commitment on the man's part. The problem is western women are decimated, borderline retarded and, thanks to social media, complete sociopaths. Why would you even hang around a sociopath?[348] Women should be judged by their bodycount because it is the absolute best/most accurate gage of character and worth. Just as men are and should be judged by their faithfulness and loyalty. No hyman, no diamond.[349] Cheat on your wife; never be trusted again. Personally I don't understand why a man would even kiss a women with a large bodycount but I guess many of you are desperate to the point of delusion. If you are that obsessed with sex just go ten bodies higher and pay her to suck you off behind a dumpster. I mean seriously dude.

That said, I don't care if people die miserable and alone. More post wall chicks buying me stuff. Jesus is disturbed by it all and irritated at me because he says I

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[348] Men need to get hard (and a little cruel) again. Married 10 years and learn that she lied to you about bodycount when you were dating? The number she deducted is the number of women you get to cheat on her with. It'd be much healthier to just cast her out but most of you aren't strong enough. If there are lies & secrets between husband & wife then you're not a couple anyway. A lie nullifies any commitment you owe. On edit, Jesus points out that he disagrees. That forgiveness shit. Fine. Cheat on her then demand forgiveness while divorcing the swindler. Like for like. You are lied to because you treat that crime like jaywalking. Treat it like capital murder.

[349] I can't believe I am saying this but just as a matter of logic, if we want to save western society we probably have to outlaw all abortion (except rape, we should kill all the rape babies) and all birth control. Factually, families build society and promiscuity destroys families. If there are once again consequences to being whores, fuckboys and sluts the trend will nosedive. Get caught with a condom, go to prison for 20 years. Get a backroom abortion and go on trial for first degree murder. Society rebuilt. Some version of this is coming one way or the other. All things give rise to their doom. Hookup culture will give rise to handmaiden society.

instigate it deliberately. Could be wearing airpods and a shirt or longer shorts. I like the sun on my skin. And I like the attention. JC would prefer if I were more modest. Clothing and modesty/shame is unique to christianity, I think. He is upset that I thrive on being objectified and spur it on. "Unholy sexuality" in his view.

Jesus questions why I put on a show[350] to court this (possibly underage) girl's lust but want nothing to do with the, I guess more holy, attention from that single mom. Because the only issue this girl is having is pulsing between her legs. She just wants me to drop to my knees right there and go down on her until she squirts in my face.[351] That makes me feel good about myself.

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[350] Not a show. Coming Home by Cinderella started playing, she was into it so I stretched my upper body and moved my hips just a little to the song playfully inviting her to dance. Then, after we spoke, I just poured a little ice water on myself as she looked back just to be corny about it. Kinda cliche but it did the job. Tingles and laughs. Also, I was hot & sweaty. It felt good and it was more fun than sexual. Where's the harm? JC is the one who wanted me to give and receive comfort with the single mom. I gave and received a happy fun moment that made both our days sparklier.

[351] Point of order, you actually can't make them squirt with just your mouth. Tickle her G-spot until it starts to feel like water balloon. Keep going until it feels like its about to burst and she is squirming and can't decide if she wants you to stop or keep going. Then distract her and start messaging & pulling toward her urethra hard (by her measure, not yours). She'll almost always squirt with the first orgasm that follows. Women love the feeling of being completely dry after sex. No it is not urine. It shocks me how many men don't even understand the basics yet have partners. A woman's body is a musical instrument. Learn to play it (with her help) then your job is to compose a new symphony for her each night.

BTW, in case he reads this, I should tell her father thank you for buying me a soda.[352] That's what you get when you let the internet raise your kids.

In the classic Jesus hug/back-hand he tells me I am worth more than that and then tells me I need to look at myself. I'm encouraging the same behavior I'd condemn her for. Condemn her as a potential lover, not as a person. I have no hang-ups with sexuality. I'm just personally turned off by promiscuity. JC says all men are suggesting it is programed in. He sees my behavior as injuring her. I'm not sleeping with them. I like the idea of a teenage girl touching herself to memories of me. Who wouldn't? Its an ego trip. I'd strip naked and dance while she rubbed one out in my front yard if christian society weren't so modest. He tells me those are my neighbor's wives and daughters that I am injuring. He really sees seduction[353] as an act of violence. Jesus rejecting the distinction between the actual immoral act (sleeping with a girl I don't love) and mere intention (trying to make her horny) is a major culture clash. He demands I write it. The theory is that, I would be upset with the girl if the roles were reversed (thirst trap for likes). He says this is because I value strangers more than myself. I'm not going to assign myself any imaginary intrinsic value and I still don't understand why just thinking about something (or making someone else think about it) is as bad as actually doing it. He says I do. There is an

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[352] All the misogynists in the videos I watched were complaining about how much they spend on women. Its not a prostitution installment plan you creeps! It made me realize that women do give me a lot of stuff. Just small things you'd do for any friend but I guess its a one way street for the men chasing them and the misogynists biggest fear (aside from not getting their "money's worth" - fucking creeps) is that women are using their money to buy stuff for another man. Reminded me of the coven chicks. LMFAO! I'm that guy getting your sodas, ice cream, etc. Jesus calls it envy but he is pointing at me. Whatever. They're creeps anyway.

[353] "Unholy" seduction just for the fun of it. He seems to have few sexual restrictions among husband and wife.

argument in quantum mechanics that thoughts effect reality (and some good experimentation backing that) but isn't that a little new age for christians. And way out there dude. Assuming infinite realities (related equation) wouldn't I be guilty of actually sleeping with her. JC suggests that is why you don't even allow the notion and that it is no different than faith. He tells me I must "live in belief". I get what he is saying. I just don't know. I guess I just simply don't love my neighbor. I'm also not sure I can live up to this super conservative piety stuff. He claims it is all rooted in my viewing myself as a tool. "You are more than an object".

May 31, 2024

Obsession,

A word Jesus uses to describe my character that I can't find the definition to so I am not writing it. He delivers it as descriptive of what he sees as unique about me but also extreme. Never breaking a promise and following through regardless of the obstacles on the positive side of that nature.[354] Being completely unyielding and refusing to compromise on the negative side. Evidently most people would not (he says could not but I don't understand that) starve themselves or read the bible every morning just because they said they would. I find that hard to believe. There are a lot of hardcore religious nuts out there that I am sure read a passage every morning. Jesus contrasts saying had I agreed to pull a finger nail off each morning I would be doing it now. If you are unwilling to pull off a finger nail each morning then don't agree to it. I don't understand why people are such fakes and liars. He calls it weakness. I think it is an

[354] Came after I had a busy morning and almost forgot to do the reading so I stopped and restarted everything. It cost me like 3 hours but he said he wanted it to be first thing in the morning. Its really hard for me to just shift into reverse when I get going so I restarted.

excuse to get away with being insincere. Similarly, most people would give a little rather than suffer or be accepting enough not to die alone. I see that frequently and it appears to be a stupid decision. I've always had extremist traits and I've always known that. Also always known its a double-edged sword but I think the cuts are worth the advantages. I've always known its unusual but JC suggests it's practically unheard of. Not in my world. He says it is and it is why there's so much fear and wearing of kid gloves around my archetype. He encourages me to learn to control it (to work the axe without cutting myself) so I receive all the advantage and none of the liability. He suggests learning to love my neighbor will soften the negative side of that character trait. I don't want it to soften.

I don't think the traits he sees as dark/negative are a liability to me. I view them as advantages. Acceptance, tolerance, compromise are of the same species as weakness. The people who accept everything are the most unreliable. Those who compromise are untrustworthy and the ones who accept failure in others constantly break their word. I don't think you can, or should, have just one side of that. Jesus points to himself as an example arguing that you can but I'm not a deity. He says everyone can and should walk in that direction. Following his example that is; not trying to become a god. That is walking away form myself. He says it isn't. No. I don't want to. That is like telling me develop a taste for wine. My nature says no. Why betray that. Jesus says "so you don't go thirsty". I think I'll elect to die of thirst rather than drink something that disgusts me. I just don't want to be here that bad. He asks why I would think I am only here for me. I'm the only person in my life. I'm basically a hermit. I no longer have any function and whatever function I did have was meaningless anyway. The proof is I could vanish tomorrow and few would

notice. I've done that a lot. To those few it would only be a passing thought. I've made it so I no longer have anything to offer or be taken and therefore I am effectively non existent. That is not self pity. Its mostly a good feeling. Jesus says refusing to do your job doesn't make the job go away. I invite him to tell me what job I'm supposed to be doing and responds only that he is.

I also suspect that his iron container analogy is more grandma's cooking flattery. I skip workouts, flake on my projects and cheat on my diet anytime I want.[355] I didn't agree or promise to do those perfectly. Absent my extreme adherence to promises everything I do it pretty normal. Your word should be worth something and your promise should be natural law. How is that so hard. People are just trash. JC excuses it as weakness and says weakness is not immorality. No, its their excuse for immorality. He says I'm wrong about many things.

June 1, 2024

The Most Profound Thing.

"To keep you down", replied Jesus. Many of you will only see the surface of this statement and pass over it the way people just shrug off "yeah, government's corrupt" and go about their daily lives in service to it per their programming.

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[355] Bro advice: If, like me, you love to try new things work the baseline (e.g. 800c/every other day) and don't worry about running a crazy strict cut 24/7. An extra 500c a month doesn't mean much so you can try that grandma's mcflurry (the kind of cheap gross trash you'd expect from mcdonalds). What fucks you up is the extra 200-300c per day. Factor in that you will see a couple new things a month that you want to try and just trim the baseline more. That way cutting doesn't have to suck. Fasting after you cheat works better for removing the toxins you just ate. To the "average american", 60% of you would lose 10 in a month if you just stopped dipping fried food in flavored soy oil 5 times a day. Seriously, ban soy! If we somehow survive everything else, it will be soybean oil that finishes us. It's in everything!

Its known that the CIA (aka: world government) has invested absurd amounts of money into the ugly. They fund ugly art. Fact. They fund dystopian fiction. Fact. They support (probably fund) low energy life styles. And, of course, everybody knows they are the primary source of support, funding and creation for hate groups, class warfare and color revolution to keep everyone fighting like prison gangs. A lot of the stuff they do is rational. If you keep the prisoners focused on stabbing each other the warden and guards are safer and their crimes harder to expose through that protective fog of war. Our country (and most of the world) has suffered in that fog of war my whole life. That makes sense. Its evil and machiavellian but it is logical. But why, when you are ruling the world, so much emphasis on uplifting the grotesque?

Making sure everyone is confronted with ugly, macabre, disturbing and grotesque imagery and ideas started in the late 50's as far as we know. It started as one of those CIA side hustles like psychic viewing but, over the years, that project has metastasized to encompass way more than half of their budget.[356] Why? They are literally running the world. They run countries, both sides of wars, economies, criminal enterprises, pedophile rings, politicians, social engineering, and on and on. They have a full plate of evil. Why does it seem their most important objective, meriting more resources than possibly all other operations combined is to force us to sniff their farts or look at the kitten they stomped to death? There aren't a lot of people who understand this is even happening and those who do all seem to think its just part of social engineering (abuse victims are easier to brainwash) or that they have gone so insane with corruption that they just enjoy it.

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[356] Black budgets, money laundering and criminal funding make it hard to tell for sure.

Scrolling through youtube this morning (which I need to stop as it has clearly become a propaganda feed) I noted that all it wanted to show me was ugly pessimistic stuff. Click bate leading to the message "give up". I scrolled through maybe 50 videos and all were along those lines. A lot of assumption there as I obviously didn't watch them but a safe assumption based on the titles. Except for a couple hours the other day when I looked up the dating stuff (you expect that to be a bunch of nasty mental patients complaining) I use youtube almost exclusively for how to and DIY videos. Its not the algorithm "responding" to me as they claim. Its the algorithm feeding me the propaganda it calculates I have the highest probability of absorbing. We all know the social media companies are just departments of the intelligence agencies. I doubt any of you would even play devil's advocate on that. Why try to inject just negative pessimism when they could be injecting their agendas (support israel's genocide, orange man bad, cut off your balls, Russia evil, virtue signal for reward, etc)? Why just push "look how terrible everything is, smell my fart" when you could use that enormous reach and power to push more functional propaganda?

I was just thinking about it. Hadn't even spoken to Jesus beyond saying good morning. Jesus spoke up: "to keep you down" and the next youtube video, over 100 down, was about raising your vibration. I remember that concept. It used to be a big deal in my life back when life was worth living. I watched it and remembered how much I used to meditate, how exciting, optimistic and bright everything used to be. Nature still is but I used to see people and society that way too. Then I realized how it seems like everyday it gets harder to maintain a high vibration. That is not me growing lazy or old. That is literally the wind you have to fight against. I've worked

with bioenergy and frequency all my life. There has always been a friction to overcome or liftoff force needed. Back in the day that friction increased when everybody was crabby or stressed out or when the world energy was just heavy. The liftoff force required always fluctuates with the vibe of the day but I just realized that the price of liftoff needed to overcome that friction has been steadily increasing every year. It has become so expensive that I rarely even do it anymore and just accept existence by default in the low frequency available to me which keeps getting lower. What once took 90 seconds, now costs hours and sometimes is not even an option. They're hitting you with psychological warfare, chemical warfare, biological warfare, etc. You think they aren't hitting you with spiritual warfare? It is good v. evil! That is all it has ever been.

The biggest threat to the enemy is our natural spiritual evolution. That day Jesus says is coming very soon when we all stand up and see through the fog of war and look out enemy directly in the eye.

That image Jesus offers sends chills up my spine because I can feel how real, how powerful and how imminent it is. I think the enemy may know this too. They feel like the criminal desperately trying to shred evidence as the cops kick in the door. They are panicked. That is why so much of their resources are now spent on just keeping us pessimistic and hopeless. Unplug! But hey, even if they don't its ok. How crazy do you have to go to think you can hold back God's will? This morning the enemy increased the price of life beyond what I could afford so Jesus spotted me the liftoff fee. As I was thinking of how to phrase my "ask him but don't be a

bum" suggestion Jesus interrupts and basically said "No. be a bum. I have unlimited resources".[357]

For my sake and everyone else's please sit this book down right now (go hide in the bathroom if your embarrassed) and just try it. Ask Jesus to let you bum a liftoff. Please. We are all one frequency and when enough of us overpower the friction, slavery ends and life begins. The best part is we get to see the fear in the enemy's eyes when we all stand up. I really can't wait for that. Stop reading. Just try it. Its that simple. Only takes a minute or two. And its funny. All the resources of the world to try to keep you down and all you have to do is say "Yo, Jesus spot me". That's really gotta piss them off. Maybe its why they try so hard (and fail) to delete him.

Envy

I never used to feel envy. Until this week when Jesus pointed it out I didn't think that was an issue for me. As a kid when I saw that guy in the cool car with all the money and girls, everybody else made nasty comments but I wanted to get to know him. Then they'd get mad at me for not hating on a stranger. Other's would act pissed off because he came around but I was grateful. Had he not come, I would've never seen his car. I never really understood envy and just thought is was akin to a mental disorder and I guess it is.

I feel envy for those men who haul their families around like they are pushing luggage through an airport. They are everything I'm not; intrinsically valuable.

Today, sorta bounding with the higher frequency thanks to Jesus's energy gift, I received another "living the life/have it all/must be nice" jab. I don't recall the

[357] Not an exact quote. I dumbed it down but it conveys the exact meaning/ intention.

exact words. I can feel it coming and it is very much a punch in the nose energetically so I tend to brace or block instead of focusing on the fake. Particularly men between their 30's and mid-50's pretty much hate me. That's an exaggeration. Everybody responds differently and I honestly don't feel a lot of envy. The majority of people are much better off than me or have better things to focus on than me. But, about once a week I get a little poke from somebody. The evil eye or a snide comment or, the most typical, "if I where in your shoes I could too" kinda stuff.

I don't have to go to work everyday, I look ten years younger than I am, I'll probably never get sick, I have basically no bills, no debt, no responsibilities, no hassles, I can say what I want, do what I want, if I tell people to fuck off they pretty much have to, I'm independent, mostly self sufficient, have a nice truck, bike, car and various man-toys. Big house. I'm in decent shape, intelligent and awake, free to do as I please, surrounded by young beautiful women, and have some exciting/spy mystique that others projected on me then proceeded to envy me for. They even seem to envy the fact I work 14 hours a day. That seems odd but I understand. I'm so grateful to be able to work for myself on my own projects every day. I'd prefer to have millions and trustworthy contractors to do it while I travel the world but it is a pretty good lot in life that I have. I imagine many of the older men who own their homes have projects they don't have time to do. Naturally, they all just assume I'm "living the life" and don't see the past suffering, current workload or massive sacrifice that goes into that "life". The grass is always greener, I guess. People think I have it all but I have nothing. I am very grateful for the advantages I have. I've never taken them for granted and say thank you almost daily. But most of

that gratitude is that past suffering has ended. I'd trade any one of these men in a second. They can't see that.

When old people are interviewed about their lives, surveys show overwhelmingly that what made their lives worthwhile was relationships. Friends, family, children, grandchildren, romances, etc. On or near their deathbeds, almost everyone points to relationships. All these men envy the curtains concealing an empty home.[358] From their comfortable recliners surrounded by a lifetime of memories & trinkets, in a warm home filled with sounds of others and life worth living they curse my curtains while I sleep on the floor.[359] In response, I guess I envy them. Being a son of Loki I show envy differently I guess. Most I think grumble and belittle; I tend to poke and tease. "Haha, your daughter checked me out; lets see how horny I can make her", "Haha, your wife is nagging you to be like me; let me step it up a notch", "Haha, I noticed you lost your only day off this week; guess I'll have a BBQ", "Haha, have to work overtime; watch me nap in my hammock". Jesus does not approve. More of that "love thy neighbor stuff". I see it as having a little fun and maybe licking the wound a little. Jesus says I instigate sin.

The Dark Side

The most terrifying and exciting thing that has ever happened to me was meeting my shadow self. He is destructive (his defining trait is seemed) and viciously terrifying but the excitement of his radiance ignites the room. What you'd expect if you mixed the dark sides of Loki and Aphrodite. He gives me an evil grin that says

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[358] It's not as simple as "poor me I can't find a girl". I could choose a consolation prize (or seven) tomorrow and have a family by next year but it would fall apart. Its deeper than that. It's intrinsic. Like I'm cursed.

[359] Literally, :) there are new mattresses still in the plastic around here somewhere but the floor is good enough. Faster to just throw blankets down than keep moving it all.

"you'll meet me soon". I smile back and verbally respond: "…and soon you will meet me".

June 2, 2024

Keys?

In Malta, Paul was again mistaken for a god because he was resistant to snake bites. In ancient times many children of deities were mistook for gods and some capitalized on that ignorance. Often with disastrous consequences.[360] This further evidences that this holy spirit fire is similar to the radiation deities gift their offspring. Its like they censored the end of Acts. What happened to Paul? I thought he was on his way to meet Caesar. Jesus says he was murdered due to scorn. I don't think I'll get to meet Paul anytime soon.

I ask what next. Jesus asks me what I want to read next. I suggest finishing Matthew, Mark, Luke & John. The passion narrative he keeps skipping over. The main theme of christianity before our time is up. JC suggests I'm not ready yet and tells me I am the one who set the timer. I'm still looking for this gospel related to Jospeh but found nothing. Actually found a few but its not the

[360] Such consequences are, in fact, why the record keepers organized. As worshipers of the great teacher deity, they weren't egocentric enough to believe themselves a police force like their predecessors. That cult was wiped out worldwide by K'hayu, daughter of Aphrodite, around 4,200BC with an unknown accomplice from southernmost south america or Antartica (more secret shit I'm not supposed to tell you). The record keepers initially started watching/recording offspring in particular to serve as a type of early warning signal. Like a tornado siren. I get the impression things have calmed down substantially over the centuries. Blood got diluted I guess. Offspring had a lot more access in K'hayu's time. I've meet K'hayu in sprit form. Very sexy but petite. Almost frail but so sensual and vivacious. Dark, silent & mysterious when she makes love. Not the type you'd expect to exterminate an entire culture, or to be of Egyptian heritage. There was a lot more world travel and technology back then than we accept. Spiritual/carbon-based tech, not our "modern" silicon repressed technology. An advanced species of humans treated a sub-class like cattle until some perverts started humping the farm animals and I suspect created what humanity is today. The good ol' days.

one so I was planning to travel to the archives this summer to see if the record keepers have it. It seems unlikely but, they would have known Jesus was Joseph's ward so they might have collected everything on Joseph and Marry as well. Seems like the next logical step. I doubt I can trust (or even access) Vatican archives/ researchers.

The Blue Witch

A blue witch came to leave something in my front garden just now. Complete with white staff and man-servant. They all like to wear flowing robes but the normal ones with a sense of style don't dress like medieval weirdos. Black pants, boots and shirt with a cobalt blue jacket/corset/trench coat. Really witchy vibe and look but really slick about it. Most people would just think she was very well dressed. The staff would have been mistaken by many for just an oversized walking stick. Confirmation bias. I like that. Classy and discrete. Shoulder length platinum hair with cobalt blue ends. You can always tell by the way they behave. Few people walk under my canopy of vines guarding the sidewalks.[361] The witches, especially the nature ones, always do and they linger and feel the energy. She did this the entire way while the male stayed on the road until she told him to cross onto my walk and drop the item he was carrying. The subtle way she moves her hands and staff after directing the male to drop whatever she brought. The pause to feel the energy or recite whatever spell under her breath. Always acknowledging my cats like they are children. Because of their familiars, witches do this much more sincerely than others who talk to people's pets.

The way she walked only on the grass while the male stayed on the road & sidewalk. The male was either

[361] I got some stuff living in there that makes people uncomfortable.

a brother or gay friend and a couple years younger. Zero romantic energy directed at her which was odd because they were both late teens or very early 20's and she was attractive and poised. He also didn't seem to know or care to know what was going on other than her basic directions. This neighborhood is looking up. The coven is cool and all but they are a little long in the tooth for my tastes. That is not a sexual comment. I liked this one's energy and springtime vibe. Older witches tend to have a little bitterness or boring energy to their spells. Younger ones are always more vibrant and colorful. She was also a nature one which always resonates best with me. Still had that witchy woman thing going on but the nature faerie stuff sweetened it a lot. I gave the spell an hour or so to be received and then went to look at it. A leaf cut, folded and tied to resemble a butterfly. There is something inside it but I didn't open it. She's a nature witch and chose one of the gardens with an obvious fairy house and plaza so I'm guessing it was for them. Its not to my mother and I have no idea what the intent/ symbolism of this one is. The major oddity was it was from her but she had the male carry and drop it. Its never best practices so to speak to have masculine energy (other than prepubescence and male offspring) involved with faerie or Aphrodite magic. I guess in theory she could have made it for and being guiding him but my instincts say no. He was definitely either little brother doing a favor or down right being paid. I have a serious craving for watermelon dipped in white chocolate now.

I pull the camera footage to check myself and confirmed it was almost like she's modeling for me. She's proud of her boots. They are nice. She can see me in the window reading the bible and pretending not to notice what she's doing. The cat she spoke to was on the roof four feet from me. She doesn't acknowledge me but she was making sure I saw her drop a spell. Something about

her reminds me of AB. Its definitely not her. I almost wonder if a younger, more radicalized coven is here. If so they are not respecting the boundaries.[362] If they are worshiping my mother, they should be keeping a formal, respectful distance from me. The wino housewife coven is close to the boundary just by giving me a basket when they leave my mother's. Trying to draw my attention into your energy work is a big taboo. This one also waived and said hi to what I hope was a squirrel or other animal in my yard. But the cameras show it was basically to my front door.[363] Bringing a male servant along and even having him deposit the spell? My house is a temple of Aphrodite by definition. I have her vortex here. That makes it a major one. I might just be paranoid. It just feels like they know the code and are intentionally seeing how far they can push into it.[364] If so that implies they want something. Its just a feeling but something strange is going on. I need to make time to consult with the great teacher deity to see if my speculation is correct. I like AB and need to know if there is some ulterior motive. My Loki nature enjoys the idea of people pushing boundaries but Aphrodite is not known for her forgiveness and pushing her boundaries is the that kinda

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[362] On edit, I went to the river on 6/22 to watch the moonrise. Where I usually sit I found the Blue Witch (complete with her staff, athame, symbol representing my mother and a little pair of Loki horns). Before I could say hi, she grabs me, kisses me then starts going wild, full on making out and frenching me. After about 2 minutes, she just stops, smiles at me and skips off. There is something damn odd going on around here. What is so immoral about taking a harem of witches anyway? I hope she's legal.

[363] To either the centurion, my mother, or a deity vortex behind the door. None of which she should know are there or be able to see.

[364] Most are completely ignorant of protocol but also of my connection to my mother so it doesn't matter. Men can walk into my yard all they want. It when you are working the matrix that it starts to get real. Aphrodite has a habit of going medieval without warning on people who push her boundaries. But some of what they seem to know they would've almost had to breach the record keepers to get. Unless, maybe if they were hardcore multi-generational worshipers of Aphrodite but those are rare and usually like 90 year old european women. I guess they could have got access to one of the major grimoires. Something's not right.

thing can get out of hand real fast. There is way too much me in this book. Might just be coincidences trumped up by an ego getting too much camera time.

Letters.

I guess we are going to start letters. I suggest chronological order instead of the bible order. Jesus encouraged me to start with the first Corinthians then move on to Ephesians. Why not Corinthians part two after part one? Jesus says I've heard passages from Corinthians before and he want's to clear some things up. After, he suggests Ephesians will be helpful. I've only been inside a church a few times and to my knowledge have never read or heard anything from these letters. 2,000 year old letters written by old men debating religious law is not something I'd even pay attention to without a deity pushing it. I glanced through it a bit. Not as sterile and academic as I'd expect but none of it seems familiar. Paul, from Acts, wrote Corinthians but a graph in the study bible shows that Paul wrote most of the Epistles.

Fear

My mohter takes the form of an african slave just captured from a bush. A wild woman, screaming and hissing frantically in her panic. Her clothing torn from the assault, bleeding and dehumanized. She's being dragged by her bound feet, her arms roped across a large pole. Each holding an end of the pole are her captors. In the horror my dreams witness she makes eye contact for a shallow second and smiles at her son. Then I see what no one else does. I see her dance. Those are not captors, those are her captives. The pole is her crossbar. Her ropes are not tied. Its the ropes at the ends of the pole tied so tightly they are stained in blood. Her prey barely conscious and lost in their pain are dragged to their fate by her deceptive dance.

Full Circle

There it is. There's a chocolate fountain around here somewhere but that'd be a waste of chocolate and time so I melted a couple Ferrero's and poured them over a piece of watermelon. I'm eating it reading over the introduction and I found it. I remember the last sermon I heard at that Baptist church were this all started quoted some slander against my mother. He must have been reading from 1 Corinthians. The bible says some trash named Strabo claimed there were a thousand "temple prostitutes" in my mother's temple on the mountain overlooking ancient Corinth. Naturally the christians picked up on this to defame another religion. I can't speak to what happened 2,000 years ago on a Greek island but I know my mother. If someone soiled her temple with prostitution their death would be a spectacle echoing louder than this Strabo cunt. Aphrodite's vestals traditionally wear thin white silk gowns that are see through like veils. You don't qualify as a vestal unless you are an 11 out of ten or if you have any blemish or less than perfect feature. They are also virgins with very strict rules. They can lose their title for just being within five feet of a man, including her castrated priests.[365] As much as I try to ignore my own biology, I've received plenty of energetic slaps in the back of the head just

[365] Excluding offspring, any male with access to the inner sanctum of an Aphrodite temple was castrated way before puberty (usually age 5) and probably never felt sexual desire. Male priests are basically slaves.

walking through her temples.[366] Hard times.[367] As you can imaging many men have been punished for breaching her temples to try to get access to her vestals or for loitering outside the walls trying to sneak a peak. Strabo was probably one of those perverts lingering outside the walls and wrote his fantasy jerk off letter to the playboy of his day. Lying about sleeping with the sex symbols of the time.

There might have been a thousand whores in Corinth bastardizing Aphrodite's name but there is no such thing as a "temple prostitute". Maybe in the jewish temples next to the loan sharks but disrespecting the womb like that is summary execution in an Aphrodite temple. A real one, at least. Just because a strip club is named "Aphrodite's" doesn't mean she sanctioned it. I read the wikipedia article on Strabo in my outrage and it is absolute disgusting slander. It even accuses her cult in Corinth of enslaving and trafficking women to raise funds. I can't think of anything that pisses my mother off more than sex trafficking. Maybe, like most christian churches today, some scumbag told the filthy sailors his hookers were servicing that their money was going to a good cause or that their crimes would be forgiven because they were paying Aphrodite. Rome routinely

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[366] Yes the temples and archives are physical places but polytheism has developed a highly secretive culture over the generations and Aphrodite's were already secretive and hidden to begin with. There are still many active temples to many different deities.

[367] Aside from the drooling and sex fantasies that get me slapped, I would never touch one of her vestals. That'd be like stealing money from mommy's purse. My sisters (about half whom are bi) do this all the time and usually get away with it. The darker ones are constantly trying to lure vestals to the pools. My mother treats it as a test of her vestals' loyalty. They are basically raised in the temples so the nudity/exposure means nothing to them. I'm not even sure they understand what sex is. Post puberty, their sexuality it transmitted like a routine offering to my mother. Its actually beautiful (if intense); like something out Eden. Yes they are free. The day you become a vestal you receive a solid gold statue of yourself that they take with them if they are cast out or choose to leave. Those statues are 11" tall, heavy as fuck & probably worth near a million dollars each just melted down. They never leave b/c they get ridiculous opulence & pampering in Aphrodite's temples.

coopted religious credibility for state objectives. Who do you think they learned that from? The temple high priestess should have burnt Corinth to the ground and left a mountain of charred corpses at the port for Strabo to jerk off to. Unfortunately, we don't act like the abrahamic faiths over lies alone. I doubt my mother would have any problem with consensual orgies on temple grounds and one of her paths may be accepting of prostitution where the womb is defective and it exploits the male but there is no way in hell any path would tolerate anything close to that inside her temples. I've been to her temples. With the exception of the pools (where the vestals and men in general are not allowed) nothing sexual occurs. Sensual is not always sexual. The manner in which the vestals sexuality is offered is secret but it involves no physical contact and no male is ever allowed in the alter room.[368] Such fucking racist and offensive projection. Strabo must have been the "progressive" liberal of his day.

Lol, when I'm done Greta Thunberging myself ("how dare you")[369] Jesus points out that this originated from Strabo, not Paul. It appears Strabo was a trust fund bitch from a Greco political family who spent his life traveling around like the "spend a year in Europe" frat

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[368] I've attended a couple. Offspring are allowed. But, well its a little too much for a man with any juices flowing to handle. Way way too hard. They are beautiful ceremonies but I'm going to wait until I'm like a hundred and nothing works before I attend another one. Too intense for a man to be in the room with that much female sexual energy getting transmitted at once.

[369] BTW, the way conservatives make fun of Greta proves that, despite their hype, they are no better morally than the commies. SHE IS A CHILD! Probably slightly down syndrome and she is being abused and trafficked in front of the world but all these conservatives, who are supposedly more moral than the woke mob, attack her and call her names because of the words others put in her mouth. Are you going to slut shame the 11 year olds tied down on beds for our politicians to rape? Greta is a child who needed (probably still does) help. Unfortunately since she has "wrong think" all she gets is abuse. You'd think the victims of "wrong think" abuse wouldn't be so quick to victimize others; especially children! Now instead of being saved so she could have a normal childhood her "how dare you" is a meme.

boys. Its also unlikely he was christian which supports Jesus's point that I blamed christians (he says persecuted by not returning to that church) for what others did. I don't think christian intolerance of other religions is up for debate and, even if they didn't originate the defamation, they sure as hell adopted it. Besides, that is not why I didn't return to that church. I don't judge people for their beliefs, even if they are calling my mother, goddess and Queen a whore. BTW, I personally watched Strabo rape little boys every day. Whoever wrote page 2189 of the ESV study bible travels back in time every weekend just to hold them down for him. Keep repeating that until it becomes historical "fact".

Truth.

"God chose what is foolish in the world to shame the wise, God chose what is weak in the world to shame the strong". You have to wonder, had Jesus been born to the temple priest, king or some other high social standing would he have been rejected? Seems ("it is", Jesus) its a universal principal to be humble before the deities (before God, "the father", JC adds). It really all does boil down to those who respect nature/God and those who think they can outdo nature/God. Good v Evil. Jesus draws my attention to the archetype involved there. Its Lucifer. I never noticed that before. Humans who think they can outperform the universe, think they are better than God are of Lucifer's ("call him Satan", JC) archetype. That's pathetic. Lucifer isn't even a deity. "They are fallen", Jesus. He still wants to lift them up.

In Corinthians Paul points out something very strange about christianity that christians are too ethnocentric to grasp. He acknowledges that a crucified messiah was fallacy to Greek pagans. Many pagan cultures found this nonsensical. The vikings in medieval Europe couldn't understand why christians were

worshiping the corpse of a dead god. It is very strange.[370] I suspect it has been part of most readers' culture for so long they don't recognize how bizarre that is. First off, why worship a dead god? Second, if humans killed him then clearly he wasn't a god. Just being part of modern western culture I always understood the "proof is in the resurrection" and willing sacrifice narratives. I understand this much better now thanks to Jesus. However, before this was just a foregone conclusion in popular culture, just about anyone not jewish or christian at the time would have been fully justified in thinking anyone speaking the gospels was a babbling lunatic. A fool who couldn't even think logically.

The fact they converted so many speaks to the power of the holy spirit fire. Paul would say it speaks to the power of the message but the message was "we worshiping this dude the Roman's killed". As far as I know, Jesus is the only deity ever to actually die. I know there are tons of pagan stories about deities dying and killing each other but that doesn't mean what you think it means. By definition a deity cannot die. Why would God chop off a finger or, in the case of the major deities, pull out his heart or lungs? Its weird I guess, I'm opposite to christian culture in many ways. The stuff I hear christian's (or christian leaning) struggling with like was Jesus supernatural is simple for me. He's clearly a deity. How could Marry have been a virgin? Easy. How could a dead man be resurrected? No problem. The stuff those same people just accept (e.g. "Jesus is King") not so much. Faith? I'm not even sure I understand what that is. Neighborly love? I might be incapable. I'm particularly

[370] Like circumcision. What is the jewish obsession with foreskins and how bizarre (and creepy) is it for a religion to use that as their symbol. You people are straight up weird. It's just become so ingrained in the culture today that it seems normal. I've barley had any exposure to christianity, I'm as deeply rooted in "paganism" as you can get, yet for some reason I'm circumcised. None of my family was christian. It appears the hospitals are just stealing foreskins by default. Weird became normal.

bothered by this concept that you can only grasp the fundamentals through faith and not through wisdom. Maybe that is why Jesus keeps telling me I'm not ready to study the passion narrative at the heart of christianity.

So there is a mystery school of christianity? Jesus confirms saying much of which I already know. Not from him but from my mother. Seems many, many pagan secrets are also christian secrets. "ways of the Father", he clarifies.[371] Not so much secrets as wisdom obtained through exposure. I assume the same applies to the christian apostles. Some things you can only learn from deities. There are also many dark secrets among pagan mysteries that seem useless for anything but evil. I assume then Paul's rationale is the church's excuse for just disappearing them. Jesus says they have not been disappeared. Jesus seems to endorse Paul's suggestion that the Corinthians should be denied advanced knowledge. He says I explained that well in volume 1. I don't remember that. He's moving on.

Am I not going "beyond what is written" with this book? JC says no. If you take out all the pagan stuff am I fully in the boundaries of christian scripture? That is for the reader. I simply don't have the subject matter knowledge or background to answer that. Jesus approves but maybe that is the ultimate psych test. He tells me to stop with a quick flash of the pain I felt last week. That was real and material. Hard to chalk that up to

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[371] I don't really even refer to myself as pagan except where necessary (such as to christians) because the connotation of that word is wildly misleading. There has never been any suggestion that the deities were not elements of God Almighty ("the Father", he adds again). That same hollywood nonsense that has people believing christian artifacts will give them powers has formed the narrative that paganism/polytheism is adverse to monotheism. That is just wordplay. My mother's secrets flowed to her from God,"the Father" and through her to me. Just as I assume the christian secrets flow through Jesus ("through the spirit", he corrects) to you. Jesus has never once disparaged the deities but I will admit that he maintains himself in a position above them. He's not shy about his claim to the throne.

hallucination. My Lesbian handler commented on the oil; though I washed the blood off while she was still asleep. However, you only have my word to go by on that and for all you know I'm crazy. It feels like I'm adding stuff but the material is all brand new to me so maybe I'm just interpreting the written stuff from a different perspective. If what I claim Jesus is telling me in this book goes beyond scripture then christian dogma (possibly with the support of one of your apostles) says it's not to be trusted. That presents an issue that an honest writer has to bring up. I wish I knew the answer but I've read less than half of the bible. I do understand the question, however, so I'll leave it with you to decide.

The sky is dark now. Guess we'll pick up at Chapter 5 in the daily morning readings.

June 3, 2024

Tripwire

I thought the jews routinely traded wives or enslaved their dead siblings wives, etc. I might be wrong; that might be another ancient culture. In Ch. 5 a dude sleeps with his stepmom and Paul flips his shit. I exist in a strange crossroads on a lot of sexual topics. I won't even date a girl who has gone out with any man I know.[372] That is mostly because "dating" means "fucking" in our culture and that disgusts me. I absolutely judge and reject women based on their past boyfriends. I'm almost impossibly puritanical but, at the

[372] The sibling incest common among Aphrodite's children is almost never blood incest, excluding twins and some other rare cases, that are pretty strange. Vertical incest (parent/child) is absolutely forbidden and I don't think it even has to be as it is genetically ingrained. That would never happen in my culture. I've never had blood siblings. If I did I might understand more or feel differently about it but I'm not disgusted or shocked at the concept of siblings being sexual with each other. I don't see what's wrong with that. JC says flatly "no".

same time, if stepmom and son wanna party in dad's bed, you do you. Or mom, whatever. That's dad's fault for not choosing better women and being a better parent. I'm not sure consensual sex is ever "immoral" as long as it is between adults who understand what they are doing. I will judge people for this without hesitation but that "judging" is limited to evaluating them as a potential partner. If I don't want to get in your pants then I really don't care who else has been in there. I've never understood people who do. Jesus says clearly that it is for their own good and the greater good. He equates my lack of understanding to my failure to love my neighbor. He may right. A lot of people, especially christians, want to dictate how others live for the wrong reasons but Jesus says he views many sexual behaviors as "immoral". It think the sexual morality stuff may boil down to the failures we see in society today. How many of these messed-up 30 somethings would be happy and in loving relationships today if they'd followed christian sexual values in their 20's? I'm really torn between my sensual archetype and the way people probably have to view sexuality given their development.[373]

Jesus's rational is linked to what he equates to a spoiling one's own fruit. He sees our physical bodies as temples not to be disrespected and watches while many treat them like nightclubs and public restrooms.[374] More so, he points to what I said about evaluating a partner and suggests that is universal. It is the tragedy of modern women that they don't seem to understand the scarlet letters they wear and what those mean. I think they do understand fully but enjoy the meaningless sex and raunchy attention so the immature ones lie & manipulate

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[373] On edit, Jesus corrects it not given their development; its how they must view sexuality period. "How all must view it". JC doesn't approve of the relationships with my sisters.

[374] "and disposable" as he points to me on edit.

to try to have their cake and eat it to. It's rarely successful; almost never since social media. That is where Jesus's point comes in. I don't believe in sexual standards or laws beyond being old enough and consenting. Jesus strongly does. He is correct. I don't believe in sexual laws because I use sexual behavior as a measure of character and, as he points out, condemn for it. I'd say reject but he says condemn. He views most sexually "immoral" conduct as weakness and wants to help protect people from their own weakness with these sexual morality laws. In short, Jesus highly highly values family (traditional family) and correctly sees how sexual immorality makes that impossible. Ya don't wife a ho. But most guys won't hesitate to sleep with them or "date" the promiscuous girl. Men think women don't understand this. The young brainwashed ones might not but they all figure it out very quickly. They just want the best of both worlds. Jesus calls that sexual immorality and I agree because it is backed by dishonesty. He calls men "dating" sluts to get some with no intention of committing to them sexually immoral and I agree because it is, again, dishonest. He calls the man and women who own it and just openly wan't casual sex immoral but I'm not sure I agree on this because they are being honest. But Jesus's focus is on the overall lifetime wellbeing of everyone and, if its not happening in my yard (or inherently unfair), I don't give a shit. Because I don't love my neighbor.

Is Paul slowly training/protecting the young church in Corinth when he tells them to persona non grata the sexually immoral or is he contaminating christianity with old jewish customs. Wasn't Jesus known for accepting prostitutes, tax collectors and the like?

In chapter 6, after the dispute resolution stuff, Paul I think confirms something I've always known intuitively

and something Jesus told me that really sank in. The latter first. I remember poignantly Jesus saying "what makes you think those are yours" or something to that effect in the discussion about me just giving up and checking out. Paul tells the Corinthians the same thing: "You are not your own". To the intuitive part, Paul infers what I have always know. You are forever spiritually tied to every person you have sex with. Forever! That "some guy" you were too drunk to remember. That crack ho when you just had to have a blowjob. The diseased fuckboy on your dial-a-smash app.[375] The bar slut with the mind of a child. All those people are you spirit wives and husbands. We live in a holographic universe and soon everyone will see you standing at the alter with each and every one of them. I can honestly say that I won't be proud[376] but I also won't be hanging my head in shame. How will you feel on that day? What will you look like forever thereafter with those people by your side? That shit is real. Its why I just intuitively judge partners by their bodycount and past boyfriends. If the best girl in the world gave in to some player and you accept her then you are spending the rest of your spiritual life living in the talk show trailer park. Those woketards who will squirm and trigger "how dare you" judge (while judging) do so because they know they are already in that trailer park talk show. Its too late. Casualties of unrestricted warfare and an unethical prosecutor.

Well, I need to get my day started, the infrared lasers are arriving today so I'm spending the evening alarming my peonies.

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[375] "Your sisters," Jesus adds on edit. But I don't mind that. They're already family.

[376] Assuming I have a soulmate uncomfortable with my, sometimes vicious, sisters or if the women I've slept with fucked some sleaze bags I didn't know about. Otherwise, I'm not ashamed of anyone I ever slept with.

A month into this starvation diet and I'm losing way too much muscle mass. I'll be near 7% by my birthday if I keep it up but lifting twice a day isn't even maintaining anymore (and they are pathetic workouts). Jesus actually adds "you will be ready". Ready for what? That's encouraging but math is math. If he ain't sending down some ethereal zero calorie protein, I'm taking a serious hit. He just says "you will be ready". What does a deity care about my vanity project anyway? And why the hell am I suffering and losing years of gains to get to 7%? Most of this country is at 40%. Can they even tell the difference anymore? Anyway. I may end it. I'd rather have muscles and a shadow six-pack than look like Steve Rodgers before the Naziroids.[377]

June 4, 2024

Modernization.

Paul discussing eating offerings to the gods reminds me of some of my history lessons from the great teacher deity. Christianity, especially today, is plagued and I think rightfully outraged by people who want to "modernize" the church to be more "progressive" and in alignment with the demoralization campaign. Those doing this are your enemy and the enemy of the church. Your god says absolutely not and they say you should allow it to make the church more popular (profitable). To my knowledge this has never happened in a pagan religion. I think it is due to the different character of a

[377] More irrelevant random unsolicited "bro advice": from what women (the hot ones you want) tell me & respond to you want to get your body somewhere between Captain America and Thor. You don't need those levels of perfection of course. Hemsworth can't even maintain the Thor physique. Basically, lean swimmer with an extra 15-20lbs. of muscle so they bulge just a little. Most hotties think bodybuilders are freaky & swimmer's chests are too flat. I've listened to many piece together there perfect man, the way men do women. The bodies most prefer are b/t swimmer & body builder.

pagan religion. We don't use our gods to dominate or whore them out for profit. Therefore, there is no machine that needs to be "modernized". However, exceptions have been made with the permission of the gods (or assumed permission) and the example of Corinthians eating offerings is one of them. It is absolutely unacceptable to partake in offerings to the gods. There are exceptions to this rule. Specific ceremonial exceptions. As an offspring I do not even partake in the offerings to my mother, except for specific rights where there is meaning behind it and one specific offering we always share. That rule is as old as offerings themselves.

I doubt Paul has misrepresented anything about the customs of Corinth. If I read correctly they were suffering a large scale famine in that region. Not sure if it was effecting Corinth or not but it's reasonable to assume it was effecting culture throughout the region. Pagan temples don't "modernize" or "change with the times". However, there are numerous historical accounts of temple high priests or the deities themselves being charitable. My mother frequently accepts decadent offerings only to deliver them straight to the poor. I once dumped $50k in gold coins in a river to be washed up along the banks. In times of hunger many temples accepted food offerings placed before the gods and then held banquets or invited the public to take what they needed. Not to partake! Done properly, the offering is made to the gods symbolically and then, hopefully with the deity's permission, conveyed on through the deity to the people. Technically, never being given or accepted as an offering. A lot of this depends on the high priest/priestess and their relationship/understanding with the relevant deity. Similar to my willingness to break off offerings to certain gods for children and animals and my rescuing of the cat the coven was planning to sacrifice to Aphrodite. It also depends on the deity. Loki, for

example, you don't even have to ask when it comes to children and animals. They are welcome to part of his share anytime. With adults, you can't assume anything and its best just not to at all. If the wrong sort gets part of what was to be his Loki may go take it back. Different deities have different attitudes and sensibilities but almost all are benevolent toward humanity.

In less common examples, a deity accepts the offering and gifts it rather than consume the energy/aura. These are rare because, unlike the first example, the deity has to be involved to avoid misrepresentation (not as simple as a phone call). The bible notes say something about temples acting as butcher shops and only part of offerings being used. I think that is a reference to jewish sacrificial customs. They do backwards (frankly destructive) animal sacrifices where they clean themselves on an animal and then eat it so I wouldn't be surprised if they also portioned of part of an offering to their god and then sold the rest. I'd think that would be offensive to the deity. I don't know of any pagan temple that would do it that way given the major taboo of partaking in offerings or being stingy with offerings. No legitimate one anyway. Like everything else there are accounts of pagan temples going rogue so to speak. Never ends well. Or, I guess it's possible that was some unique understanding or misinterpretation of one random temple. Generally, if the blood is given to a deity, you should not eat the meat. Its not just blood you are offering.

Paul's asserts that food offerings to idols it tantamount to nothing as he reasons idols don't exist. Assuming one agrees with my clarification (which JC effectively adopted) that, as I was always taught, the gods are archetypes (personality streams if you will) of God Almighty, I'd agree. For example, that a plate of apples

offered to a golden calf, cash register god or whatever, would be up for grabs. Walking in arrogantly to the statue of an archetypal deity, declaring it nothing and stealing from the offerings before it, not so much. Catholics make offerings to Jesus's mom. They can't approach this topic without being hypocrites. The rest of you christians can't accept the logic of the trinity and reject that same logic with applied to the deities.

June 6, 2024

Two Souls,

Crazy dreams, much is discussed. Jesus tells me that tempering is taken to extremes. I respond that I am not made of steel. I no longer care about anything or almost anyone and this has gone too far for way way too long. More discussion is had and I leave it in his hands but I feel that my substance has worn too thin.

June 7, 2024

One Flesh,

I'm board! This is one of those mornings when I should be on the way to a waterpark or theme park. Wispy clouds, crazy bright, a comfortably happy morning and cool breeze that will carry into a hot, sunbaked afternoon. Man, I want spaghetti salad. I need to just break down, take the processed carb hit and spend a day with a giant bowl of spaghetti salad and root bear. Or Dr. Pepper. Which is better with spaghetti salad? Spaghetti salad goes best with pools and waterparks. I really need to get out today but everything sucks alone. My lesbian handler is busy planning her move/new career (whatever that is) and there is nobody around here but geriatrics who work all day. Nobody around period.

Everybody is comatose online. Its summer dude! Kids should be terrorizing the streets 24/7. We gotta shut down the internet. I know a lot of people will lose money but its that or the end of civilization. Remember when Pokemon Go had its fifteen minutes of app fame? How, suddenly, people were outside again? Destroy the internet! That would suck for me too but it has to be done. Its us (carbon) or them (silicon). Metahuman v. transhuman. Awake v. asleep. Free v. slave. Good v. evil. Half measures only make things worse. Destroy it all. The infrastructure, the knowledge base, everything! So it takes them a decade to rebuild. In that decade you might save civilization. Or at least enough generations to keep civilization on life support a little longer. All of my hobbies these days are single player activities.

Anyway, Jesus offers a combo suggestion/vision. It seems the single mother is off today and struggling to distract her kids.[378] I'm guessing she limits internet time (well done) but, with no money to go anywhere and three restless kids, a struggle has begun. Going to a theme park with a bunch of kids would be awesome, but no. Not possible. JC suggests if I were honest with her she could be a good friend and not the mess I see on her horizon. I guess her authentic male options want to spend time with her but not her kids and I'm getting the impression their dad is not in the picture so she's kinda sacrificing everything for them. She is a nice person. If our society wasn't overrun by pedos and mental patients, rent-a-kid would be a billion dollar business idea. Overwhelmed parents would get a break, loner losers would get a life and kids would have more fun. Such a thing could never be implemented even in a society that wasn't collapsing. I suggest maybe in Jesus's kingdom to come (implying the scum are exterminated) but he

[378] Adults shouldn't waste children's time. It's much more valuable than ours.

replies that he doesn't exterminate and everyone should have their own kids. Dude, I know you see the condition of the world today. There are no women fit to be mothers so no man is having kids by choice. I am so board. Wonder when a replacement handler or spy will show up?

I guess the single mom's kids are feeling the same way about this morning as I am. I gotta start remembering names again. Before I checked-out I never forgot anyone's name; now I never remember them. Actually, I don't think I even listen when they tell me. Bro, that woman couldn't handle me buying her kids a slushy and available men in our society don't just randomly take single moms and their kids to theme parks if they aren't trying to get somewhere with the mom. Jesus blames me for sending mixed signals and leaving blanks where information should be conveyed. He says I leave everyone, especially women, frustrated and confused and calls me cruel again. He basically calls me childish. You don't hide anything from deities[379] and its not like I'm shy about dropping harsh truths or saying what I think. Truth is, I like the attention. Its nice to be invited to the party even if you don't want to go. I would be open to inviting them to an amusement park for the day if she could understand that she was there as a friend/placeholder while I pretend I have a life. However I suspect if I started flirting with a women I was actually attracted to it would bother her, or worse, confuse her kids. People, especially the brain damaged women of america, don't process logic so well anymore. Whatever, I'll just go build more fucking concrete around a property I'm not sure I even want anymore. If I'm destine to grow old and die in a tomb then a simple shack in the

[379] Loki can but I'd never ask. I think that'd be hugely disrespectful to a deity. It'd be of questionable effect on Jesus even theoretically given JC's wisdom connection with God.

woods is fine with me and less hassle/work. I dug up the floor of my lab and drilled an 80ft well under the house[380] just to pump spring water into a fountain in the center of the dinning room table. Then just right down the drain. I think I may be losing it. I need to repipe that drain and use it for irrigation so I don't deplete the spring. There's just too many projects going on around here.

Daily chapters may be a little out of order. I just type notes from weekly readings on the following Sunday but, on some other days, I write.

Though I suspect Paul would vehemently disagree, 1 Corinthians Ch. 12 sounds like he is endorsing my assertion that God, the Father expresses himself through deity archetypes. One could make a sound argument to that with Paul's own words[381] for anyone who thinks he is authoritative.

No Love.

I've realized an important distinction I didn't notice before. My brain usually analyses while I focus on other things like reading/writing/planning. Jesus has not been pushing women on me. Strangely, he appears to fully support my position or possibly accepts me for what I am/need. He doesn't expect me to lower my standards or accept what he seems to agree is unacceptable.[382] He has been pushing community. I think he chose women because of my matriarchal upbringing. I'm less

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[380] Don't ask. It was a nightmare. Everyone who has ever drilled a well raised an eyebrow when they heard under the house.

[381] By that I mean by his own concepts. Not in the way everyone with an audience misconstrues and plays word games today for hoots and holla's from the retard slaves.

[382] On edit, he agrees but adds to the effect of learning to forgive wouldn't hurt.

dismissive of women; whereas men who approached would be treated as tools or input/outputs, I tend to treat women more as people/equals. With the exception of AB and another, I'm not the slightest bit attracted to any of these women he has dropped in my path.[383] Wow, took me this entire book to even realize that. Come to think of it, many have been dropped in my path but I tend to ignore people. I'm innately tuned into desire; the ones I didn't completely ignore all had that in common. I get a finally!-nod from Jesus and echo of "its not about you". This love thy neighbor road trip would have been a long one but, unfortunately, next Sunday is father's day and I think its time for me to go home. Maybe hibernate another decade in my tomb and see if the world survives.

Paul says spiritual gifts without love are worthless and that love is supreme because love is forever. Ergo people without love are worthless. I think I give a lot of kindness. The picture seems to be forming that love is intrinsic value. Certainly connected and that really makes me feel worthless.

Faith, hope and love would seem to be the gold, silver and diamonds of the christian treasures. I am a pauper.

Love is forever.

June 8, 2024

Signs & Wonders

I need constant stimulation and distraction to keep the barrel out of my mouth. Today is one of those cumulation days where too much work, too few calories,

[383] On edit, and they were all in pain/need, weren't they?

no reason to continue, not enough distraction and not enough need (I only have friends when people want something from me) adds up to make me feel like Atlas, dragging the world back and forth like meaningless busy work. I got up late. When I don't get up with the sun you know I'm usually miserable. Drank coffee in my hammock at like 9am to try to stack some nature energy with the caffeine so I can work away another Saturday while fasting for no reason. I can get over the energy deficit. Its the motivation that's becoming insurmountable. This house is too fucking big for one person to keep up. I have too many cats. Too many building projects. And no reason to continue any of this shit! I'm torn between myself. The optimist wants to continue building a beautiful castle. The pessimist wants to move back to the beach, become a drug addict, get fat and drain society until I die like it deserves. I end up a torn mutant trapped in between. Working all day to build and ever increasing tomb that's already too big for me to manage. All I get from Jesus is encouragement. He says I need it. He points to how a few simple things could turn this suffering into pleasure but I don't have those things so thanks for once again rubbing my nose in what I didn't know I was missing. Where are those signs and wonders that you built your cult on? He says they are all around but people don't see them anymore. It sounds a lot like "wish it into being" to me.

Signs and wonders were not ethereal concepts as presented in the accounts of Jesus. He was literally raising the dead and shit. He says they believed in him. Bro, your own family thought you were insane. "Still many knew". Jesus keeps drawing my attention to the oil anointing and blood ("anointed in my blood") as a sign or wonder.[384] That signals that Jesus is a deity; something

[384] I can see that is a rare blessing but I'd prefer family & friends to treasure & crowns.

I have accepted since the day we meet. I need a simpler sign. A sign of life or a fucking indication beyond reassurances that there is light at the end of this railroad tunnel I'm digging by hand with no track around. He says that light is faith. Yeah. That's the problem. My siamese is picking up on my restless irritation and destroying everything so now I have to take him on a walk. These things should be fun but they are just chores in a life of nothing. Four cats launched out the door and exploded off each other in different directions like a Stark Industries munition. The caracal ran straight up a tree to stalk the neighborhood children.[385] I need to start socializing him before there's an incident, which is yet another to-do on the mountain. That was 2 hours demolished.[386] Fuck this day! More and more I just want to walk off, declare myself a tranny whatever commie weapon of choice is in vogue today and die in a crackhouse or skid row or something. I think they call that overwhelmed with your life but I'm overwhelmed with my lack of life. Ordinarily, I'd just cancel the day but, if I do that, I'm going to eat and sit around feeling like a failure. I really need to avoid the "fuck-it" attitude on days like this. No distractions available. Everybody in the world is a brainwashed, screen obsessed zombie. My lesbian handler is MIA. Actually that's odd. I need to check on her and make sure AB hasn't kidnapped her. Yet more to-do's. Hope I get a replacement soon. You look like a creep doing things alone and I need more and more distraction these days. Anyway, I'm here to finish up the notes so we can start Ephesians tomorrow. Then I can speed edit this, dump it on Amazon where it will be immediately shadow banned and go on doing

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[385] I didn't want him to get fat and lazy like many caracals when you neuter them so I dosed him on testosterone while he was growing up. I may have given him too much. He looks bad ass but he's a little too randomly violent.

[386] I've trained the cats to come running when I yell "Accio kee-kes" or "Accio {their name}" because its cute (like "Accio Niffler) but they ignore it outside until the excitement wears off.

what I was born to do - meaningless fucking busywork until I die! I must have been a real dick in a previous like. Even slaves had lives and their slavery built something. Double double toil and trouble, general.

Paul is flatly wrong in 1 Corinthians ch. 10 when he says pagan sacrifices (inferring all) are offered to demons. In the context of a true man-made idol (which does not equal everything christian's disagree with) we can agree that the offering has no ownership and is up for grabs to anyone passing by (including a demon). However, no demon is consuming offerings made to my mother or any other deity. To suggest this suggests that mere demons are so powerful they can literally eat God's lunch. Also these days more people are deliberately directing offerings to demons than to the gods. That's one of Lucifer's funnier prosecutorial exhibits. People pay the salary of the unethical prosecutor destroying them like their tipping his wait staff. Just like we pay the salary of the politicians destroying our homes, the teachers raping our children and the cops holding the guns to our heads while it all happens. "Satan is not correct", Jesus interjects before I type it.

I think a major handicap of christianity is that it is based in fear. Jesus is fearless and bold and I think he'd prefer his people to be too. He interjects that fearlessness and boldness are fringe benefits of faith. God tells you repeatedly not to be afraid but christianity is, or has become, a religion of fear. Everything new to a christian is a demon. Everything they don't understand, evil. All knowledge, science, experience beyond their dark age simplifications are their enemy. The enemy of their ignorance which they guard to the death because, I think in actuality, a lot of christians are not very secure in their beliefs. Nothing about science, the new age or "polytheism" (as I know it) is incompatible with

christianity. What is, I think incompatible are the countless "christians" turning people away from god and the many others posing as christians while supporting Lucifer or, more commonly, worshiping themselves. If God exists how can any science be contradictory? God exists. You can prove that with pure mathematics. Jesus also exists. He showed up and told me so. Maybe the weakness is because most christians are forced or trained to be christians instead of learning it for themselves. You have to wear a hat if you go out in public because that's what everyone does. How dare you ask why? What's wrong with you? The result? How often do you see someone wearing a hat today? Your attitude ("their fear", JC clarifies) extinguishes you.[387]

"By people of strange tongues and by the lips of foreigners will I speak to this people, and even then they will not listen to me, says the Lord".[388] History repeats and repeats and repeats upon layer after layer after layer. Still Jesus just won't give up until the last one is saved. Every one of us would leave the crumbs in the bottom of the barrel. In my world, we'd only be interested in the cream on top. But Jesus is intent on picking up and saving every last crumb.

Why haven't we made a start trek episode where the captain is thought dead by a primitive culture, then beamed up (through his burial shroud) sparking a new religion among the primates desperate for immortality? I know for a fact Jesus is real and a deity (and that deities are not just an advanced alien species as some claim) but, given hollywood's obsession with erasing Jesus, why has nobody done that? The "educated elite" are most readily identifiable by their two-piece garments. On the

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[387] Given the emphasis he places on utilizing your mind as well as your spirit, I think Paul would agree with me on this point.

[388] Paul quoting Isa. 28:11.

one side, the system of degrees and certifications they use to rank themselves and, on the other, their utter contempt for how stupid the low brow believers are. "Polytheists" are seen as even more caveman then christians. Probably because in the simplistic rotted minds of academia, polytheism came first. Yet, by their own measure, I am at the top 1% of their ranks and I'm a "polytheist" who believes in Jesus. I'd say that's why I can't get along with them but, until these books, I never even mentioned it. I can articulate a list of reasons I don't get along with academics. For the other side, its like they just knew I wasn't one of them. Which, in and of itself is pretty close to proof that their "intellectual" atheism is fallacy. Paul's relationship with the jewish religious leaders keeps reminding me of that. Lot of similarities there.

Much of 1 Corinthians ch. 15 is Paul anthropomorphizing the natural evolutions of the universe. They are also establishing anthropomorphized engine cycles. Adam to the anti-Adam (Jesus). Jesus to the anti-christ. Anti-christ to the returned Jesus and so on. You claim we anthropomorphize elements of nature (technically archetypes of existence) while anthropomorphizing the cycles of existence. Before I finish the thought Jesus (radically smarter than I) Akido's my own logic to pin me before his throne in a joint lock. There is a strong argument that he sits at the headwaters. As King. The fact the term "anthropomorphizing" exists insults all creature and will itself be a grand exhibit in Lucifer's unethical prosecution of humanity. It implies that humanity is above God. That humanity is the pentacle of sentience to be emulated, when it is our sub-sentience that emulates the deities and their's which emulates God. Its a term that shouldn't exist.

Huh. In 1 Corinthians 15:35-39 it sounds like Paul is echoing my analogy (maybe it was Jesus's analogy, I don't recall) from Volume 1 about the re-birthed body and what it will look like. Paul uses a seed analogy. I forget what analogy I used or where it is in Volume 1. I would look it up but my siamese is now chewing the power cord off the computer I'm typing this on. Did my lesbian handler entertain the cats more than I gave her credit for? Paul alludes also to the dimensional flowering into our reality when he suggests that our current physical bodies will be incompatible with the environment at the time of resurrection. "You are forever". Thank you. I know that. He says nothing else so I'm left guessing, but, I'm not baptized/saved or whatever else one needs to be a resurrected christian. All seems kinda superfluous to me honestly. The universe wastes nothing. Sometimes Jesus says things I don't understand. Sometimes he leads me to write things not even relevant to me. He speaks directly to the reader a lot and I assume whoever that reader is will receive the message. Deities all work is strange ways. Technically very complicated interwoven ways that our lesser minds interpret as strange. I've found it pointless to try to figure it out. It'd take a lifetime to decipher two words. We are just not that intelligent in the grand scheme of things. My shoulder shrugging "whatever" acceptance when it comes to deities is not flippant, its born of a lifetime of experience.

Wow! ok that was cool. I got a glimpse of the change while reading around 15:53. I already knew all of that instinctively but he explained a lot and brightened an otherwise pissy day for me with that. Some very important things I'd like to add but discretion is the better part of valor when declaring your feelings to history. The bold don't fear making others uncomfortable but the kind must be considerate. Maybe one day. Now the cats

are content and napping in the warm breeze. Does my mood effect them that heavily. He replies that it effects my entire environment. I could see that. I really want a big bowl of spaghetti salad. Huh, end of that paragraph: "your labor is not in vain". I love his timing but, honestly, I grow more concerned that I may be going insane. Can I just openly request a sign or wonder that can't be disputed? Sorry to be so demanding.

My siamese woke up with the typical flying bite attack at my face. He's not mad; its an "I'm board" love bite with no self restraint.[389] I have to tape the last page of 1 Corinthians back before finishing. That was not a sign. Common occurrence around here. Just like my random tangents.

"Men have to be reminded to act like men", Jesus.[390] Reading the end I merely thought a snide comment about maybe reminding christian men (all men) to act like men. Honestly, our society is sorely lacking in both masculine and feminine energy but that is by design. Jesus infers something alien to me in this statement though. He is implying that the masculine and feminine are not innate traits. He's not endorsing the tranny culture weapon. He infers those natures give birth to and grow each other like a universal engine (yin/yang). Women make men and men make women. With both those energies weakened due to unrestricted warfare, propaganda and chemical population control it

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[389] For those who've never lived with siamese cats, random acts of aggression, leaping in people's faces, climbing up you to hang out on your shoulders & randomly switching from purring lovefests to hissing attacks are pretty common. Crossed wiring in there somewhere. Ki is particularly unstable. The other cats are uncomfortable around him. I have an awesome video of him chasing my Lesbian Handler through my house, then climbing into her room through a vent just to attack her b/c she scolded him and said no. Like something out of Alien. Hysterical. Siamese are my favorite breed.

[390] Summarized. I'm trying to remember to distinguish direct quotes form the ones I summarize.

seems artificial or explicit "reminders" are needed. I think at the point one has to be reminded of their gender we are in trouble. Jesus distinguishes being a man/woman from mere gender and reiterates the binary interplay that creates & grows them. He suggests I could use reminding too. I balk as I don't see many manhood traits lacking in myself. Jesus responds not with what manliness I lack but with feminine personality traits (or ways of thinking) I have in excess. He attributes it to the lack of a suitable mate. Everyone needs an equal and opposite to flourish. I think few of us have one in this society but he denies that assertion. Jesus agrees that the opposing and complimentary gender energies (not out of date gender roles) are weakening and he reduces the analysis of that to extinction if he didn't intervene. Which, I guess taken to the ultimate resolution is correct. I guess the point is those of you with partners who actually love each other need to recognize and routinely remind each other what a man and woman is as an inoculant during this attack on humanity we suffer… from other humans. Yet another comical exhibit.

June 9, 2024

Uplifting

Heavy workouts always leave me feeling upbeat. When I'm overwhelmed or low energy my morning workout is always the first thing sacrificed. That is stupid because it sets the tone for the rest of the day and I know that but, for whatever reason, on this I don't do what I know is best. When I miss a morning workout the day is always slower and more frustrating/overwhelming. And, almost every time I skip the morning workout and tell myself I'll make it up, I blow off the evening workout too. Yesterday, Jesus was reminding me I need to get into the gym. By last night I had failed him. This starvation

diet combined with sunbaked masonry work all day keeps me on the edge of consciousness by around 8pm I'm staggering around like a drunk. Last night and again this morning JC told me not to start bible study until I worked out. So I went on a quick bike ride to try to pull my energy up (nature feeds me) and finally worked out. I've missed like a week of workouts. Maybe more. Still dragging a little and running late so I did everything in supersets. Lifting with no calories is brutal but once you get a little dizzy where everything starts looking brighter the 80's rock kinda carries you through it like a dance trance. Chugging water in the middle of a starvation workout kinda gets you high. I'm temped to put some strobe lights and lasers down there.

Then a cold shower and now I feel great. I miss the beach. Its overcast today, windy and cool but still bright with patches of blue sky. It reminds me so much of Huntington Beach on overcast spring mornings. The beach showers only have cold water and the wind coming off the ocean on those days is just cold enough to tighten your pores while it dries you. Like a sunburn on a full moon night. Its the only kind of cold I like.[391] I always leave all my windows open which turns the hallways into wind tunnels; where I stood letting the wind dry me wishing I was back at the beach. I really need to make morning workouts a top priority. My lesbian handler is still missing. She still has stuff here. I'm starting to get worried that AB might have kidnapped her. I'm too paranoid. I always expect the worst from people. There's no note. I'd expect AB to leave a note or photo of her tied up or something. I don't remember when I saw her last. I need to check the garage and see if her jeep is there.

[391] Upper 60's. But that's cold to me. Especially wet.

Last week Jesus laid paths before me to choose from. I told him to choose. Not out of faith. I'm so disappointed with my existence, so done with my life, I don't care. I still feel that way but I also feel good today. We all know the sun will burn out one day but we don't sit around 24/7 sad about it.

Prophets

The thing I worry about most with this book is being part of that "false prophet" group of corruptors. Embarrassing myself is whatever but dishonoring my mother or Jesus would be the worst repercussion. Evil ones speaking in the name of Christ and leading people astray are a theme in christianity. Here I am saying Jesus is speaking to me, writing a book about it and spreading it. Jesus says I'm shepherding well using the bible as a roadmap but that's predicated on the assumption that I'm not delusional and hallucinating. I've been dizzy for days. The christian might easily think I'm a pagan infested with demons and the textbook example of a false prophet. Good news is. The bible says false prophets lead many astray and nobody is reading this dribble. In the words the establishment says to ignore "do your own research". Always. Truth is, I have no idea if I'm false or not. I'm presenting my experiences to you honestly and my thoughts on those experiences honestly. That's all I can do. Decide for yourself. You probably know more about christianity than I do. I know I'm not a prophet so I pray I am not a false one.

I have no clue if on that day of christian judgment Jesus will look at me and say "I never knew you. Depart from me". "I do know you and you know me. I am here with you", he interjects but, again, how many lunatics out there go crazy and start talking to imaginary friends, or god? I'm just some dude writing about some shit that happened one year. That is all I know for sure.

Risky Advice.

Sometime Jesus just randomly speaks up on seemingly random topics and he does it because he wants it written right there and then. Even when it seems out of place to me. For example, what follows I think should be a footnote to some of my fitness commentary but I guess its here for a reason. I ended my fast with chipotle peppers & meatballs floating in Irish butter with heavy cream garnish.[392] Before beginning Ephesians, Jesus warns me that my lack of awareness (resulting from my failure to love my neighbor) could hurt people. He refers specifically to the diet and fitness advice or impressionable readers trying to emulate my lifestyle. He adds dating advice but I wasn't aware I gave any or had any to give. I don't see what is so extreme or unhealthy about my life. I understand that I don't really account for weakness, retardation or whatever. I'm not one of those people who prefaces every sentence with 10 minutes of CYA and "don't eat that wrapper" warnings and I'm never gonna be. I don't care if you eat the wrapper (natural selection) and this is what Jesus is getting at.

Fine. Those who are weak or stupid should work on fixing that as a prerequisite to surviving life. JC points to the knees reference where I guess I recommended people stop crying about their knees and run up hills so something along those lines. He floods with several other examples that sound to me like dumbing down the whole class because of the one slow kid. Dude, I don't know how to deal with whatever and all the BS people have going on and I'm not writing 50 pages of disclaimers. Jesus says that is not what he means.

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[392] Still on 800c every other day but I wanted the energy high so just one meal till Tuesday.

Jesus is drawing a sharp line between the material that comes from me alone, which he values for keeping the audience tuned in, and the material prompted by him. He tells me not to out drum his words with a little bit of 80's rock download.[393] Basically, I guess a lot of what I do could get you hurt. Are people really so stupid they can't figure out basic shit on their own? He again says I don't understand. I will always teach to the smartest kid in the class, even if the rest is left behind. I don't understand and I don't see how telling people to skip a few meals, get off their asses and think twice about marrying the village cum dumpster is dangerous. I don't think I take things to such extremes that they could get people hurt but it seems Jesus does. Maybe its the kids who are reading. Yo, dude don't eat rotting meat or try to break 160mph on wet roads while falling asleep. Common sense, bro. If you and your friend have never been in the ocean, don't throw each other off the pier. I don't know why this even needs to be in here. Jesus says it does and that I don't understand. He says I've never known infirmity.[394] He claims my eating habits alone would kill some of the readers before they finished the book. Butter is healthier than seed oils and my meatballs and cream are less dangerous than that bag of fast food half of them are eating right now. He reiterates that everyone has their weakness and this lack of insight and concern is my weakness. Again with the love thy neighbor hangup. Honestly, if you are so messed up that you have to be told not to eat the wrapper stop reading and get the fuck away from me. Jesus also disagrees strongly with my commentary (didn't remember given it) that everyone should go off all their meds tomorrow. He does seem to acknowledge that medication is the problem in the vast majority of cases but he's pointing to

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[393] You know those songs where the band/beat gets so wild that you don't even hear the words the singer it singing?

[394] "Chronic health problems" might be a more apt phrase here.

my extreme nature as the devil in the advice. Tempered with Jesus, getting off the every increasing number of pills is a good idea. But stopping everything tomorrow, starving, exercising barley conscious, then drinking a bowl of butter is the kind of stuff he says leaks out of me like acid.

I feel good! As I'm about to move on he hits me hard with a detailed and massive download. Reduced substantially, I guess a lot of you are damaged and following my advice might kill you. I did a little research to confirm and starvation diets & the feast/famine stuff is linked to heart attacks and other cardiac issues. Combined with the shocking you body stuff, working out dizzy, etc, I guess if you are sedentary and morbidly obese then suddenly go psycho it could hurt you. It shouldn't but half of you probably took the clot shot and could die at any moment anyway. Wouldn't the obesity be worse than a little shock to the heart? Jesus uses the shoving people off the pier analogy. If you are already a heartbeat away from dropping dead, don't look at me as your coach. "Most" he says (that's sad) need to wade into the ocean. Jesus seems legitimately concerned that this be added here. Now I'm kinda worried one of you is about to have a heart attack trying to follow my advice. Yeah, so don't die.[395]

Before I finish the first paragraph of Ephesians "You would end your own life before infirmity". Back to this. Yes I would. That is in writing. I so much as lose a foot and I'm out. Jesus says my attitude is as wrong as the teacher who slows the entire class for one student. JC has a real no one left behind thing about him. Slowing the entire class isn't saving the one; its hurting the many. He

[395] This leads me to wonder if a lot of old people are reading this but the disturbing thing is I get the impression young people are so messed up by "modernity" that it could apply to them.

points out both can be done. He says if I loved my neighbor it would not be second nature for me to leave the "infirm" to die… "or for you to expect to die". He keeps using the word infirm but I don't know if it has some christian significance. He connects it to my preference for death over illness and encourages me to give what I have not received. I can't think of a worse person to be helping the "infirm"; I'm barely safe to be around. He all but said that above. Bring me the best. I'll make them better. That I can do. The infirm have some special standing with Jesus. They seem to outrank the best of the best in his eyes but that seems backwards to me. Another massive download. Love seems to be the missing element.

God's Love,

To christians, mystery is not distinguished from epiphany. Narcissism seems central to christianity. I could get on board with the concept that God Almighty ("the Father", Jesus corrects every time) dearly loves his creation like children. This concept that humans are his only beloved children and above all others is offensive. IF god dearly loves everything he has created, which he could[396], the notion of loving one part above another part would be contrary. We are not the center of the universe. Jesus adds: "yet they are so loved" endorsing both my view of christian egotism and their egotism. Jesus frequently surprises me. Then he tells me I live without love in fear of losing a foot. Its not my choice. He says it is. Then Jesus actually speaks poetry to me. I won't write it. This book is already too personal. A good analogy would be a freedom fighter who is also a slave.

[396] I'm undecided as to whether the supreme creator so personally and dearly loves every tiny dust particle (i.e. humanity) of his creation. I don't love every single cell. I clip finger nails and wash off dead skin cells with no concern or love.

The Green Belt

Whatever my issues are in "learning" to love everyone is my blue belt tell I guess. I forget his name. I don't even remember what the issue was. I just remember the situation.

Once upon a time there was a blue belt. He generally excelled at martial arts. He was ready and he was eager to for his promotion. He even carried a green belt around in his bag just waiting to take his tests and put it on.[397] He passed all the test sections with flying colors. All but one. It was a breakfall or kata or something that he just couldn't seem to get right. I had the impression that it was difficult for him and, as such, he glossed over it in training. Everybody has certain movements and forms that just aren't natural to them. Training those suck and make you look incompetent below your skill level to everyone watching. Nobody likes to do it.

At his first test I was the proxy for my sensei and, although not even a blackbelt myself at the time[398], was exercising the Dojo's veto vote. Promotions required a majority vote plus sensei's. I doubt I have to tell the reader what I did. After, I worked with him myself but he continued to balk at what he considered too basic to matter. I told him I wasn't passing him until he mastered it. He'd do it while I was there insisting and then practice it for as long as he thought I was watching; then forget about it and move on to flashier techniques. At the next promotion, all but one blackbelt voted for his promotion but I flunked him for the same reason. He, his mother and the five of the six blackbelts judging him all thought

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[397] White, Yellow, Blue (2 degrees), Green (3 degrees), Purple, Brown (4 degrees) and black (10 degrees, secretly 11) in our Dojo. After years of abuse the black belt starting fading back to white (the final belt).

[398] Still purple I think.

I was being too strict. It didn't help that we were around the same age. I asked my sensei about it and he told me I wouldn't be sitting there in his chair if he didn't have have faith in my judgement.

His third promotion came and went. By now he was avoiding me, his parents and friends were starring daggers in my back like I was the biggest asshole in the dojo and generally everyone had some "too harsh" or "beware of him" comment under their breath anytime promotions came up. Yet, I was the only one offering to help him learn the skills holding him back and I was the one he was avoiding. Except for that technique or kata, whatever it was, he should have been promoted into the degrees of green belt by now. It was now a matter of gossip with some of the black belts suggesting I wasn't qualified or too young to be voting in promotions. By now I didn't want to be. A year had passed (maybe more) by the time his fourth opportunity for promotion came along. He was either talking about or already attending a different dojo at the time. Sensei showed up for this promotion. The other voting black belts had that "finally" arrogance to them and the kid and his mom were smirking. I knew Sensei's work schedule and I knew what was going to happen. He didn't take off work to attend a basic belt ceremony. After each of the voting black belts cast their vote with reassuring smiles (all six this time), sensei, in his graceful & quiet way, sent a thundering message to everyone when he flunked the him for the same reason.

It was his dojo, his test, his signature on the certificates and he was the highest ranking/most recognized Sensei for states around. Sensei had a mild celebrity status with most dojo's acknowledging him as the best or their sensei's outright lying about training under him. He taught invitation-only advanced classes

and rarely showed at other classes for more than a 20-30 minutes. What Sensei intended (and always treated) as the most efficient way to teach advanced techniques with the limited free time he had, morphed into a kind of Top Gun martial arts society that everyone tried to use for status and credibility. As more and more lobbied to join for all the wrong reasons sensei became even more reclusive & selective and the legend grew. Everyone was in a hurry to get to brown belt for their chance at the prestigious invite which made the whole promotion promotion process angsty and rushed.

Nobody could do anything but act like they agreed with him. It felt great but I hide my enjoyment under the best instructor maturity I could muster. It required nothing more than his soft, humble no-vote and the reason why. The kid would go no farther until he learned that technique and there would be no more grumbling among the blackbelts[399] over how I exercised Sensei's vote. I never saw that kid again. I suspect he found a dojo that would let him wear whatever color belt he wanted as long as he was paying dues.[400] I doubt he ever learned that kata or technique; whatever it was.

I had forgotten all about that. Jesus brings that memory to me know and I question if he sees me as the blue belt and he says "no". Then why bring it up? It'd make sense to compare the kid's failure and disinterest in learning that technique to my issues learning to love my

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[399] Only two of whom had the invite to attend his classes. Most of those invited to his advanced classes would stop going to the lower classes soon thereafter unless they were needed to fill in as instructors. I liked teaching and most of my friends where there so I continued in both until around my senior year in high school.

[400] Looking back, Sensei's invitation-only advanced classes that people prized enough to lie about going to were free. Tells you a lot about his character. He could have filled it with people who wanted the credential, charged whatever he wanted and made a fortune but he continued working double-shifts as a mechanic and teaching penniless kids for free after work.

neighbor. He just says no, that it is not the comparison or why he brought it up then he goes silent on the issue. Deities just flat out make no sense at times. Is there some other connection there? Just gifting me a lost memory? He remains silent. I guess we are moving on. I really miss having a dojo. In another time and another world I'd love to open one. I quit formal martial arts before I ever made it past Shihan. Minimum age and time in rank requirements slam the breaks on you after you get your third degree blackbelt. I was only a 5th degree in ju-jitsu and 6th in shotokan when I quit. Traditionally you should be at least a Kyoshi before opening your own dojo. But I think I could start a school with that - especially these days when everything is fake and overhyped. Sensei wouldn't have promoted most of these "10th degree" blackbelts I see online to brown belt. It doesn't matter; I don't trust people enough to teach them how to hurt each other anyway.

Unification.

From an outsider's perspective, one of the most credible facets of christianity is transcendence but one of the most discrediting facets is this convenient creation of a need followed by the solution. Problem: you're all doomed because of some ancestor your never knew. News to me. Solution: do as we say and this new guy will save you. Um…, K. Jesus says there was nothing convenient about it. Where Jesus's credit is objectively restored[401] is in what christianity asks of you in exchange for this new guy's help. They don't ask for votes or money or swords. They ask you to be good to one another and acknowledge the guy who they say allowed himself to be tortured to death to come to your rescue.

Objectively, one has to admit the story seems a little far fetched and I do not believe it was literal. I think the fall of Adam, the forbidden fruit and all was figurative

[401] For those of you who haven't met him.

and I think it reduced the whole of mortal existence down to a parable of finite time. However, Jesus is real, his life story is accurate and the christian message is intrinsically honest and sincere. Aside form the "you must believe in our god and no other" stuff, what tenants of christianity are so unreasonable or objectionable? As for the "ours and no other" arrogance, Jesus has never once suggested that to me. I have yet to read that anywhere in the bible beyond the prohibition on idols and the slippery slope to people thinking themselves to be the highest beings. I reject the notion that the gods/deities as I have described them meet God's or Jesus's definition of idol and I invite anyone to make that argument. I know very little about christianity so I may be proven wrong and thus incompatible with the christian faith. However, I have yet to see it. The point is, absent the quintessential abrahamic bigotry (which is probably Lucifer's doing), what is objectionable about christianity?

Paul points out in Ephesians ch. 2 how Jesus tore their fence down and, in their racist minds, let the "barbarians"[402] into heaven. It fills out the picture that their hostility toward Jesus went to something more pathological than disagreement over religious dogma, or his growing fame and threat to their power base. Jesus adds that the governments of earth and the government of heaven are as different as night and day. He wants me to reconsider my policy that I will save but I will not govern (the witches, polytheistic orders, secret societies, Aphrodite's temples, sects and others I could easily influence). I am on earth and therefore that would be inherently evil. He also refuses to acknowledge that any decree would necessarily be done in my mother's name and highly inappropriate. He says I am wrong but there

[402] No pagan ever had to be told to wash himself or not to play with dead bodies and have sex with his mother.

can be no doubt that they don't give a shit about me. Its the son of Aphrodite they see worth in. Those little yellow baskets aren't for me; they're for "the prince", as Jesus would put it. If I wasn't the only one available, I'd be valueless. Therefore it's her name I'd be acting in and… absolutely not. That is way wrong.

Jesus keeps suggesting I have some intrinsic worth and value beyond that position. Like my experiences and thoughts could influence, help or govern ("shepherd", he corrects) the paths of others. I suspect we are proving that wrong at this moment and, as to those he cites as examples, many of them know nothing about me beyond my relationship to their goddess. A significant portion of them know nothing more than "that's him" or "that's the place". Jesus rebuts drawing my attention to the theme of chapter 2 - unity in christ. He isn't asking me to betray my mother. He is asking me to rectify some of the glaring abominations to both him and my mother that have developed over the centuries. For example, she usually prefers a siamese cat lying on a bed of sunflowers by her alter purring to a black cat lying on a plate with its head cut off. I doubt many deities would necessarily object to unification or their worshipers expanding their minds a bit. But, I wouldn't know where to begin. I'm not going to go out and preach the gospel to pagans. I haven't even read it all. JC says I am what's needed for this time. He's referring to my open attitude and, I guess, the stereotypically much softer approach of a male Aphrodite offspring.[403] Still makes no sense to me. This isn't second century Rome. I'm just some random guy doing his own thing. Jesus says all I have to do is speak my mind to those guessing at what I am thinking. I'll make the attempt. I don't want to refuse such a simple request.

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[403] More than a few of my sisters has butchered christians and jews for sport; back in the days when they were attacking temples and deserved it.

I never saw any hostility among christians and pagans personally. Maybe the mental patients on both sides but who cares what they think. Jesus says I am wrong and points to my future utility to him (reiterating again that it is not connected to by value - he knows how squeamish I'm on that issue). He reminds me of my neighbor warning me about "those girls". She's literally a blue haired old lady who's in her 90's. Like white with a blue huge but I'm sure she doesn't dye it. She goes to church every Sunday, bible study every Wednesday and spends most of her nights at a casino. She really likes me. I help her out here and there so she's in the habit of yelling over for me anytime she needs something. By "those girls" she is referring to the witchy ones who've started coming by more often and who aren't as shy about giving off "the witchy vibe" as the coven is.[404] I think she literally said "they have a pact with the devil". I hid the laugh. No they do not. That is christian hysterical nonsense. Many of them think they have a pact with deities (sometimes other things) which, especially with deities, I can assure you they don't. The talented one's are learning to access the intrinsic magic behind the matrix of nature.

Most witches are very nice people and the vast majority are big believers in karma and "do no harm". Although these new younger ones coming around do seem a little more on the aggressive side. I like that. They don't bore me. Some witches are immature and a shit

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[404] The older coven is very nonchalant and secretive. You can't distinguish them from just some lady dropping off a gift basket. Probably because being outed would cause them social problems. The younger ones are straight up making themselves seen. Almost causing a scene. Posing, modeling their outfits, some trying to be witchy-sexy, making sure their witchcraft is obvious to everyone and sorta acting like they own the place. The darker part of me kinda wants to invite them to come live with me and turn them into a harem. Chill out incels, we both know you couldn't handle any one of these girls anyway. Taking them all as a harem isn't taking anything from you. I really gotta speak to the great teacher deity to see what is going on.

ton of bitter losers are drawn to that shit but the younger more sincere ones that she was pointing to are less likely to screw her over than people at her church. Similarly, a lot of younger "pagans" see christians as mean judgmental boomers who just want to own and exploit everything. Neither is close to correct. I wouldn't mind bridging that gap. Obviously I do in myself but again, where do I start. The christians think I'm some nice man at risk of being corrupted by wiccan temptresses and they think I'm some demigod deceiving the evil christian boomers. That is an extreme caricature but, to lesser degree, that is how the cultures treat each other and what is playing out in the street in front of my home. Each sees the other as 100% bad not noticing that 95% of their morality is in alignment.

Jesus challenges me to produce a captivating fruit plate. Drawing on the christian "judge them by their fruits" truism and my competitive nature. Is the christian god asking for unification with witches and pagans? He replies that I can add comfort and peace to the fruits I've bore. I offer the sarcastic image of me showing up to a church with a harem of scantily clad witches wearing pentagrams and Jesus calls my bluff and confirms the invitation. I question if his people would feel the same and he says: "its my house" (referring to churches). Seriously, what do you want? JC is fully serious about taking witches to church but I meant that as a joke. Jesus again merely encourages me to speak my thoughts. The paragraph above, for example, was never spoken to my sweet elderly neighbor or any of "those girls" who would just as readily help her take out her trash as I would. He again compares me to a tree and claims my branches touch many different species in the forest. He again demands I bloom. I don't understand and I once again feel as though granny's subpar cooking is receiving a lot

of flattery. “Peace nourishes love”, he concludes this topic. Peace and unity is a big deal to Jesus.

By the way, to the honest jew, I am fully cognizant of your argument against Jesus. His followers claim he is your prophesied messiah based on your precedent and you claim they are mistaken or outright fraudulent. Sorting that shit out would be like going back to law school for me. Worse, and I’ll be frank. The animosity between pagans and christians is like loamy soil, the shit you people[405] do is, well, like bombed out hospitals and playgrounds filled with the charred corpses of children. I’m happy digging in the soil but I really don’t think I can stomach digging in the sewer. I sense Jesus really wants someone to bridge that gap but it seems that gap is dynamic and fueled by corruption and hate. That’s sad. And too bad, I would have liked to hear the other side but I can’t stomach all the hate and darkness. Mine is a world of fairies and flowers. Even when pagans go homicidal on christians its not dark and hate filled. My sisters are usually giggling when they kill.

How is a culture so warped that a great mystery (epiphany to christians) is that all people would be equally entitled under God? Pagans were never the barbarians. They were witness to the barbarians growing up. No worshiper of my mother would even think that a jew or african or martian wouldn’t have the same standing under God (the Father) or acknowledgement from Aphrodite as they. This hurts christianity more than perhaps anything else.[406] Its akin to the mandatory acquiescence to any evil israel wants to commit. Your hangups discredit your own god. I remember this girl coming to me once. She might have been 13. Her family

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[405] Yeah I choose those two words deliberately. No better advertising then an ADL ban.

[406] “That is not christianity” - Jesus

was christian and her grandmother took her to church routinely. I don't even recall how or why or in what capacity she came up to me. I hide my religious beliefs but sometimes its like people just know or are guided by something. Not sure. There's always a large statue of Aphrodite at my home, offices, etc. so it may open certain conversations. The creepy cult leader preacher was using peer pressure like a drug pusher to get the younger teens to declare themselves to christ or something like that where they make some public declaration of their religion.

Of course, done through social pressure its all fake and, I'd think, an abomination. Can't image the Jesus I know wants to be represented by fraudsters tricking people to him. Anyway, this girl was upset because she was really into wicca or something and she wanted to know if was locked out now. She only stood up because all her friends did and everybody was looking at her. Something like that. Just another memory Jesus pulls out for me to write about. I told her the truth. Magic doesn't work like that and deities don't discriminate. I warned her that the christian god might reject her for acknowledging anything other than him (I didn't know anything about Jesus at the time) but she had nothing to fear on our side. As far as the deities were concerned she could pledge herself to whatever religion or god she chose and there would be no offense or rejection. I knew little about the christian god but I told her that deities in general listened to your heart more than your words. Standing up because she had to would not be seen by any deity I knew as having any meaning whatsoever.[407] Maybe it was my mother who said that to her. It's all muddled. Anyway, she soon rejected christianity in a hard way and became a die hard

[407] If somebody puts a gun to your head and orders you to kneel before Poseidon you're still a christian to both Jesus and Poseidon.

"pagan", "witch" whatever title. Christianity was forcing itself on her with fraud and pressure and guilt and all we did was be honest. Here you are free. The Jesus I've meet works a lot more like the pagans in this story than the christian preacher and with similar results.

Many christian preachers leave a lot to be desired (they're weakness would not be tolerated in most pagan temples) but these original apostles were impressive. I just realized Paul was in prison when he wrote this. Referred to himself as a prisoner of Christ. Emulating Jesus's voluntary sacrifice. Spirits that could not be stopped and, it seems, were always forthright and honest. He was clearing up a common anti-gentilism that only jews could "inherit" from God. Why do only the child traffickers and mass murdering conmen speak for the jews? Why do only the deranged pedophiles speak for LGBT? I ask the same question to many identity groups. Why is everyone divided into identity groups and represented by the worst of their order? In dueling matches wouldn't it be more rational to choose the best of your order to represent you? Its almost like you all got setup by…. somebody… Why? Ehh, never mind, it'll be easier and you're get more likes by calling me names. Enjoy. Make sure you respond with something that sounds academic and sophisticated before you start slinging insults and name calling; that way the retarded masses won't catch on (and you'll keep getting paid).

A lot of material covered today. Not so much written about. Even less read. I'll pick up at Ephesians ch. 4 tomorrow morning and finish it through the week I guess. Next Sunday is fathers day and the end of this evolution so I'm not sure where he will go from here, if anywhere.

June 11, 2024

Exchanging Fluids

More gifts from AB. A large, aged cooper urn with a thick purple liquid sitting on a note that says "Kykeon. I made it just for you. p.s you look like Magic Mike when you're working out".[408] In my dreams I look like Channing Tatum. The gift box contained a bottle of sunscreen, a thumb drive and clothing. The thumb drive has one file with metadata wiped. A song: Class of 99; Wear Sunscreen. I work outside 14 hours a day in spring so by this time of year I am usually over tanned. I don't wear sunscreen. She's such a nerd. The note suggested I should also try wearing the clothing she left. It insinuated that she knew my response would be hell no and wasn't serious. She left wingtip shoes, a pair of faggoty (aka "metrosexual") dress slacks, a glossy suit jacket and a turtleneck. All black. Pretty much the opposite of my style and she knows that.[409] She didn't go near the peonies this time. How does she know?

She climbed onto a porch banister to pet my siamese who was on the porch roof watching her. She wiggled up a little higher on the roof and tried to shoot a hair bow through the open window. She chose the

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[408] Both my lesbian handler and friend who borrows my gym laugh at me claiming I act like a male stripper when I work out. I don't. I have gymnast rings that I like to stretch and play on between reps and I tend to swing off the pull-up bars and stretch. Sometimes you kinda get into it and move with the beat of the music. Pour Some Sugar On Me is my sexy song. Isometrics and stretching to the beat is a great way to keep your ligaments healthy. They claim I strip but everybody starts to peel off layers as they warm up. I work out alone in my basement and even so have never stripped farther than my shoes and underwear. While alone! Its a little disturbing that AB knows this. The only windows to my basement are in my backyard. I checked and she hasn't placed a camera there. I think I would have noticed her or a drone. She's trying to be disturbing but I kinda like the idea of a girl spying on me stripping.

[409] I rarely wear anything black (might have 3 black items in my entire wardrobe) and I dress more John Dutton than James Bond. Absent the cowboy hat. I think it was a double reference joke to my lasers and something I mentioned was bothering me when we first met.

window closest to where I was sleeping but I don't think she could see. Then she went around back and climbed a 40 foot ladder I have set up. She then hangs off the ladder 35-40 feet in the air so steeply that you can see it sliding just so she can stick her face right in one of the cameras and whisper sing partial lyrics from a song she put my name in and reference to talking to my cat.[410] Then she started singing something in a norse dialect that was very soothing like a mother singing her child to sleep. I'm not comfortable with all these gifts but I hope she keeps coming by. She makes life fun. How does she know my cameras record audio? Maybe most cameras do now.

AB picked the camera right outside my lesbian handler's window. AB does kinda have the fierce crazy eyes; where, like you can see the white all the way around.[411] My lesbian handler thinks, the "smiling through thick smoke" and "never know who's looking on" parts where threats against her. She is over reacting and says AB is going to be climbing through the windows next. I'm board. AB spices things up and she's different. The only kind of women who chase me are these jaded, overly glammed, overly confident "professional daters" who brag about how good they kiss and how well they know men. That's disgusting. I'm damn good at kumite. Why? Thousand hours in the ring with every kind of opponent I could find and tens of thousands of hours practicing. Apply that to a woman who is an "expert" kisser. AB is awkward & nerdy and a complete disaster at her mind games; if that is even what she's doing. Even better, a girl that nuts probably isn't shuffling around multiple guys or "finding herself" (aka:

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[410] Based on lyrics searches/rhythm is was most likely "I can't dance" by Genesis. AB officially takes the award for dorkiest taste in oldies.

[411] My tolerance to crazy is really, really high.

ho-phase).[412] And she knows very little about me so she might actually like me for me and not my hypergamy score.[413]

Kykeon is a of Greek drink that was popular among the peasants. If she really loved me this urn would be filled with spaghetti salad. She didn't cover it so I had to spoon several bugs and one drown slug out of it before trying it. Hard to describe the taste but it was pretty good. Really thick. Kinda spicy, yogurty and savory. Definitely had wine in it and kind of a gross moldy aftertaste but it was good overall. It got me a little high and partially hallucinating like she put really strong weed in it or something. The colors in spring where amazing. What is with all these women drugging the stuff they make for you? That big ass urn held a gallon or more so I dumped most of it out. In it was a laminated note that read: "Now you owe me Ambrosia". My paranoia spikes again but that could also be the drugging. How much does she know? I need to make sure she isn't involved with that new coven in some way. If AB is really into witchcraft and buying into some things too much that might explain this and, if so, it has

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[412] No, someone hasn't "hurt [me]" you pop-psychology crack ho. As stated before different archetypes have different traits and those traits tend grow stronger as you approach direct alignment with the archetype. Children of deities tend to have extreme levels of certain archetypal traits. Loyalty being a big one for Aphrodite. I'm not hypersensitive to it reactively. My innate hypersensitivity to things like loyalty & honesty means few people get the chance to betray or lie to me. Few friends and very very quick to persona non grata someone for the tiniest lie or potential for betrayal. Kinda sucks but I am what I am. An unyielding and intolerant demand for extreme unwavering loyalty is a tell-tale sign that you are dealing with someone close to Aphrodite's archetype. One is in the public eye everyday.

[413] Those of you who have your internet approved checklist and are proudly hypergamous need to learn to think past step two. If its just female nature to be hypergamous then women are prostitutes by nature and of no intrinsic value. Thereby only offering sexual utility which expires around age 30 and for some strange reason we are flooded in lonely screwed up post wall women. Frat-boy feminism is degrading women more than any patriarchy could dream.

to stop because its right back to the same old "what he has to offer" score instead of it being about me.

The recipe for Ambrosia is super secret. To this day there are still fanatical factions within the record keepers who will hunt down and kill people who aren't supposed to have it. Allegedly only the offspring of certain deities can produce true ambrosia.[414] The ceremony seems to confirm this. Aphrodite is one of those deities and one of the first things the great teacher deity teaches her children is how to produce ambrosia. Some of the ingredients are so rare you basically have to ask the gods for them to begin with. There are also extinct herbs cultivated by the record keepers that they restrict to offspring. On top of this, Ambrosia is said to be lethal to about 80% of people who drink more than a couple ounces of it. In the absence of a stellar immune system and jacked up metabolism it will cause permanent side effects to most. Supposedly all but a very few (genetically predisposed) who drink more than half a cup die within hours. Its one of the tests to authenticate certain offspring. It doesn't make you immortal like the legends claim but, if you survive it, it absolutely juices your constitution, vitality and everything else. Probably for life. Its very delicious but burns your tongue. Drinking more and a couple glasses blisters your tongue and gums. I still have a scaring on roof of my mouth and inner cheeks from drinking it as a child. It is neither alcoholic nor hallucinogenic as people think. Pretty sure I've already said too much about it but fuck it all, I'm so done with everything. They are so obsessed with keeping it secret that one of the big taboos is everyone given ambrosia must drink it in the presence of the person giving it to them. It never leaves sight of the person who made it and, obviously, very few people can or have

[414] Technically, Nectar of Ambrosia. Actual Ambrosia is 100% lethal.

access to make it. Ambrosia might be the best guarded recipe in history and one of the longest kept secret.

I haven't had Ambrosia for decades. Once when I was very young and hadn't eaten in days I was guided to a large conch shell lying on a rock in middle of river. Dangerous mountain rapids for a kid but I had this insatiable (almost hypnotic) desire to drink from it. It seemed like it took me all day and nearly drown me several times to get to it. Obviously from my mother. Later, when I learned to make it the great teacher deity required that I drink a certain amount of it as partial proof of title. Maybe I should make some. I don't want to risk killing AB but a tiny amount shouldn't do any major damage.[415] Or, I could just go buy some ambrosia salad to compliment her sense of humor and style.

I am a little concerned that AB seems to know exactly how to attract me. Nothing is more alluring to an Aphrodite archetype than the idea of someone driven mad with desire. Obsession from another is sexy to all Aphrodite archetypes. The fatal attraction thing might be a little far for most but being a man and given my lack of intrinsic value I find it enticing. I shouldn't admit this but the idea of her risking her life hanging off a ladder to get my attention or assassinating my lesbian handler out of misplaced jealously is really hot. My paranoia is stirred a bit though. It could be just a coincidence that she brought up Ambrosia. I hope so. Obsession is only sexy if its real and part of her personality. If its just a game then, meh. I'd be like a woman knowing that a guy just wanted to get in her pants, tell all his friends and never talk to her again but still going out with him. AB has to

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[415] Days later Jesus interjected as bible passages lead my thoughts to drift. He tells me not to give AB ambrosia in any amount, inferring it will harm her. He then forbids me to ever give it to another. One is good advice, the other is a prohibition which leads me to wonder on several topics. His silence makes it clear he is done with the topic of ambrosia.

really be unstable, stalking me and thinking about killing my lesbian handler for it to be sexy. It has to be real or its just manipulation.[416]

The Dance,

I watched Magic Mike before bed. Turns out I can not dance like him.[417] I have such patient and calm neighbors. My next door neighbor is in his 50's with grandkids. Traditional, christian and conservative. He kinda reminds me of Hank Hill without the drinking. Really good neighbor and friend. He works like 60 hours a week and gets home after 8pm every night. Its just me so I didn't even bother putting curtains in the front room. On his way home from work I see him at the stop sign scrunching up his face and shaking his head. The whole neighborhood just has to look at the front of the house to see me watching Magic Mike and trying to dance to it; and comically failing. So much crazy shit goes on around here. I've become that nutcase in the neighborhood who always has something ridiculous occurring at his house. Still they all treat me really well and seem to genuinely like me. Worst thing anyone around here has ever said about me is "he's a little eccentric".

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[416] On final edit, AB returned predawn on 6/21/24. The coven had left baskets for me and my mother on the porch for the summer solstice. AB smashed my basket & everything in it all over my porch. She then wrote in sharpie on the porch, concrete, wood siding and windows "Only I get to give you presents". She didn't touch my mother's basket. How does she know? AB may be a little crazier than I initially thought. Gonna have to repaint the wood siding now.

[417] Not sure if women actually find that nonsense sexy or not but I'm gonna put in a few months of training in and see what I can do.

June 12, 2024

Equality

Today two friends with radically opposing religious views met in my yard. People are so strange when it comes to religion. Defensive, on guard, uncomfortable, bracing for impact, almost hostile. But all covered by that polite midwest friendliness. Though they were straining even for that. I wish I could write more but that would be betrayal. For some reason people voluntarily share too much information with me, usually right after meeting me. Its strange and often puts me in an awkward position because I like to keep emotionally distant from others so I never reciprocate. Suffice to say one was what christians might see as someone who'd lost or intellectually abandoned the his faith. The other was an out and loud believer and I was a known pagan/non-christian to both. Both were exceedingly comfortable with me. Even competing for my attention as one capitalized on an opportunity to cue the other to leave. Then the other drove the opposite direction to slow roll pass where I was walking with the competition. Religion only came up among the two of them for about 10 seconds and neither is trying to convert me. It was friendship competition among two people who where basically afraid of each other.

Is it because they don't see pagan/non-christians as religiously relevant? You'd think a believer and non-believer christian would be more comfortable with each other than the more alien pagan. I know each was insecure in what the other represented but I don't understand why they had such a difficult time with each other and not with me. Do they see my religious views like a harmless child's and each other as serious threats? Pagan beliefs, witchcraft, new age, etc. is one of the fastest growing spiritual practices. The fatherly knowing

tells me it all boils down to their own religious insecurity. An alien religion doesn't threaten so close to home as believer/non-believer christian does. I'm also chill and pretty hidden in my religious viewpoints. Anyone who hasn't read this book would think I was entirely non-religious if they met me on the street.

There's something more than that. I don't understand why people open up to me so much on such deep topics and insecurities. That's been happening my whole life; part of the reason I isolate. Its awkward. Jesus disregards my curiosity. He doesn't value privacy much. JC respects others and thus their comfort/privacy but I think he'd prefer everyone live as an open book in such a way as to dissolve the concept of privacy altogether. He distinguished privacy from modesty which I don't understand. I'd walk around naked if it weren't such a taboo. I've only had a sunburnt penis once but OMG that felt so good. I know I'm much less modest with my life[418] and body than people around here but I'm not sure what modesty has to do with christianity. Wasn't the fig leaf the and sudden modesty the symbol of what pissed God off with Adam and Eve?

Anyway, later I was swinging in my hammock chair thinking about how strange people are about religion and Jesus roars "unite them".

I don't think Jesus likes the idea of all these different denominations. He doesn't address it but its just the feel of his energy field and denominations seem inconsistent with his nature and goals. Deities don't really feel exasperation but it is the closest word we have to his reaction toward all the asinine divisions. Like a

[418] The only curtains in this house are used by my lesbian handler and I remove them anytime she is away. Other than watching me in the bathroom, my windows are all wide open and light shines through every room so I pretty much live comfortably in a fishbowl.

baby kitten who just won't use the litter box or something. Its currently harmless and you know it will change but … exasperating. JC is big on unity. Without a doubt I am certain he'd prefer one unified christian church (defined as the people coming together; not the building/organization). He radiates good energy in the direction of the activities around here were multiple christian denominations join together for the same objective/cause.

One of the endearing things that makes christianity unique that people lose sight is the inherent equality.[419] Disregarding the snooty class structure of many christians today, in its untarnished form everyone is equal before Jesus (as they are before God, the Father). In my world there is an inherent rank structure. Although that is not the best term for it. Often what I and others present in familiar or social relationship narratives are immutable physical laws of nature. But nature is anthropomorphic so those remain the best analogies. In Ephesians chapter 5 Paul encourages people to imitate Jesus and be as children to him as opposed to working for him to earn a wage. Direct alignment in an archetypal flow (0 degrees of divergence) makes you an "offspring" of that deity. The more degrees of divergence from the central energy flow the more distant the relation, so to speak. Some deities are more egalitarian and accept large "families" but, with larger degrees of separation, eventually this fades as the divergence grows. Others, my mother in particular, are more aristocratic with an in or out energy matrix. That's part of the reason some deities are regarded as Queens & Kings while others are not. But, at some point, no deity that I know of could accept everyone as a child. That would be contrary to universal laws and negate structure of archetypal energy. Neither her vestals nor the witches that worship

[419] Internally. Externally, their worldview is non-christians are lessers.

her will ever or could ever be my mother's children. She might treat them very kindly as though they were children but the structure simply doesn't allow for it. Similarly, as an offspring of Aphrodite, I could never be very compatible with other archetypes. In fact, it would almost be easier for you, a christian who knows nothing of the deities, to work with some of them than it is for me to because I exist so centrally in one archetype. Taboos exist to prevent worshipers from cross contaminating or creating ripples of irritation - like bringing a male along to drop your spell in one of my faerie gardens.

The fact Jesus seems to be capable and eager to accept everyone into that child relationship supports his claim to the throne at the headwaters. I'm not a fan of titles. Though the nature of offspring is more about the energy of your nature than title, a lot of pagan types treat it like a title. Even call it that, or worse. Jesus says; "all is not equal but the Father loves all equally". The archetypes ("and crowns", he demands I include) will remain in his kingdom to come but he emphasizes that I am too black pilled when it comes to government to understand or accept that a kingdom can be beneficial to "those it serves" (he interrupts before I type "it's subjects"). I don't understand why such things matter to Jesus. The image of his kingdom is clear and only he is ruling. There are no counsels or regional governors on paradise earth.[420] That is what I like about it so why the emphasis on "crowns"?

What happens to the archetypal energy streams when that kingdom flowers in heaven? Jesus remains silent but fills me with some feelings of comfort and

[420] The JW's believe they or their chosen ones are going to be in some paradise leadership role but that is not what Jesus has shown me of paradise earth. All are equal there under a single king - him.

reassurance that nothing of God ever changes. The archetypes are forever but I fear they are one in heaven. I'm not sure I'm ok with that. Jesus retorts with his analogy of me refusing to leave the nest. He tells me that is also a trait of my mother's children I don't recognize with the images so often used to depict the children of Aphrodite - living at her feet, in her shells, the foam of her waters or under the lace of her dresses ("in the nest").[421] JC suggests its a very menacing nest people are afraid to get near pointing to my sisters and other things, suggests that is why I spend so many hours alone. I'm not sure how I feel about that. I like the idea of anyone in my life having to come into that nest but JC doesn't need to point out the probability of that turning out well.

The Choice.

A recurring theme where I continue to fail, on which my mother reiterates Jesus's demand is this concept of "just believe", "choose to have faith", "decide to trust". Faith and belief in particular are functions of experience and probability. Based in factual reality. Jesus demands they absolutely are not and I am 100% wrong on this. He tells me to rise above myself/my experiences to understand this. "You are not your experiences!", he roars. He asks if I confuse myself with the last roller coster I went on or last food I ate. This concept of choosing to believe is a monumental task for me to implement. Jesus says this is because I degrade myself (meaning measure by experience more than declaration of will).[422] I don't see the difference between this and delusion. He distinguishes between delusion that "what

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[421] Known as a viciously protective mother, Aphrodite is the only deity who "nests" her children. Every archetype stands in a different way with its offspring and positions its offspring differently in relationship to the deity. Aphrodite's children are "hidden in a thorn bush" Jesus interjects pointing out how I take after my mother.

[422] Jesus includes literal self-degrading comments/thoughts into this accounting.

is not, is" (the more nonsensical new age shit about just pretend it into reality) and faith in "what is good will be" (more general deference to God and universal altruism). Why wasn't it previously? JC says it was but I wasn't looking at it.

June 15, 2024

The Great Secret,

Are you? "Yes, I am".

June 16, 2024

A Hui Hou

Father's day.

"Happy Father's Day" might be a more depressing sound than "Marry Christmas". I don't keep junk food in the house so I've been out 3 times today for garbage to shove in my mouth while editing this. The diet is officially suspended this week; I don't understand how people who have to sit at a computer all day are not 600lbs. I'll consume more calories while editing this than I have over the last month and set my 7% goal back by weeks. Writing has got to be one of the worst career choices. On that note, it's been in the 90's and humid the last couple days. Feels nice. I'm not a huge fan of oppressive humidity; although the heat blanket I call nice everyone else calls oppressive. People are calling this a heatwave. It hasn't even broke 100 yet. Do men choose fat chicks to avoid infidelity or do all chicks blimp out after marriage?[423] There is something nasty

[423] I don't know how they are in relationships (never been with anyone who even had a small muffin top) but, from a distance, fat chicks in their early 20's seem to have the best personalities.

about the sweat of people who only sweat in the heat.[424] Particularly fat women. They need better hygiene. Its not like they are trashy, I'm sure all showered this morning but fat chicks in humidity smell bad. Seems like some of them try to cover it up with frat boy showers (extra perfume where soap & water is needed). All the petroleum products and perfumes get washed through their crevices and pool in places I'd rather not be smelling. I don't know what it is but the fat chicks who are working out don't smell as bad and fat men don't smell as bad. The body odors are the worst part of days like this. If it were 5 decrees cooler they'd be ok. 5 degrees hotter and they'd all be hidden away in the AC. But days like this are right on the edge of what people can handle so they are in and out with their sweat constantly drying and rewashing down them. People around here are clean. I seem to be the only one bothered. My senses are all hyperactive. Advice nobody else is inappropriate enough to give you: If you are a fat chick who only sweats in heat and humidity (doesn't exercise), you should shower every few hours on hot and humid days.

It was Thursday when I finished Ephesians and came full circle with Volume 1. JC's timing is absolutely stunning. All of Jesus's medieval analogies and comments about amour and Lucifer offering a breastplate first finally came into focus. Christians use amour as an analogy for christian virtues. Jesus says "no". He literally means as spiritual armor. Jesus literally sees full ("sanctified", he interrupts) christians wearing literal spiritual amour marching in like knights to protect their unarmored brethren. "Loving they neighbor", he adds. But that was just an analogy made up by one of

[424] Sweat clears toxins. The proof is days like today. The more often a person sweats the less gross their sweat smells. People who sit around in AC all day and only sweat for a few minutes on hot and humid days are just foul.

your followers after you died. “No”. Jesus says it was from him, that every apostle knew it, every apostle was armored and “I am not dead”. He tells me to mark those words. “I am not dead” is the fourth of the seven big statements Jesus promised.

Jesus wants me to spend the rest of the bible study mornings learning about christian righteousness. I’m a little embarrassed to admit I had no idea what righteousness was. Like everyone, I’d read the various virtues defined by philosophers and emperors. But academia always seems to find a way to leave Jesus out. Other than charity and the golden rule, I knew nothing of christian virtues. Jesus says it is not a virtue. He really does literally see “righteousness” as armor. So I started looking this stuff up. A lot of cool graphics online depicting the “armor of god”. Ephesians is the only bible reference to this armor I found. Jesus says this is among “the secrets” he taught the apostles, clearly adopts the concept as his own and is wholly literal about it. Jesus often speaks in parables and analogy but not on this. Righteousness is a spiritual breastplate. Honestly that is hard to wrap my mind around. It’s a concept. “It is amor”, he corrects. I have stuff to do today but I quickly looked up righteousness as a Christian virtue (“armor”, JC interjects). It boils down to being just I think. Jesus says it is much much more than that. He offers a clouded imaged of a breastplate like a parting gift[425] but I need to understand what it means first. I guess that is how we end. Figuring out what this breastplate signifies. It’d be a beautiful gift but I had planned a rather unceremonious end to this. As beautiful a gift as it is, I don’t merit that. The symbolism and timing of all this has been so trippy. I think Lucifer has completely turned his back on me since that anointing.

[425] On edit, “I will never leave you, even when you leave me” -Jesus.

As usual, all I get from christians is the same old "just be christian and you get all the prizes". One of the more famous ones online describes christian righteousness as positional righteousness where we each get to be Jesus's plus one. The theory being that we can never rise to the level of righteous in the eyes of God, the Father (which makes sense) so Jesus, after taking the suffering of our sin, gave us his righteousness. Part of his sacrifice. God, then restoring him, thereby restoring his plus one (humanity) via non-local interaction. Thus, we are truly righteous (ie beautiful to God the Father) through Jesus. Confused and convoluted research suggests faith and love are the prerequisite. Neither of which I have so why would you give this to me? Jesus remains undaunted. Like a deity, he does what he sets out to do without hesitation or second thought.

Jesus corrects these concepts I'm finding online, declaring that the breastplate is not a trophy for the shelf but a provision of armor so one can march with him and that righteousness is not a title but a journey. They are not intended for the shelf. Both are of him but through us. To Jesus righteousness and this breastplate are one and the same. It is not symbolic. Its a journey and "gift I give you". By that he means gave you, give you and will give you. Deities speak with different temporal inflections and understanding than we do. Time is not what you perceive it to be. That is his crown. That full eternal sacrifice and acceptance resulting in renewal and "forgiveness". Christian language is odd but I guess no stranger than the way I describe my world. As he teaches me and I understand the nature of righteousness better, it (the breastplate) comes into focus. Its beautiful and angelic.

I usually fall asleep easily and sleep soundly through the night. Last night was difficult. I was

constantly up and down so I slept later than usual. It was around 7am when I came out of a dream (I don't remember about what) and into reality to see Jesus standing over me with the breastplate in hand. He was the most physical I've seen him yet. Practically corporeal. As I opened my eyes, he began fastening the armor to my chest. It didn't hurt but it felt so tight when it welded into me. Like a medical device being permanently clamped into a numbed organ or artery. So tight and heavy. But this was welded in at the quantum level or deeper. It was overwhelming and humbling. That single breast plate was beyond my comprehension or ability to use. It was so heavy I had the image of Thor's hammer on my chest. No way I could carry this. Jesus offers his hand. It felt fully corporeal. Strong, large hands but unnaturally delicate. I could feel the scar tissue as he helped me up and lead me out to the sun rising over the tree line. I basked in the sun for a moment as Jesus stood behind me and the massive heavy breastplate turned to pearly light. As is turned to light, the weight evaporated and Jesus's hands slowly left me to my own strength.

When I turned back toward Jesus, his physical form was gone and the glimmering light delivered an epiphany and request. This was not my breastplate I was wearing. It belongs to Jesus. He asks me to please take good care of it and not let it tarnish on my chest. Then came the troubling epiphany.

On the cross, Jesus bore the pain of all sin. All of it. People don't understand time. What that means is every time we "sin" (act in energy inharmonious to God, the Father) its like we personally drive another nail into Jesus. While he continues to love us and cries out to God to forgive us because we don't know what we are doing. The problem is, now I know. I like Jesus. He's a cool deity and clearly very concerned and loving toward

people. That's information I'd rather not have known. I can't unknow that! Now every time I want to do something bad I have that image of harming my friend. WTF, dude? I could've had a harem of jailbait witches living here by halloween. The epiphany is connected to that breast plate that would now require me to rip myself in half to remove. I don't want to remove it but that gift came with a lot of responsibility. Even worse, this was no dream. I walked back in the house to look at myself in the mirror. Just as there remains physical evidence of Lucifer's ring/breastplate, Jesus's breastplate of righteousness has left an indelible mark. These things are very real and often physical. While the physical evidence is subtle in our realm the spiritual evidence is some serious bling. My spirit form now presents with this massive angelic breastplate. Several of my sisters are in awe.

Humanity has a great god in Jesus. I've known many gods. The god of war, The god of wisdom (great teacher deity), the goddess of love, the god of mischief, and many more. Jesus is undoubtedly the god of humanity. Possibly King of the gods. There are great secrets in his identity that are not for me to share. However, humanity doesn't deserve him.

People are too messy. Gross, weak and immoral. Even worse, for as long as I have been alive, they are no longer striving to grow. People are celebrating their de-evolution. They glorify their own prosecutor and bask in his lack of ethics while they try to erase their own savior. Humanity is much like the real "false god" they've chosen to emulate and, just like Lucifer, I don't see that humanity has anything to offer me. Jesus insists there is something worthwhile down in that sewer but I don't see it. Its not about me. Ok. But what can I possibly offer humanity. That it would accept? Jesus literally suffered all

pain and all sin for whatever it is he sees in you. But I have to be honest even if its not the story book ending you expect.

I am ashamed of my mortal blood.

People are degenerate, delusional, liars who claim their own egos as God. Sub human, manipulated and braindead. Entirely self-absorbed, barely alive mechanisms who actually seek to be transhuman (subhuman) instead of metahuman. Humanity seeks to end itself because collectively it has reached the same conclusion as everyone except Jesus. It doesn't merit survival. Jesus will stay right there holding the corpse while it rots. But it has already rotted. He shows me the spark he says its there and always will be there to save but I am not your savior and this year in reflection has confirmed my decision to turn my back on humanity. I prefer to be incompatible with society. No. I want nothing to do with you. I'll die alone in my tomb. Sure some of you "strive" to be better when its in your perceived interest to do so and God has the power to use that spark to burn away all the filth. Why would he? Love I guess. Even if I was fully on board with this save the mustard seeds plan, I just don't see any other option but to go "hibernate" in my "tomb". The repercussions of the shit you have already done to yourself and your world have yet to hit you and its going to be very ugly. Why should I stand by your side in the sewer and hell I tried to warn you not to bring about? Especially when I can remain fairly well insulated from it. You don't even want me there because, in your mind, you are a god unto yourself. Of course, deep inside you know and I know that you are lying to yourself because you are terrified of what you are being told by that tiny spark left in you that Jesus is suffering for. I just don't see my place among you.

Its probably for the best.

Sardis.

Today has been about editing and finalizing this project. Jesus asked only that I open the bible to a random page and read one last section. His way of asking that I give him the last words in this book. I flipped though near the back so I'd find something from the New Testament and, with a wind assist, came to page 2467. Revelation 3:1-6.

I never read anything of revelation aside from those six sentences just now and its all he wishes to end with so I guess I'll leave the interpretation to you.

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…. In honor of the MCU (before it went woke and broke), a closing credit scene from the upcoming[426]:

Poetry, I Think by Solomon Frost

[426] Maybe. I cut a bunch of notes from these books and I'm not sure what they are or what to do with them so, if it doesn't have a purpose or fit anywhere else, call it poetry and pretend its deep. ;)

Best of the Best Game

The Best of the Best Game

When you are young and number one, soon they call you the best but that's not enough. To be the best of the best you have to beat that senior OG who's been playing your game longer than you've been alive. He fight's to keep you down so ruthlessly it feels like he's out to destroy you personally. He makes you want to give up. It's not fair. He doesn't even fight fair. Finally you beat him but it doesn't feel like a victory and you don't know why. Time passes on.

One day you find some young wannabe crawling up your ass trying to teach you a lesson in your own classroom. To your surprise you realize you are "the old school generation". You stayed in the game, you stayed on top. All your peers are dead or old and tired. This little punk thinks you should be napping in your rocking chair. He's arrogant, he's ignorant, he's not half as talented as he thinks he is. Yet theirs something familiar about him you can't quite put your finger on. You've been wiping the floor with people better than him since before he was born. Part of you is proud not to be from this weak generation and part of you is pissed at getting old. You teach him a thing or two. You teach even more by not smirkingly when the kid with twice your energy and lung capacity cries about how it just ain't fair. Eventually he learns his place. Time passes on.

More and more of these punks seem to come at you with each passing year. You secretly wonder how long you can lay claim to best of the best. It's just now that you realize you have become that old man you finally beat. You also realize why you never felt victory over that old man. It's only now that you understand the real game. It's only now you understand that you aren't yet the best of the best. That old man you unseated held the title for 20 years. You've only held it for 19. You must hold it for 21 just to beat him. How long do you have to hold it to beat everyone who came before you? Time passes on.

You've held on for 25 years. You've finally beat that old man. If you can just hold on for 4 more years you will finally be the best of the best. Then the terrible day comes when you met that kid you know is going to unseat you one day. Part of you is proud. Part of you is terrified. You fight harder than you have ever fought. You just have to hold on for 4 more years. You are both mentor and tormentor. You are also student again, learning that its not that OG's 19 year record you have to beat and the records of all who came before, it's this kid's future record you have to beat and the records of all who come after. Time passes on.

You are now at the top of your game and no one alive is a challenge for you but you're now wise enough to know that you have no prayer against the real champ. Soon you will have to step into the ring with grand master time. Your final match begins as you struggle with the kid. He will be fighting you for the win as he knows it and you will be fighting eternity for the true win. He makes so many stupid mistakes. He is such an amateur. But your body is

no longer quick enough to exploit his sloppiness. You can see the outcome as you struggle with the real champ. You give it your best and smile at this desperate kid too focused on the small game to realize he has the front row seat to your battle for the real title. He will spend the rest of his life chasing that title. If he's good enough, he will beat you in a few decades and get a shot at the real title. You think back to 30 years ago when you first saw the real champ in action and feel at peace as the circle closes. At least you were a contender.

This is the game of champions.

Last Year's Teddybear

Filled with anticipation. Bursting with love.
Last year's teddybear watched as brother after brother was snatched up and hugged.

He watched and he watched. Dropped to the dirty floor. Shoved to the back. He watched and he watched.

What is wrong with me? What is inside these bears just like me?

Weeks turn to months and another and another beloved shoves last years bear out of the way. Was I made wrong?

Months turn to years and soon he will be thrown away to make room for next year's teddybears. Maybe the garbage is where I was meant to be.

In walks the beautiful princess. She can have her pick of any toy in the store. Why would such a beloved even notice last year's bear?

Still he dreams, what if? What if she chose me? What if she loved me? He dreams of being squeezed so tight his stuffing pops out. He dreams of never leaving his beloved's arms.

Last years teddy bear squeezes his eyes tighter clinging to the impossible dream.

Knights Templar, Benedictine Monks, Mexican Cartels, Motorcycle Crashes, Occult Secrets, Tornadoes, Witches, Guns, Satanic Powers, Fatal Attractions, Saints and Lonely Women. Frost does not disappoint with Volume 2. The once and future boy next door thrills with glimpses into his wild life. The prodigy continues his walk with Jesus through the world like a warrior angel and through his deepest self like a traumatized child. Frost ventures deeper into society but his disgust with the declining west continues to push him farther away from humanity.

This is a most unique read. It is not a novel. It is a glimpse into the ups and downs of an extraordinary man but also a damaged one. The pagan prince accepts offerings and privilege as facts of life but remains so sensitive to his true self that he has provided his own commetarian with a list of forbidden words. Frost does not see it but this book is a must for any Christian library. Frost's erratic character and PG-13 style creates a page turner for the youth while the Lord delivers wisdom and moral guidance along the way. Parental guidance is advised. Frost has no filter.

This experience reminded me of how much I sometimes dislike men like our author. I am the person who can't get his drink refilled because Frost is flirting with the server. Who can't place his order over Frost's radio and who drives to work watching men like this nap in their hammocks. I don't remember a beautiful woman ever asking me out of jumping in my vehicle. Still I feel for this antiheroic adventurer who fails to realize how much he has and continues to see himself as worthless. Our author refuses to discuss the most remarkable narratives of the story. Jesus Christ has come to a most uniquely positioned pagan with a purpose. Frost is so sensitive to his position and destiny that he is determined to reject the gifts God lays before him. In the end Frost does what he does best and throws it all away. We fans are left with cliffhangers within cliffhangers that the author has no intention of concluding. I'm frustrated even deeper at the image of our ditzy "Yo, Dude. Like Whatever" author meeting Saint Peter but humbled by the results.

By the time you close this book you may be scheduling a therapy appointment but you will also find that Frost has left an indelible mark on your heart and soul. For myself that mark came in tears as I read Frost's departing words: "I am ashamed of my mortal blood".

I am praying for Volume 3 and for Frost.